The Saturday Evening
POST
December 17, 1955 – 15¢

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BY HODDING CARTER

The Priest of Monte Carlo

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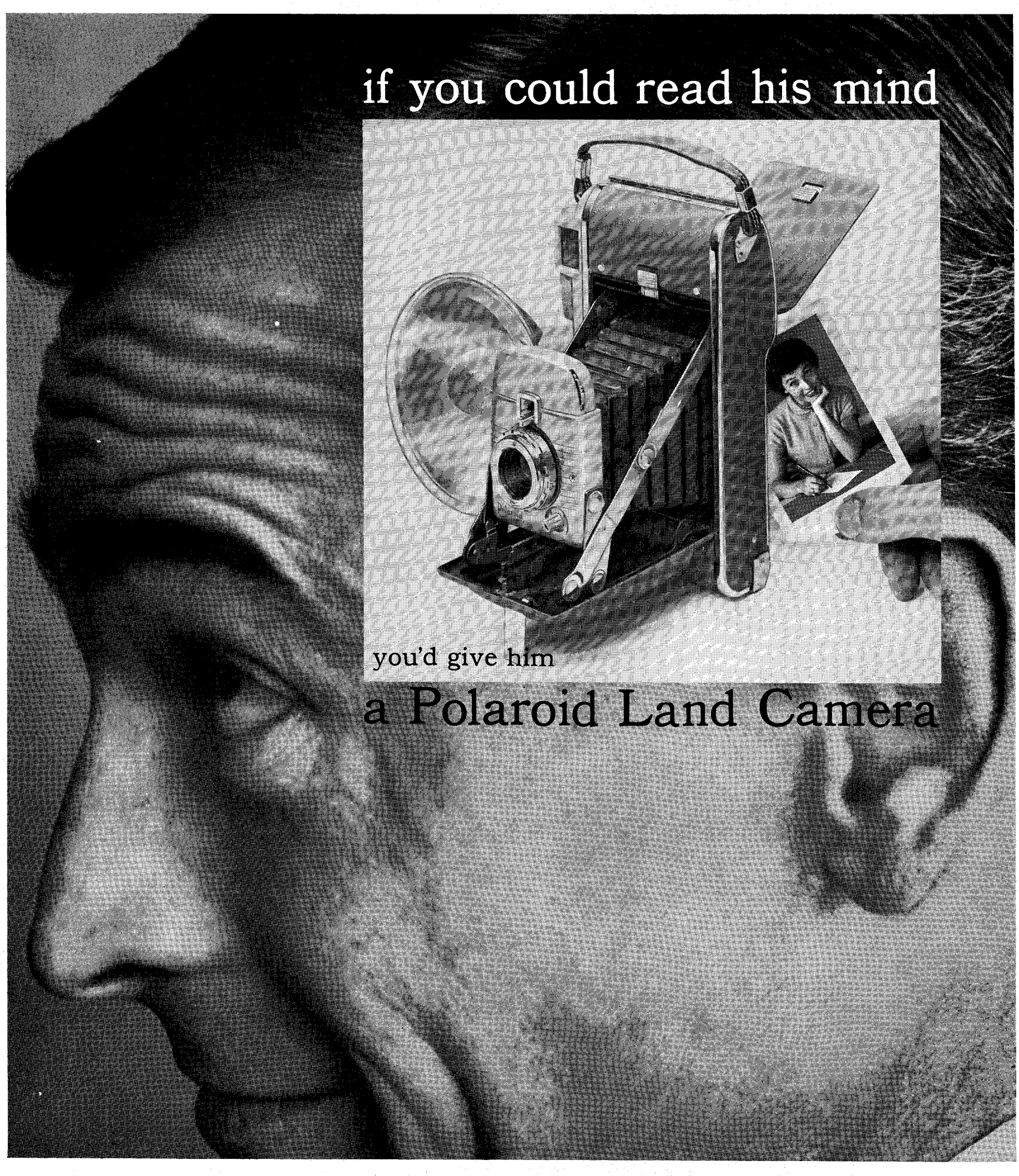

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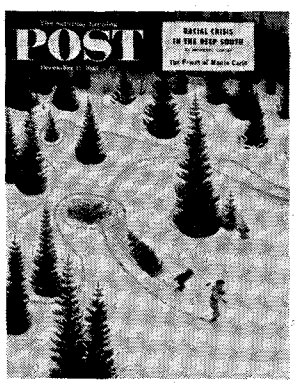

THE COVER

Now comes the gladsome time when folks bring in the yule trees from up in the woods and down in the shopping centers. Some folks do it before now, and some wait until the last minute, but let us consider them eccentric. City people have to pay for trees; on the other hand, country people have to ante up money for land, and when they want a tree, they don't go chopping on somebody else's land; so let's thank the lady who really gives this yuletide gift to everybody, venerable Mrs. Nature. Speaking of gifts, last Christmas little Jo Clymer asked her artist father to draw a picture of children bringing in a tree so she could color it for her mother's present, and papa John thought, *Come to think of it, hasn't Jo had a merry idea for a Post cover?* And a merry Christmas to you, too, Jo!

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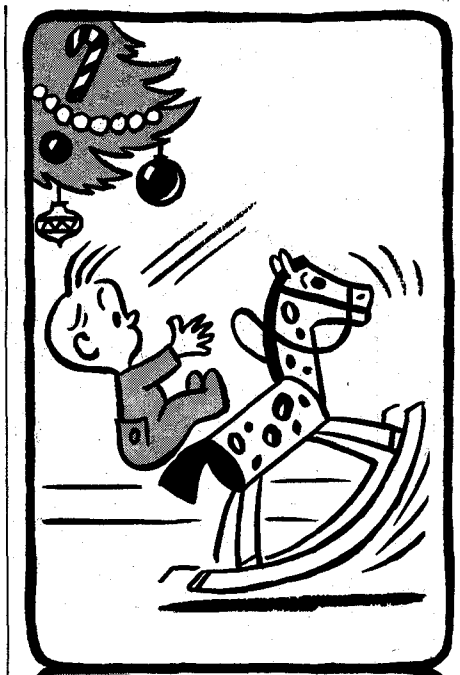

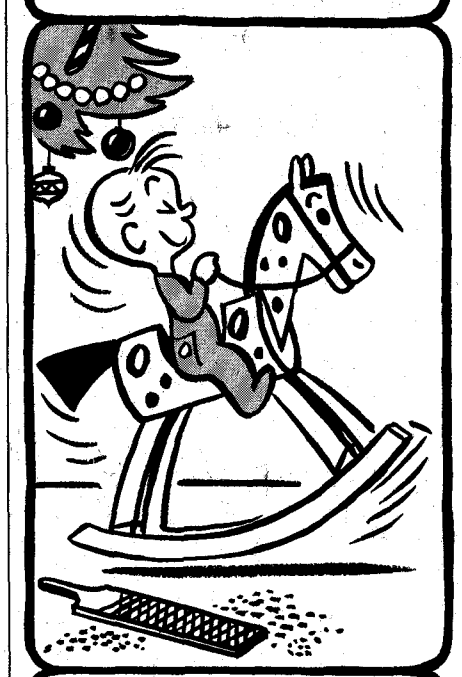

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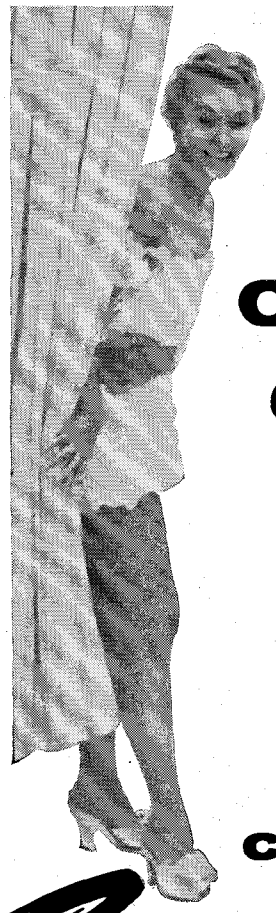
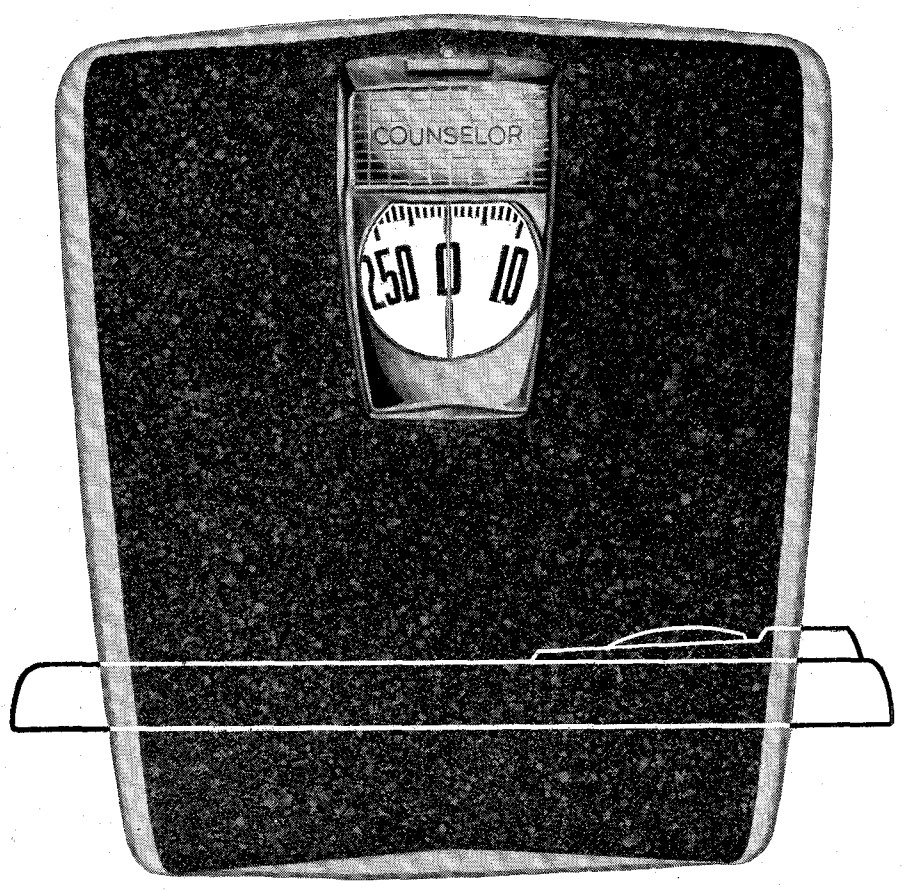


Counting Calories?

count on Counselor

THE BATH SCALE THAT TELLS THE TRUTH



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Letters

Godfrey's Story

Dear Sirs:

For the first time I'm an Arthur Godfrey fan. If there is anything I respect, it is honesty, particularly in an autobiography, and I believe Arthur is giving it to us straight. Aside from that, the story of his life so far is interesting [THIS IS MY STORY, by Arthur Godfrey, as told to Pete Martin, Nov. 5–Dec. 24].

MRS. T. R. GILCHRIST
Shreveport, La.

Dear Sirs:

. . . A character like Godfrey can only happen in the U.S.A. where some people have more money than good taste, and who are actually paying good American dollars to listen to a Shmo like Godfrey.

M. D. DUBIN
Cochrane, Ont.

DEAR SIRS:

SUGGEST YOU INCLUDE CRYING TOWELS WITH ALL SUBSEQUENT ARTHUR GODFREY ARTICLES.

FRED E. DARKE
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

Dear Sirs:

Must we have *two wind-jammers* on the same Post cover?

MARIAN DUSSINGER
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am truly disgusted.

MRS. ELSIE STROUP
Rocky River, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Perhaps if a campaign were launched to build up his self-confidence . . . he could even be persuaded to run for the Presidency in '56.

MRS. FRANK H. ADAMS
Torrance, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Godfrey may be "Huck Finn" to the folks who can stomach his gaff—but to me, his name is MICKEY.

JAMES C. LOWRY
Guayaquil, Ecuador

Dear Sirs:

. . . You have lost a good customer for the next eight issues.

2/LT. HUGH H. BAKER
Harlingen AFB, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . Oh, brother, how desperate can you get for material????

J. A. BOWERS
San Gabriel, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

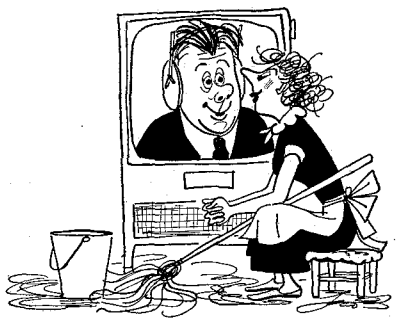
Congratulations . . . for giving the old redhead a chance to tell his side of the story. . . .

What most people fail to realize is that one of the liabilities in any segment of the entertainment field is the termination of employment without notice. When I worked in television the only notice I was given was when I arrived one morning and found someone else sitting at my desk. . . .

MRS. SCOTT WEBSTER
Unionville, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I find myself sitting down day after day, neglecting my housework at times, to watch him on TV or carry my radio with me . . . so as not to miss a word. . . .



Bought an extra television set for the children so to have no interference when his evening shows are on the air. . . . Buy every blasted thing he advertises (whether my family likes to change or not). . . . Now, what in the name of heaven does this man have to influence me this way. . . .

MRS. MARION J. ANDREWS
Pennsauken, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . People as talented as Arthur Godfrey are very rare indeed; but even more important is his impeccable integrity, which I am sure is unequaled by anyone else in show business.

JOYCE HOPE LIBERMAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I always thought that Arthur Godfrey was a bum, but after I read his article . . . I am proud of him because he is a self-made man.

FEDERICO MEJER
Lawrenceville, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Wonder why Godfrey didn't realize sooner that his life story is just what the doctor ordered for his many fans? . . .

What does Godfrey have that his detractors lack? His story spells it out: old-fashioned American "guts."

MRS. EVVA S. TOMB
Holland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

No, everybody isn't reading "Godfrey's Own Story." They can't buy the magazine. I purchased the last one [second installment] at my corner store around *12 noon Wednesday*. Couldn't get one last week [first installment]. Why not print enough!! In one day—every copy sold out. Better get busy and do more printing.

MRS. W. F. MCKENNETT
Queens Village, N.Y.

● *We're sorry that Mrs. McKennett and other readers weren't able to buy their Posts. We thought there would be enough copies to go around when we increased our print order for the November fifth issue by more than a half million copies. The print order has been increased for all subsequent installments. For further details see Keeping Posted.* —ED.

(Continued on Page 6)

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THE

One-Winged Lovebird

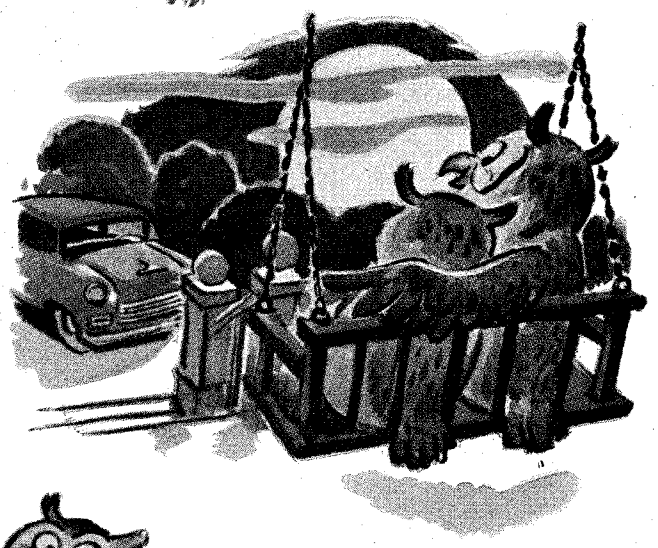
All the world loves a lover...but not when he's driving with his arm around his lady fair. This bird travels with his head in the clouds and his car all over the road.

THE

Smart Bird

realizes that driving a car takes both hands and requires full attention. Even though this is the motor age, he takes a tip from grandpa and does his courtin' at home.

But when it comes to gasoline, the Smart Bird is completely modern. He buys premium gasoline... because premium gasoline's higher octane rating delivers top perfomance for today's driving.



It's smart to use *premium* gasoline

"ETHYL" ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

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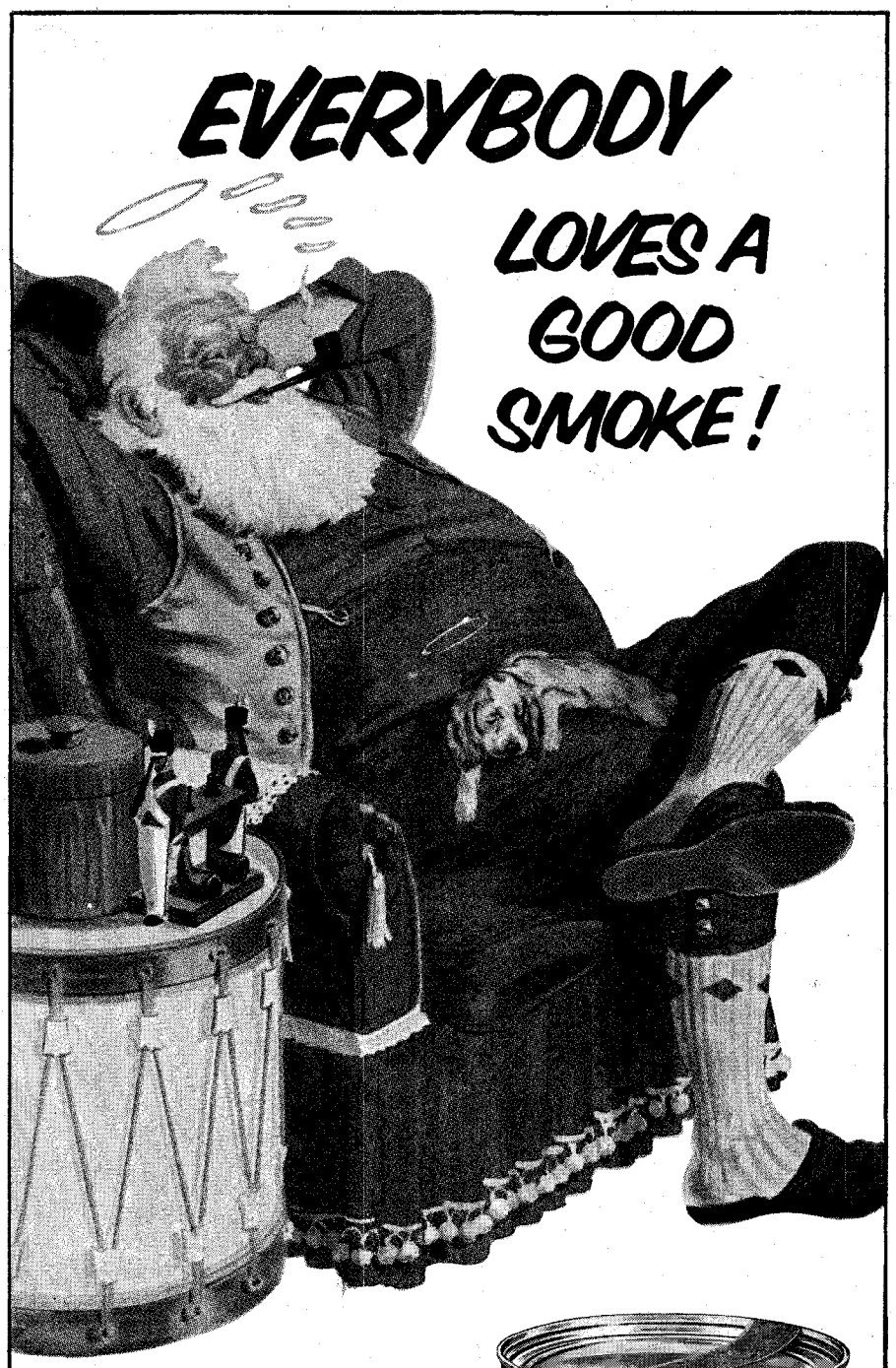

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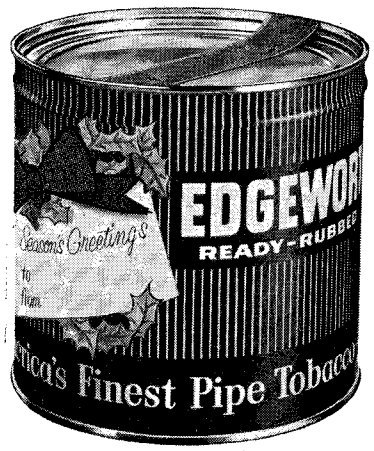

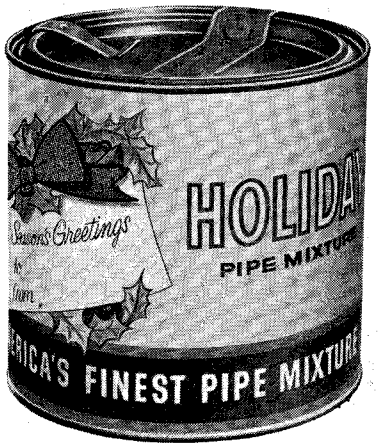

HOLIDAY

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LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
"Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877"

P.S. Why not give him a new pipe, too? Your friendly dealer will be glad to help you choose the right pipe for him!

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Who Holds the Record?

Who is your oldest continuous reader? I began in 1910, and have never missed a number in 45 years. But there must be many more who can beat that record.

H. MICHELL
Lennoxville, Quebec

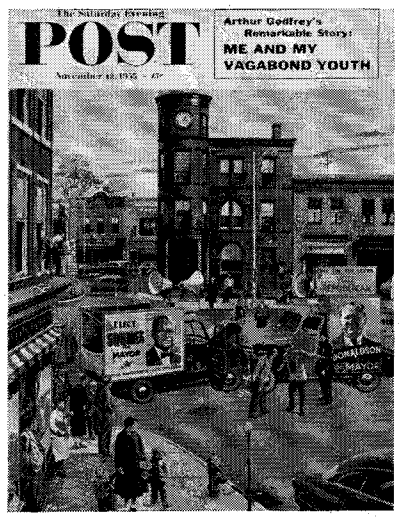
●*We've heard from people who claim as high as sixty and even seventy years of continuous readership, but we don't know who holds the record. Perhaps some readers can help us find the answer.* *ED.*

Impasse

Dear Sirs:

Although Ben Prins' cover [Nov. 12] does seem to portray one of those isolated moments when a Democrat is right, I doubt that it symbolizes a nationwide right-of-way.

JOHN W. FRENNING, *President*
Greater Boston Young Republican Club
Boston, Mass.



Dear Sirs:

. . . The Donkey would have fared much better if he hadn't been so stubborn, and pulled over to the curb and let the Elephant pass.

T. F. BUEHRIG
Morton, Ill.

Men of the Land

Dear Sirs:

Your November 5 issue . . . happened to arrive the date of my father's birthday, November 1st. And I read with much interest "He Was Part of This Land" by Jesse Stuart.

Whenever the bustle of this busy metropolis where I am employed becomes too much I hasten joyfully away to the peace and contented environment of "my father's farm." There I watch him (as Mr. Stuart observed his dad) display the gentleness, love and individualism that comes only with being so close to God and His magnificent creations. For truly He is close by us there always and His touch can be detected in the colorful hues on the mountainside and the soft rustling breeze through the fragrant pines—these things I associate with my dad and they are forever with me.

On his 73rd birthday (this week past) dad's step is a bit slower than when I was a little girl—a shadow in his footsteps—but there is eternally a glowing warmth in my heart when I watch him going about the farm doing the odds and ends that I cherish from childhood and which Mr. Stuart so adequately describes. And yet I am a bit sad for all of those people who cannot enjoy these poignant memories with Mr. Stuart and I. . . .

JANE POWELL
Arlington, Va.

GOP Fund Raisers

Dear Sirs:

My congratulations on your lead editorial, Party Fund Raisers Turn to the Small Givers . . . [November 5th issue].

Just two days earlier on November 3, the Republican National Committee announced a nation-wide women's fund-raising program—the first in our party's history on a national scale.

This "Neighbor to Neighbor" fund-raising program will reach deep into the grass roots for small contributions, doing just what your editorial suggested. . . .

LEONARD W. HALL
Chairman
Republican National Committee
Washington, D.C.

Cleanup Man

Dear Sirs:

For myself and the personnel of the Department, I should like to express my thanks for Mr. George Sessions Perry's masterful article on us [Can This Man Clean Up New York? Nov. 12]. . . .

Without the willing, conscientious help of the 13,000 employees under my command, we could not have made inroads into New York's surpassing litter problem—nor could we hope, ultimately, to provide an affirmative answer to your challenging article. . . .

ANDREW W. MULRAIN
Commissioner
Dept. of Sanitation
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Having grown up a New Yorker, I never realized how filthy the streets of this giant city were, until my husband and I moved to Ohio four years ago. . . .

So, in the eyes of an outsider, I was struck this past summer by the different outlook N.Y. had upon me! The streets were cleaner, the usual litter gone, and the city, on a whole, looked nicer than on previous visits. . . .

MRS. WALTER H. FLOM
Toledo, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

17–Hans Knopf. • 18–Frederick H. Meserve Collection, Culver, Library of Congress. 19–Two from Wide World; Harris & Ewing, Hans Knopf. • 20, 21–Joe DeMers. 22, 23–Frank Ross. • 24–Robert Stanley. • 25–Ollie Atkins, C.B.S., United Press. 26–Bill Shrout. • 27–Two by Bill Shrout; Memphis Commercial Appeal, Wide World, two from Memphis Commercial Appeal; Wide World. • 28, 29–Mac Conner. • 30–Lou Jacobs, Jr. • 31–Amos Sewell. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. • 34, 35–James R. Bingham. 36–Gene Lester. • 37–Claude Maloon, Department of Interior, National Park Service. 41–Harry Saltzman. • 43–William A. Smith. • 48–Wide World. • 101–Erde. • 104–John R. Wells, drawing by Bill Bailey; John R. Wells, John Bickel.

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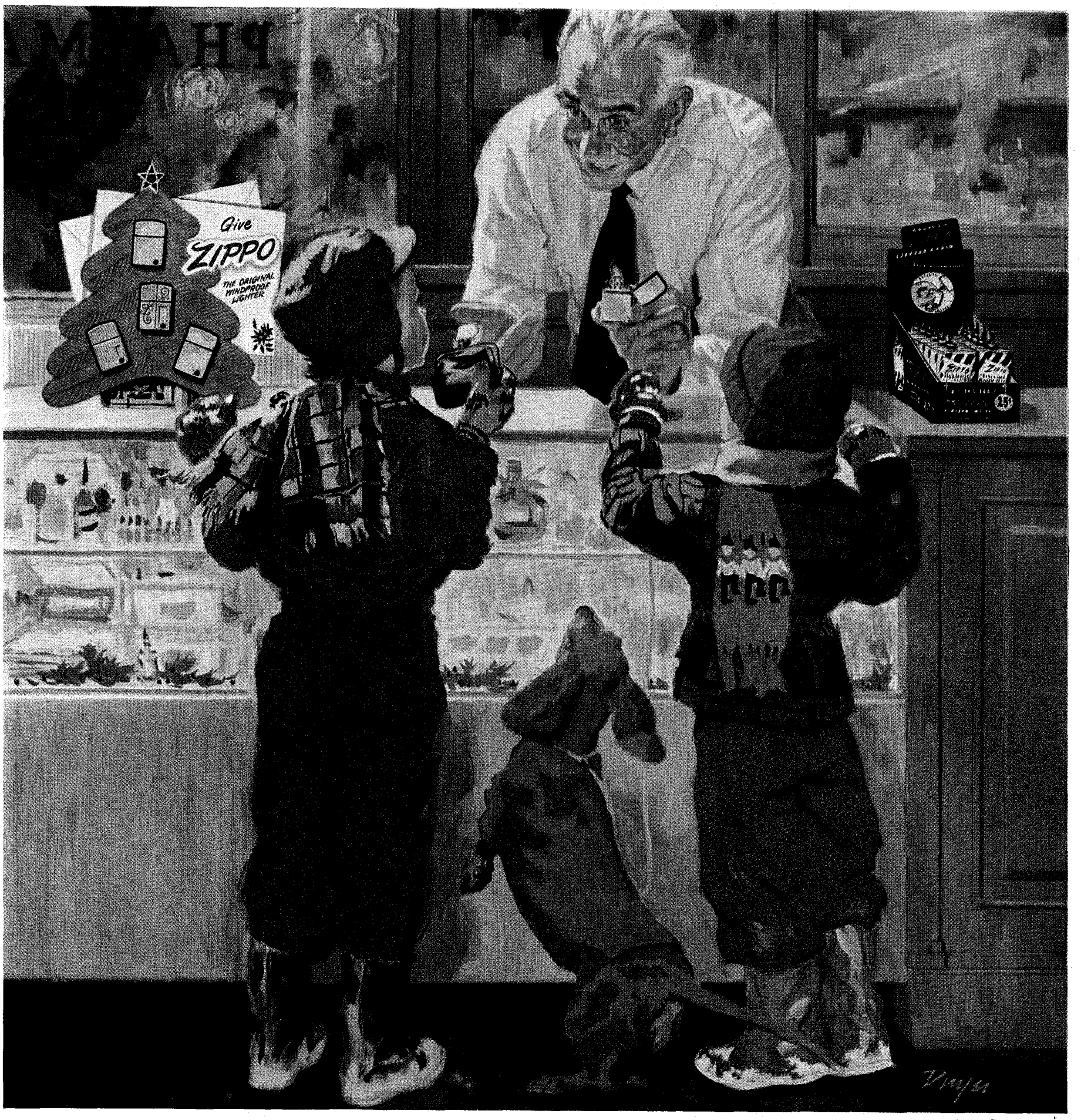

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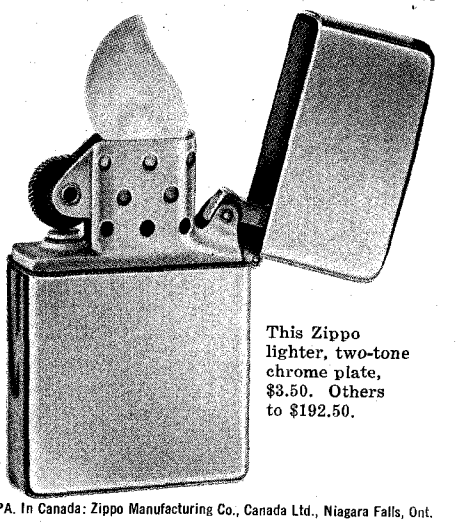

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The most exciting car

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THE LINCOLN PREMIERE FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

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you'll see in 1956!

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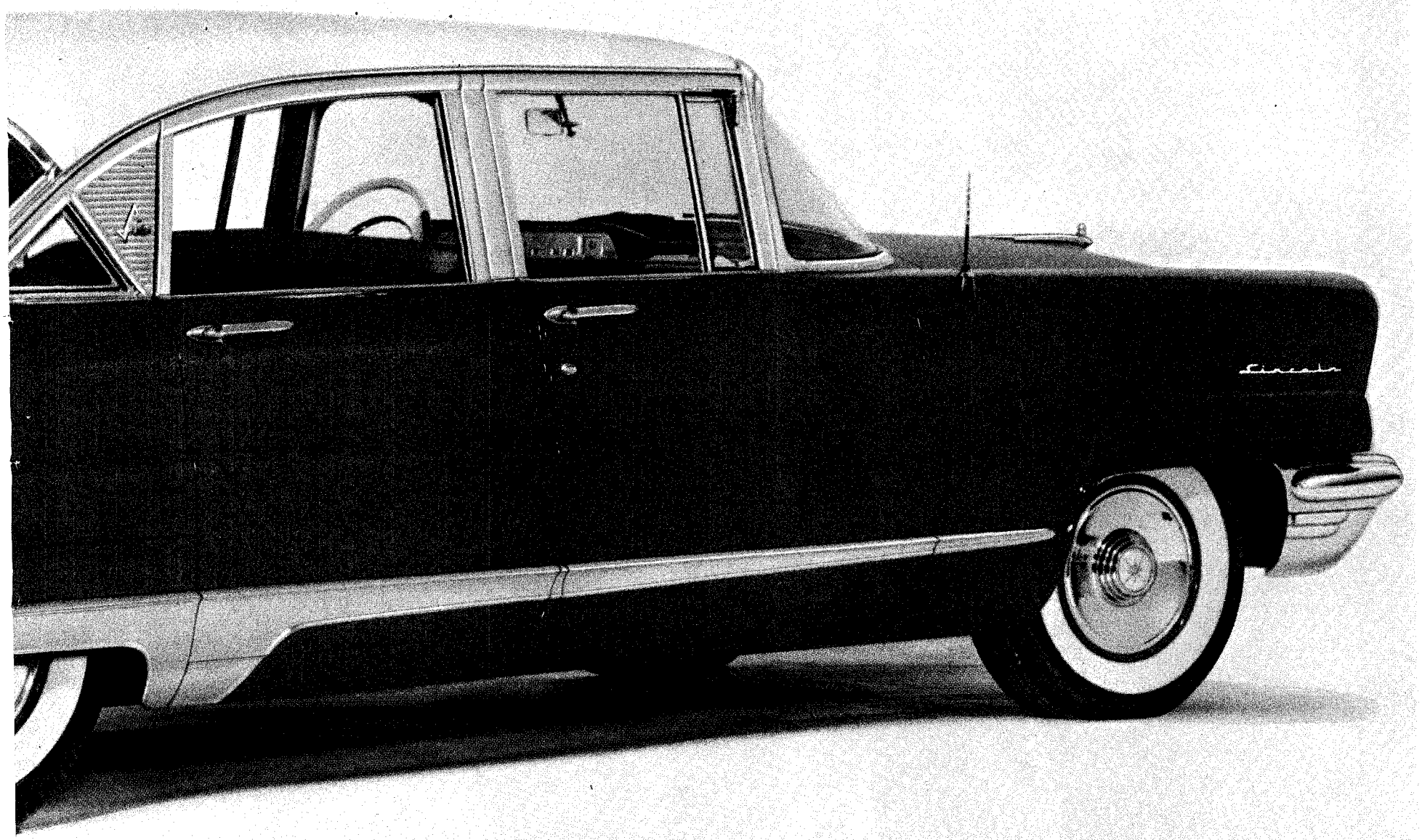
Just one look, too—*over* the top—tells you that Lincoln for 1956 snugs closer to the ground than any other fine car.

And there's still more—so much more—Lincoln newness you can *see.* Spacious, luxurious interiors, fashioned from exclusive new fabrics and leathers. Safety innovations, starting with Lincoln's safety-flex steering wheel, triple-strength door locks and continuing all around you. The broad expanse of Lincoln's new windshield, largest of any car.

Then you set this beauty in motion—and experience the most brilliant motor car performance you've ever known. Here, in Lincoln's new 285-hp engine, is *true usable power that works for your safety in every speed range.*

Here, in Lincoln's famed suspension system and new power assists, is smoothing, soothing magic that puts a rug on every road.

You're invited to share in this fine car excitement—to see and drive Lincoln for 1956—any day you say.



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Editorials

Politicians Scent A Drift From "Liberalism"

The next eleven months will be devoted to increasingly desperate efforts to discover what the American voter expects of political candidates and how he feels about the issues which confront him. Last month Governor Fred Hall, of Kansas, roared out of the West into New York and insisted that the public was in a "progressive" mood and would reject any Republican candidate who could be described as "conservative."

This is not the way the Democrats are playing it, if the current effort to dress up Adlai Stevenson as a "middle-of-the-road" man is any indication.

It could be that the Democrats are taking account of recent events which Governor Hall seems to have missed—namely, the widespread repudiation by voters, all the way from San Francisco to New York, of schemes and projects which call for public spending. Bond issues to provide for parking projects, new schools, highway improvements, water systems and new airports were defeated at the polls over such a wide area that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is a pretty general sentiment against extravagance in government. Undoubtedly, some good and necessary projects went down in the flood, but on balance the voters seem to have been discriminating. In New York State, for example, they rejected a $750,000,000 highway program, apparently on the ground that there was no assurance that the proceeds of the state gasoline tax would be definitely allocated to roads.

Add to this the defeat in Ohio of the CIO-sponsored proposal to increase the rate of unemployment compensation and add it to the amounts available to workers in plants which have "guaranteed-annual-wage" contracts. This was surely a startling victory for Gov. Frank Lausche, who courageously opposed the proposal despite its endorsement by the CIO. Even more startling is the fact that the plan was defeated by 300,000 in the eight industrial cities of the state, supposedly the stronghold of the "labor vote."

It is, of course, more fascinating to most people to concentrate on the various polls and popularity contests which dominate the effort to diagnose political trends. Would Stevenson beat Nixon? Would Chief Justice Warren best Senator Kefauver? How would Averell Harriman do against Senator Knowland? Most of these questions are about as irrelevant as Could Nashua beat Man O' War. When there is nothing to go on but workouts, it is futile to pretend to predict who would beat whom in an actual race.

Symptoms like the rejection of billions of dollars' worth of bond issues and the defeat of the unemployment-compensation proposal in Ohio are probably more reliable guides than polls and personality contests. At any rate, they suggest a clue to the type of campaign which the party leaders will decide upon as most likely to attract voters. President Eisenhower, as the leading exponent of a middle-of-the-road attitude, may or may not be able to enter the race next year. But it seems a safe guess that no candidate in either party who stands to the left of Eisenhower will run better than second.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Nope, No Winter Vacation This Year.

The Old Kitchen Stove Was a Refuge For Chilled Boys

There's little doubt that most present-day kids "have it soft," on any old-fashioned standard—especially during the long winter months. Today's city kids don't know what it is to lug in wood or empty the ashes from the kitchen range.

That old-fashioned kitchen range was not only an insatiable maw that kept a small boy humping with the wood basket and the coal hod. It was the focal point in a kitchen that was no mere "culinary workshop," but was often the most used room in the house.

As winter spread over the country and towns, the continuously simmering kettle blended with the purr of the cat, curled up on a piece of rug in front of the oven. In the long evenings the kids did their lessons and played shouting games at the big kitchen table, and made their own fudge, cocoa and "bread-in-the-oven."

Country kids of a generation or two ago naturally found it hard to drag themselves away from the kitchen range—stove-polished to black velvet against gleaming trim, and maybe rosy-red on top when the wind and sleet snarled from the night outside. They were reluctant at bedtime to climb to the polar regions upstairs, and correspondingly eager to get back to the kitchen on brittle-bright winter mornings.

There are few pleasures in our atomic age equal to the sheer sensual satisfaction with which a kid in the old days bounded into his frigid attic bed; extended a tentative toe, then a foot, and then a leg, along the icy sheets, finally stretching out in warm triumph under the piled-up quilts, while he thought about the glowing kitchen stove waiting downstairs for the morning.

Our Own Reds Still Parrot the Germ-Warfare Lie

During and following the Korean war, the Communist Party endorsed Red China's Big Lie that America had used germ warfare. The Soviets put on a "new look" of friendliness when Bulganin became premier in February, and yet five weeks later the CP circulated a crafty piece of double-talk to insinuate that the germ-war "confessions" of our captured airmen were true.

This foxy lie was published last March in the Reds' agitation-and-propaganda organ, The Worker. It was in the form of a fable about the son of a mythical American businessman. George was a "sportsman, clubman and man-about-town" who made a heap of money by "supplying narcotics to the junior-high-school trade." His father's business was "producing triggers for atomic bombs."

"It was on George's advice," says the CP, "that the old man added a new, pharmaceutical line to his manufacturing—the production of botulinus toxin crystals, one ounce of which was enough to kill all the people of Canada and the United States. It occurred (Continued on Page 12)

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'finger-tip' cleaning!

'finger-tip' **POWER DIAL!**

A touch dials the correct suction for wool rugs, cotton rugs, bare floors or drapes! *Another Lewyt plus—and at no extra cost!*

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Tools roll along with you in Lewyt's handy built-in tool rack, always ready to use! *Another Lewyt plus—and at no extra cost!*

'finger-tip' **COMBINATION RUG 'N FLOOR NOZZLE!** You can clean both rugs and floors without changing tools! Rolls on wheels, doesn't tire your arm! Adjusts for all heights of rug pile! *Another Lewyt plus—and at no extra cost!*

THE CLEANER ROLLS ON WHEELS!

EVEN THE NOZZLE ROLLS ON WHEELS!

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME BOTH CLEANER AND NOZZLE ROLL ON WHEELS!

No carrying or arm-strain! A "finger-tip" touch rolls the nozzle over rugs and floors! A "finger-tip" touch rolls the cleaner room-to-room! EVERYTHING IS ON WHEELS!

If you want to make your housework easier than ever before—don't miss the new 1956 Lewyt!

Not only do the cleaner and nozzle roll on wheels for "finger-tip" cleaning—but the new Lewyt puts many *more* work-saving conveniences at your finger-tips, too!

With Lewyt's new combination 2-in-1 nozzle you can clean both rugs and bare floors without changing tools. And, the new Lewyt has a tool rack—*built right in!*

The new Dual Turbo motor makes this the *most powerful* Lewyt ever built.

You can dial exact suction for every job. Its tubes can't fall apart—they *lock*. Lewyt gives you instant dirt disposal, an exclusive new vinyl hose that *won't clog*, and *many* more big features. See it *today!*

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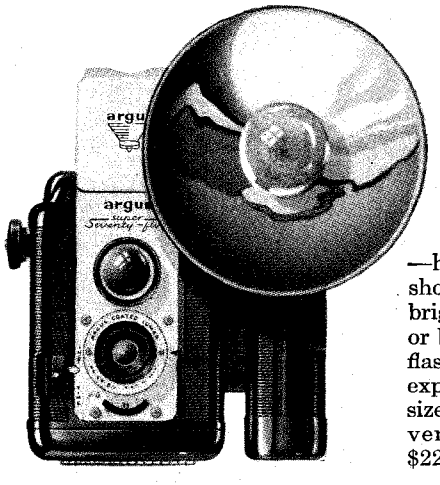

The Argus Super 75

—has a full-focusing lens that lets you shoot from 3½ feet to infinity . . . in bright sunshine or shade . . . in color or black-and-white. Color-matic makes flash pictures super-easy—gives perfect exposure without figuring. Big picture-size viewfinder, double-exposure preventer, plug-in flash. Camera only, $22.50; flash, $3.80; case, $3.15.

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Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

to George that he ought to make some field tests of their new product and off he went to an archipelago in the Pacific Ocean. But these islands were so sparsely populated that George decided they could not provide a fair test of the toxin's potency." So away he flew to drop his American germs on the crowded Chinese people.

"Unfortunately, however, George's plane, in which he carried his botulinus bombs, was forced down by bad weather within China and the government prosecuted and convicted him as a saboteur." Therefore he served time in a Red Chinese "rehabilitation" camp. When George had been "rehabilitated," he "was released and expelled to Hong Kong, where, under British and American flags, he held a press conference."

Tears of remorse dripped down George's ex-capitalist face. "After watching how these Chinese communists live and work," he said rhapsodically, "I've come to realize that I've done dirt to a lot of people. . . . I am going home determined to devote the rest of my life to doing good for the people. I'm going to work for outlawing atom bombs and biological warfare."

Naturally, says the CP, "George's father and mother were shocked and humiliated. . . . 'Doing good for all the people!' exploded the old lady. 'Did you ever hear such viciousness!'" Disowned by his bourgeois parents, George went out in the streets, collecting signatures to a communist propaganda "peace" petition.

France Prefers the Eighteenth Century to This One

In the French provinces there are many owners of little shoeshops who think they have an inviolable right to make some sort of living by selling two pairs of shoes a day. That is the way it has always been and that is the way it must continue to be, or they will demand that the government be turned out. Many Frenchmen in larger businesses take essentially the same attitude. And France has one premier after another who desperately tries to make the outdated French governmental and economic machines work.

Guy Mollet, secretary-general of the Socialist Party of France, was recently in the United States. He contrasted American free enterprise with French capitalism, which isn't free enterprise. "For decades our country has waited in vain . . . for capitalism to take risks as it does here." French employers "hide behind customs barriers, protect their prices behind marginal enterprises, beg for government subsidies . . . while our youth remains without a future because French economy remains stifled by a management lacking courage."

Now a Swiss historian, Herbert Luethy, says all this and more in a new book, France Against Herself (Praeger). France clings to the eighteenth century. The government is still amazingly centralized. It is a great complex machine, administered by a tradition-bound, immovable bureaucracy that is a relic of the days of Louis XVI. Parliament and the temporary cabinets have little power over this machine.

Although in industry some companies have made bold and excellent progress, Luethy says that France on the whole has "a guild economy vegetating in a well-protected hothouse." The privileges of big business are balanced by those of small business and of farmers. There are immense numbers of small shops, mostly dawdling along. There is a nationwide system of small, inefficient farms. Year after year there are staggering surpluses of wheat and wine. Year after year the government buys them and destroys them. This at least is *à l'américaine.*

French individualism fights against reasonable co-operation and necessary compromise. That is why there are so many political parties clawing at one another in Parliament, and partly explains why the French North African empire is slipping away for want of enough unity to apply a sensible policy. Another reason, of course, is the success of Red propaganda throughout the Orient.

In the economic system, the so-called individualism is really anti-individualism. Large groups of the people, instead of standing on their own feet, are safeguarded by the government in their "individualistic" philosophy of no risk taking, or very little of it, much tax dodging, a safe profit, a safe job, and everlasting maintenance of their *status quo.*

Yet maybe, after all, there is a gleam of hope. The biggest French automobile manufacturer, the nationalized Renault firm, lately took an important step in the spirit of American industrial relations. It made an agreement for wage increases, based on future "technical progress that can be reasonably anticipated." This is a welcome departure from the too frequent European practice of handing over all the gains from modern methods to the few capitalist investors, instead of sharing them with the workers, as is done in this country.

Perhaps a change is coming. Possibly the French people will at last summon up the effort of will necessary to move from the eighteenth century into the twentieth.

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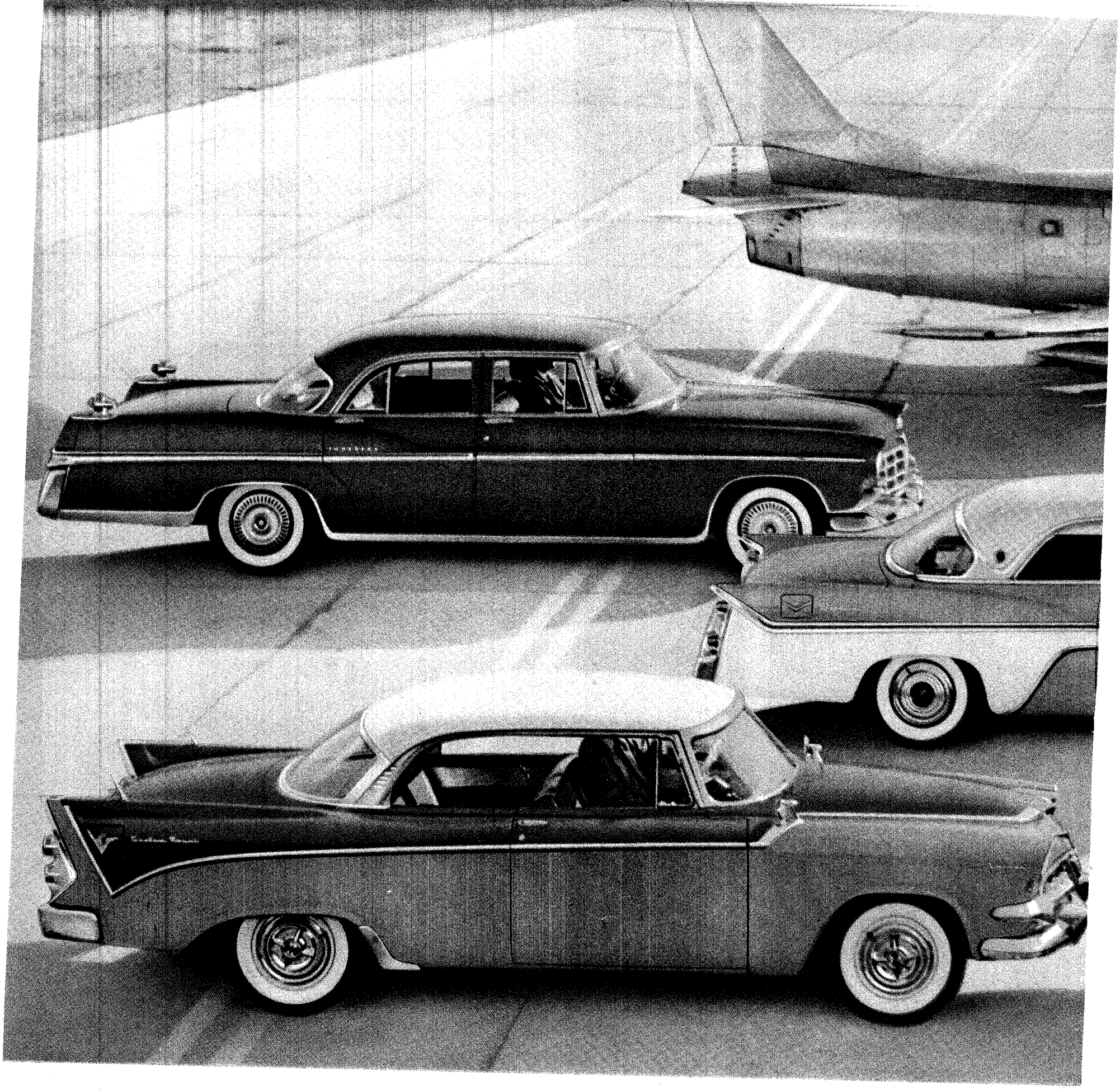

THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56 wraps up the

Millions of Americans have now had a close look at the five all-new cars of THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56 — Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial.

Their judgment tells them—and their hearts echo it—here are cars that must be wonderful to drive, to ride in, to be seen in!

Take a good look yourself. Compare these cars with any new cars on the road today . . . compare them from any standpoint you can think of . . . compare them in any price class you choose. Whether you want a 4-door hardtop, a sedan, a station wagon or a convertible, you will find more for your money in THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56.

What catches your eye first is THE FLIGHT-SWEEP—the freshest new note in car design this year. From jutting headlight to crisply upswept tail, this simple clean line says *action!* It creates an almost wedge-shape silhouette —like that of a jet plane—conveying *power* and *motion!* This is design that borrows from tomorrow!

Take a look at the people driving these cars, many of whom have switched

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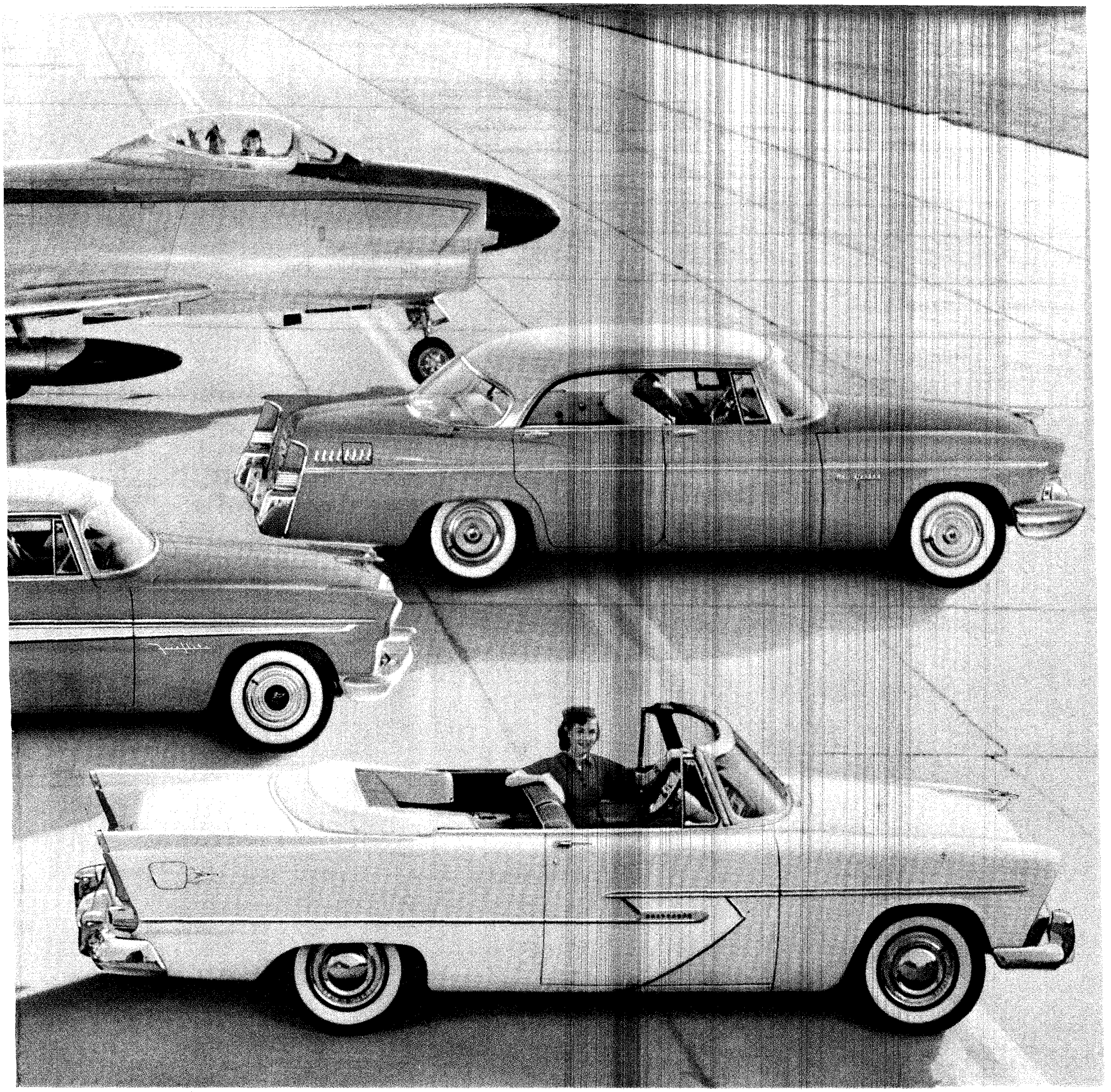

idea of go in one clean front-to-back sweep!

from cars of other makes. Their faces tell you they know they couldn't have made a better choice—for looks, for performance, for safety.

See how they select their automatic driving range—*they just press a button* of the new Pushbutton PowerFlite! See how they get up and go—with *new engines* that are the finest on the road today: more powerful for safer driving, more economical, too. See how smoothly they ride—with an *all-road comfort* in a class by itself. See how easily they stop—the *new hydraulic braking systems* are without equal for sureness and ease of operation. See how effortlessly they steer—Chrysler Corporation's unique *Safety-Touch Power Steering* works *all* the time, not part of the time.

And you'll see new safety, too—for THE *FORWARD* LOOK '56 brings you the best made bodies and frames—new LifeGuard door latches that are the safest you can have around you—Safety Seat Belts, if you wish.

Visit your dealer now. Test drive one of these cars. It will open your eyes to a new kind of driving pleasure that will make you proud of the car—and proud of yourself.

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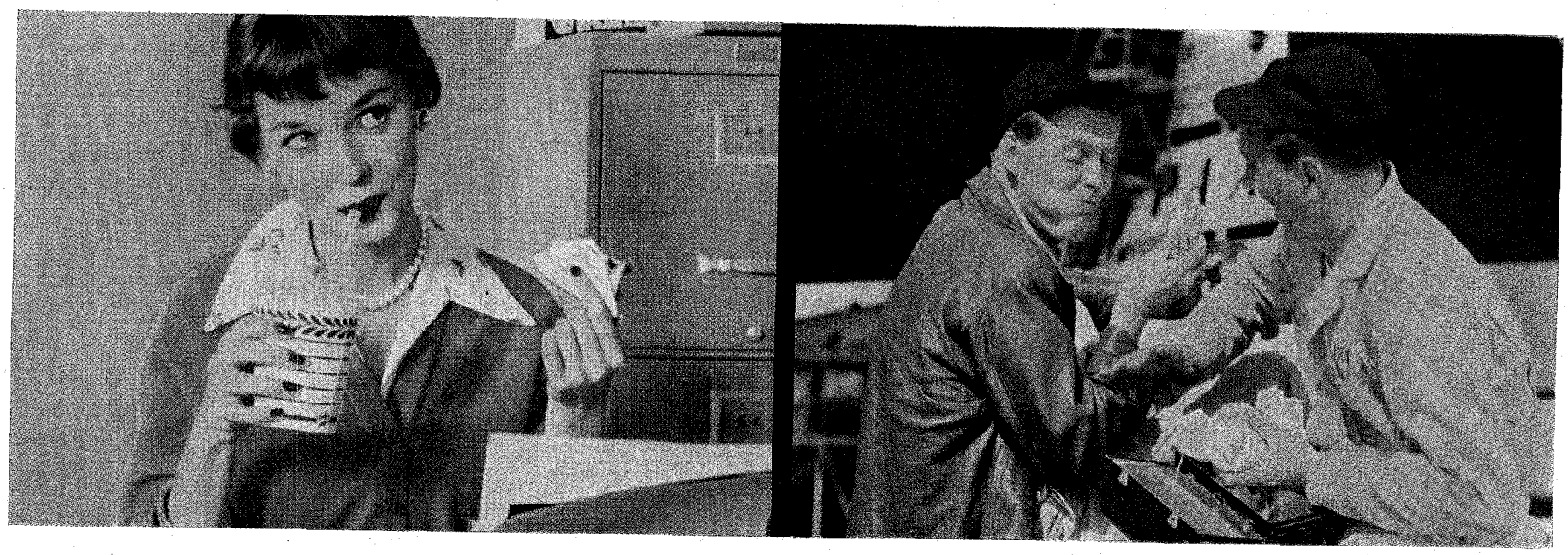
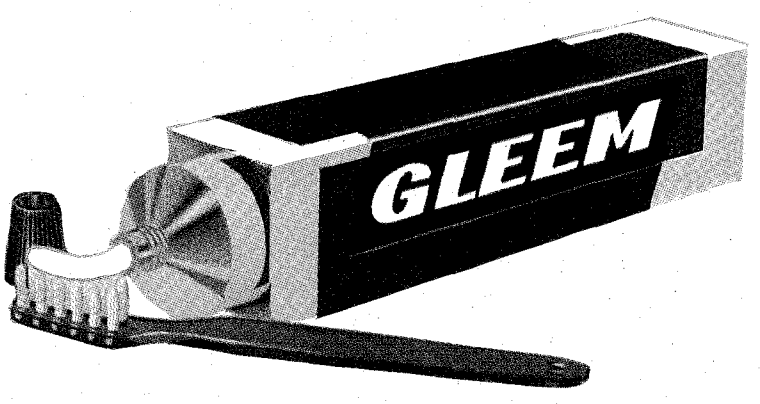


Here are some of the many people who can't always brush after meals . . .
they've made Gleem the fastest-growing toothpaste in the U. S.!

New Gleem Toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria!

If you can't always brush your teeth after meals, even though it's best, *you* should change to Gleem, too. One Gleem brushing destroys up to 90% of bacteria (major cause of decay) . . . protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem's flavor is so wonderful even youngsters like to use it regularly! And for children, regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way to reduce decay!



Mouth odor stopped all day for most people with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives all-day protection against most unpleasant mouth odor. So *always* start your day with Gleem.

Only Procter & Gamble's new GLEEM has GL-70 new cleaner and decay fighter!

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The Land Where Laughs are Born

By BEVERLY SMITH

J. Winston Coleman, Jr., ex-Sen. Thomas Underwood, Thomas Clark, William Townsend, J. A. Estes, Edward Prichard, Jr., Bennett Wall, Joe Jordan and Holman Hamilton hold a storytelling bee in Lexington.

Marse Watterson, Irvin S. Cobb and Alben Barkley established Kentucky as the land of the storyteller. Here are some of their best, including the ones about the left-handed fiddler, the "University of Camargo" and the preacher's pepper.

Why are Kentuckians the best storytellers?" When this query first came in from the editors, some months ago, I disposed of it briskly by hiding it under a stack of other unanswered questions on my desk—a pile of ponderous political problems. But somehow the Kentucky question, perhaps because of its low specific gravity or high hot-air content, kept bobbing up to the top of the heap—especially on pleasant spring days. I got to thinking about it, and then to talking about it with Kentucky raconteurs resident in Washington, and then to reading about Kentucky wits and storytellers of the past.

With the arrival of Washington's first heat wave I felt that I must carry my research to the very wellsprings of Kentucky's own cool mountains and shady valleys. Taking off by car, my wife and I roamed the lovely Bluegrass State from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, pausing en leisurely route to seek out, and hearken to, some of Kentucky's greatest living storytellers.

During this anecdotal hegira my ears were occasionally bent, but my digestion and disposition improved steadily. By the time I reached Paducah the world looked much brighter than it had from Washington. At the Irvin Cobb Hotel, inspired by the memory of Paducah's great trencherman and tale-spinner, I had a substantial breakfast: fruit, cereal, fried mush, eggs, country ham, red-eye gravy and coffee.

My attentive Negro waiter remarked reflectively, "Man eats a breakfast like that, he must be in pretty good shape."

I was as cheered by this diagnosis as if I had passed *cum laude* through a Mayo Clinic checkup. I attributed my condition entirely to my intensive exposure to Kentucky stories. They are not only exhilarating; they are salubrious. They tone the nerves, re-perspectivate.

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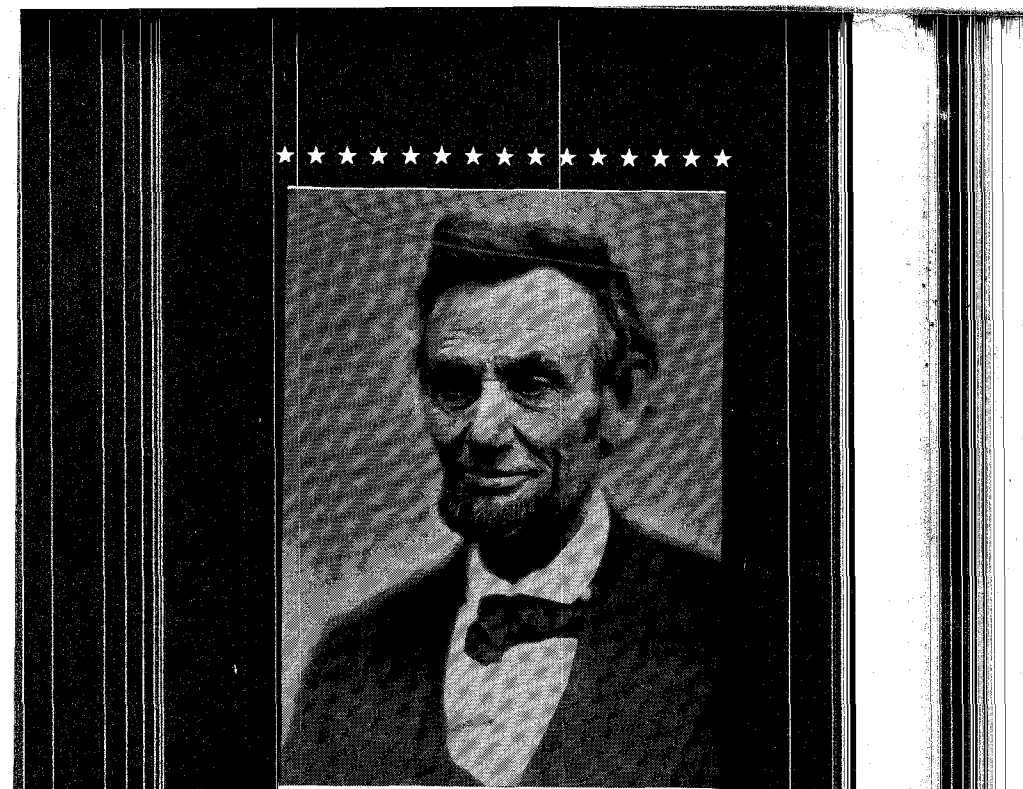
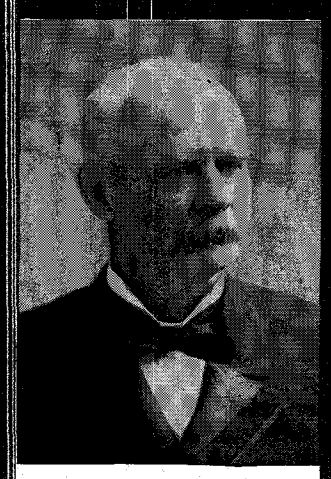
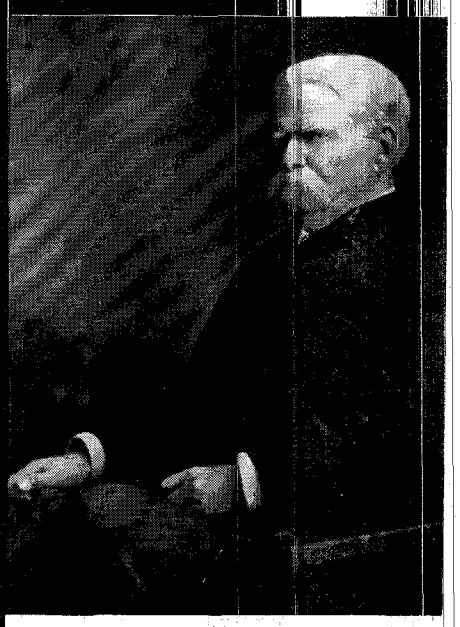


Abraham Lincoln's storytelling prowess was a part of his Kentucky birthright.



Vice-Pres. Adlai Stevenson, top raconteur of his day.



Marse Henry Watterson impaled many a stuffed shirt on the point of a sharp jest.

the mind, exercise the diaphragm, shake up the shoulders and ventilate the lungs with guffaws. They are good for what ails you—but all good things must end. I had now reached the point where I was trying to seize the floor from Kentuckians and tell them Kentucky stories about other Kentuckians. It was time to go home and report to the editors on their query.

Herewith, then, my report. It is necessarily fragmentary. Kentucky tales, and their tellers, are in number as the blades of the Bluegrass. A full report would swamp readers, editors and printing presses. Enough is enough. The former Veep, Sen. Alben Barkley, of Kentucky, tells of the country preacher who dwelt, in his Sunday prayers, on the fact that times were hard and his family on short rations. His congregation responded nobly, secretly stocking the minister's kitchen with flour, meats and vegetables. The village grocer, finding a barrel of pepper among his surplus stores, donated the whole barrel to the cause. Next Sunday the reverend offered a long prayer of thanks, enumerating the good things received and expressing a lively hope of more such favors in the future.

"But please, Lord," he concluded, "no more pepper."

What? You've heard that one? Oh—well. Irvin Cobb himself said that if a story is worth telling at all, it's worth repeating every few years. Most stories are old. Mother-in-law jokes were familiar yak-yaks in ancient Greece.

Barkley of Kentucky still reigns supreme among senatorial storytellers, and his only peer among earlier Vice Presidents was the elder Adlai E. Stevenson (v.p. under Cleveland, 1893–97). Early records of the Gridiron Club show that old Adlai was regarded as tops among the raconteurs of his day. He was elected from Illinois, but was born and raised in Kentucky. Our present Adlai has inherited much of his grandfather's art.

Among our Chief Justices and Secretaries of the Treasury, few could rival the late Fred Vinson. Going back a little further, there was Cobb. Many readers will recall his writings in this magazine, and some must have heard him tell stories in person, where he was incomparable. As the idea of a story flashed into his mind, his face took on the look of a quizzical frog smoking a big cigar, and his listeners began to chuckle before he even spoke.

Among America's Presidents, far and away the best storyteller was Abraham Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky, and spent enough of his childhood there to catch the tune, tone and timing of the Kentucky art. In the White House, observers noted that Abe reverted to his Kentucky accent when he told his best tales. He told them not only for fun but to preserve his balance and sanity among terrible ordeals.

In the darkest days of the war, when Lincoln was being assailed from all sides, a friend asked him how it felt to be President. Lincoln said he felt like the man who was tarred, feathered and was being ridden out of town on a rail when somebody in the crowd yelled, "How do you like this?"

The victim replied, as he was jolted along, "If it wasn't . . . for the honor . . . of the thing . . . I believe . . . I'd sooner walk."

Abe's humor was generally kindly, but he could be sharp. A secretary remarked that Lincoln's senatorial detractors were a pack of liars.

"Why, no," said Abe. "They must have a high regard for the truth, because they spend most of their time embellishing it."

On another occasion an aide expressed fears that the ambitious and demagogic Gen. Ben Butler might try to seize dictatorial power.

Lincoln was not disturbed. "Butler reminds me," he said, "of old Jim Jett's brother. Jim used to say his brother was the world's worst scoundrel, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the world's damnedest fool."

Twenty years later this same Ben Butler was impaled on the Kentucky wit of Marse Henry Watterson, the famous Louisville editor and thunderer. It was at the Democratic Convention of 1884. "If you adopt Watterson's platform," shouted Butler, "God may help you, but I can't!"

Marse Henry was on his feet at once. "With all respect I must declare," he said, "that in an option between Butler and the Almighty, I have a prejudice in favor of God."

Among congressmen there was Kentucky's learned, droll and deadpan James Proctor Knott. His 1871 speech on The Glories of Duluth is said to have caused the loudest and longest laughter ever heard on Capitol Hill. A Minnesota lobby was urging large land grants to finance a railroad to the then-remote village of Duluth. Knott's oration ridiculing the proj-

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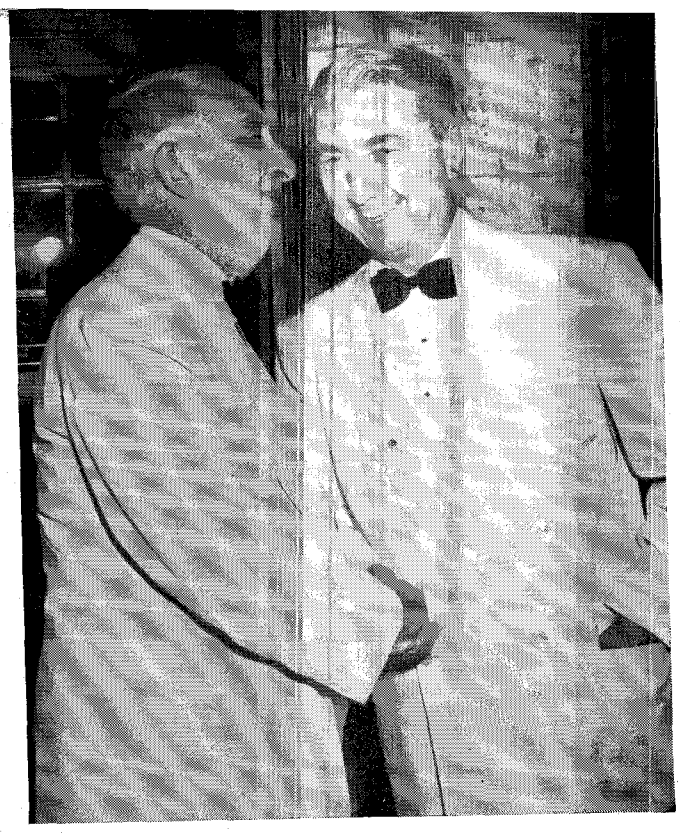
Alben Barkley is noted for his delivery of real old-fashioned knee-slappers. Here he is in action with one-time Ambassador to Russia Joe Davies.



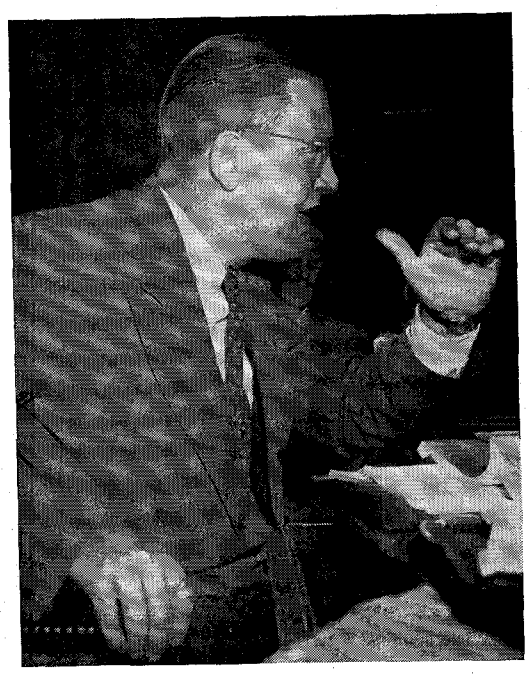
The late Chief Justice Fred Vinson (a front-rank storyteller) at the ear of the then Attorney General Tom Clark.

ect was a satire on congressional magniloquence: "Duluth . . . Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with charm, like the gentle murmur of a brook stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft sweet accent of an angel's whisper in the bright joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! . . . I am convinced that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens of Duluth."

From there Knott really took off.

The above brief list of Kentucky storytellers is just a sample, of course, but possibly it is enough to suggest one reason why Kentuckians excel in this art. Storytelling is an old tradition in Kentucky, in families, in politics, in law trials, even in the ministry. One generation passes the art on to the next. For example, one of Paducah's great characters was Judge W. S. Bishop. He was the living prototype of Cobb's famous "Judge Priest" stories. He was friend and preceptor to Cobb and Barkley. They learned from him. So, in turn, Paul A. Porter, of a younger generation of Kentucky storytellers, sat at the feet of Barkley and Vinson.

Paul, now a leading member of the D.C. bar, has handled some of the hardest jobs in

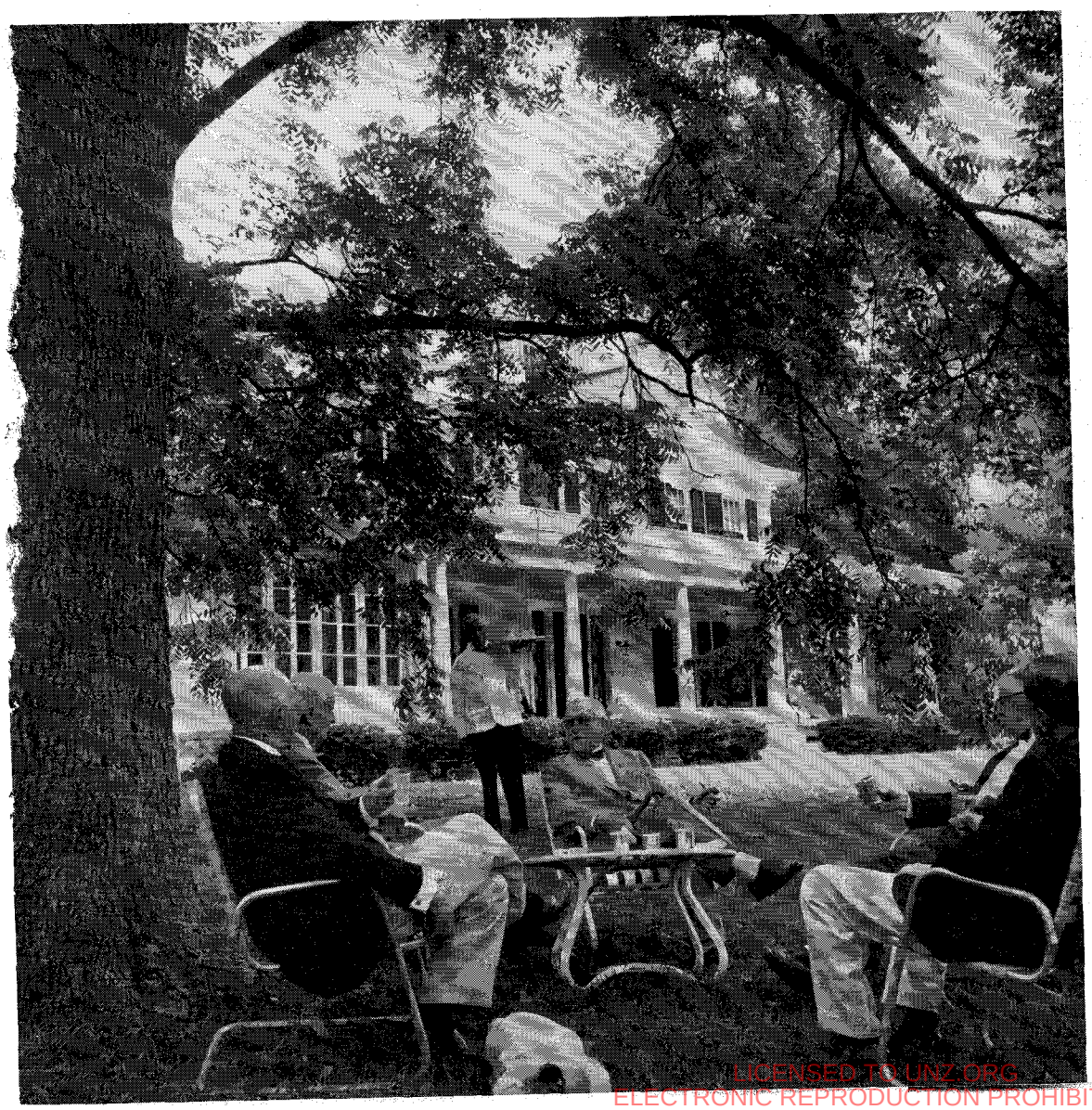


Lawyer Paul Porter enlivens Washington hearings with tales from the Bluegrass country.

Government and made them look easy. I remember him when he first came to Washington in the 1930's—a thin, towering young lawyer of deceptively serious mien. And I recall the first story he told me. It concerned a prominent but unpopular Kentuckian who sued for slander, alleging that the defendant had referred to him, publicly and repeatedly, as "an eighteen-carat s.o.b." The jury listened gravely to all the evidence, and then brought in its considered verdict: "We find that the plaintiff *is* an eighteen-carat s.o.b."

When he was in law school, Paul worked nights on the Lexington, Kentucky, Herald. The noted Col. Desha Breckinridge, when editor of that paper, once gave voice to a classic example of

(Continued on Page 47)



Dean of Kentucky storytellers is 92-year-old Judge Edward Clay O'Rear (center). Here at Ashley House, his stately plantation, juleps and yarns are of connoisseur quality.

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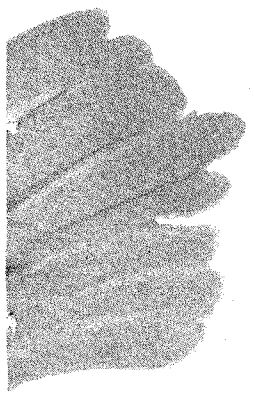
Spell of the Islands



Normally, Russ was a well-behaved sort of person. What had this place done to him?

By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

Last night you were right on the *kini popo*," Doctor Williston suggested to the wretched young man harboring a beautiful hang-over, "but this morning ——"

Russ Baldwin shaded his eyes against Waikiki Beach's tropical sun, focused them with difficulty and, after a partial victory over articulation, said thickly, "Right on—what?"

"Right on the *kini popo*," Williston said. "It is a Hawaiian Islands' expression meaning right on the ball or cooking with gas—that sort of thing." He grinned in admiration. "Only *kini popo* describes your enthusiasm and originality as a mainlander exploring the potential of Hawaiian Island parties. You were the life of last night's parties."

"Parties? There was but one," Russ said. "Lieutenant Trent was the host—paying off social obligations. We'd met casually and he invited me." Russ spoke as though in a fog.

"My boy, you were a sort of roving guest, once you gained momentum. By the way, I'm Dan Williston, entomologist currently working on what I hope will prove to be a very profound paper on the similarity of human and insect life."

Russ Baldwin, who was a dark, well-built man in his late twenties, with black hair and keen brown eyes—when not influenced by a hangover—took stock of himself. He had, until the present moment, regarded himself as a young man of sound thinking, reasonable habits, who knew where he was going and how to get there with a minimum of detouring. In fact, he liked to consider himself as a steadying influence in his business and social life—ballast, so to speak. Had the ballast shifted in the night's heavy weather?

He rubbed his eyes, squinted and saw in Doctor Williston a man in his sixties, whose eyes, behind thick lenses, revealed an unusually intelligent and very human person.

"I'm afraid I wasn't strictly in character last night, Doctor Williston. Will you brief me?"

"Suppose you tell me what you know?"

"My boss, R. J. Henry, sent me here to straighten out an agency difficulty," Russ said, "and then take a couple weeks' vacation. I cleaned up my business shortly before Lieutenant Trent and I met at the Beachcombers. Last night I arrived at the party early, and he had just finished building what he called fishhouse punch ——"

"Ah—yes," Williston said as though this explained all. "First you boil tea and strain it. Then you put in anything alcoholic you may have on hand. You can't taste the tea, nor identify any single ingredient, but the result is pleasing and—it sneaks up, then smites you. After a couple of drinks you either go to sleep, start a fight or chase the gals."

"Who'd I fight? I like people."

"You chased a gal!"

"Oh—no! Who?"

"Gwen Henry!"

"What?" The pink walls of the nearby hotel echoed Russ' agonized bellow. "The boss' daughter. What's she doing here?"

"She gets around," Williston answered.

"Did I—catch her?"

"She had just finished a beautiful hula, which you watched with mounting enthusiasm. Well, she was wearing a grass skirt, so she cleared a fence nicely. But you tripped on your lava-lava and fell flat on your face," Williston recounted.

"What's a lava-lava?"

"A sort of South Seas' wrap-around garment, it leaves a man naked from the hips up."

"What was I doing in that outfit?" Russ' distress was very real.

"It was necessary in your portrayal of a Samoan knife dance," Williston explained. "You'd picked up a couple of butcher knives in the kitchen ——"

"Go on! Go on!" Russ muttered. "Let's have it all!"

(Continued on Page 64)

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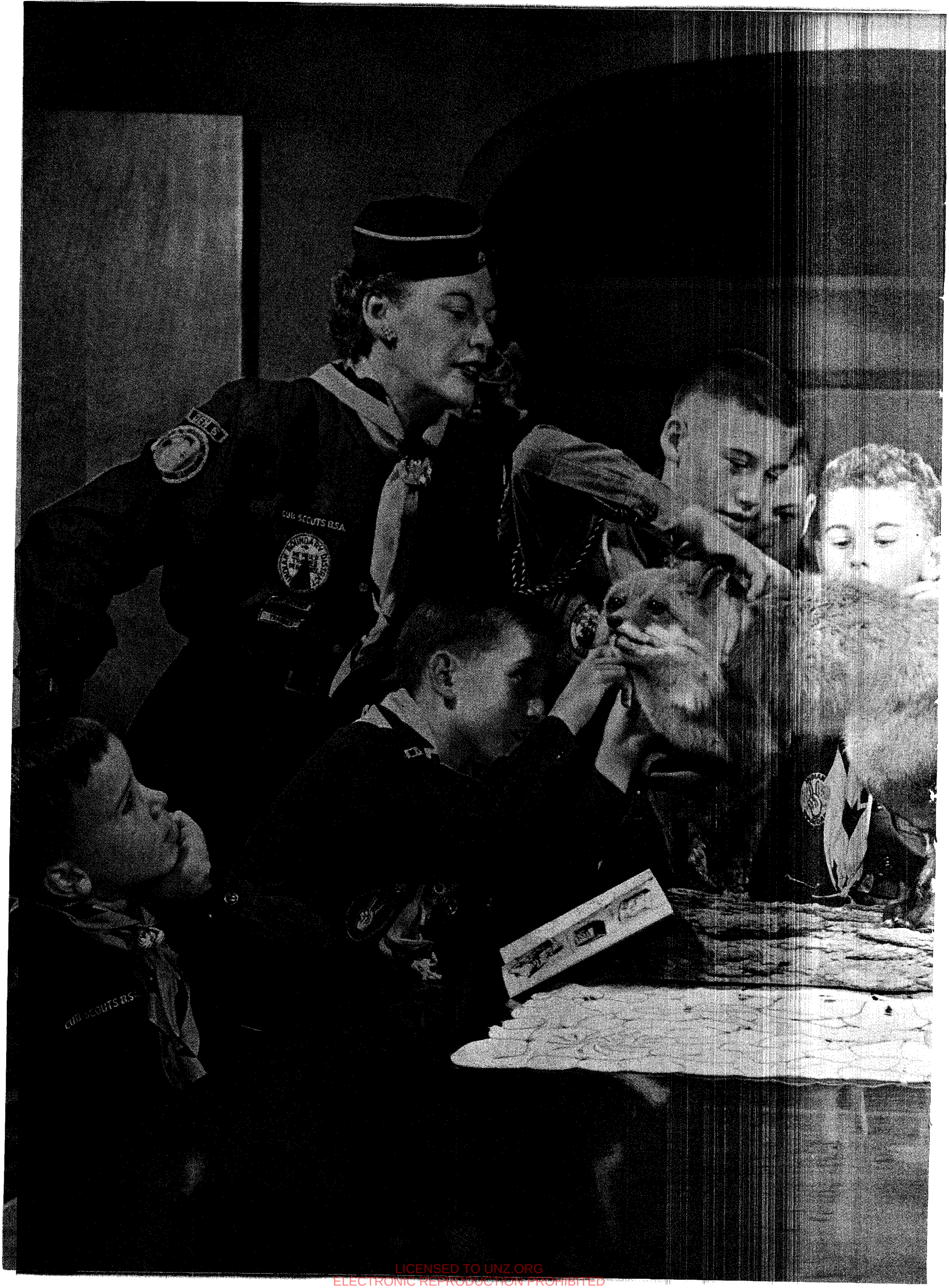

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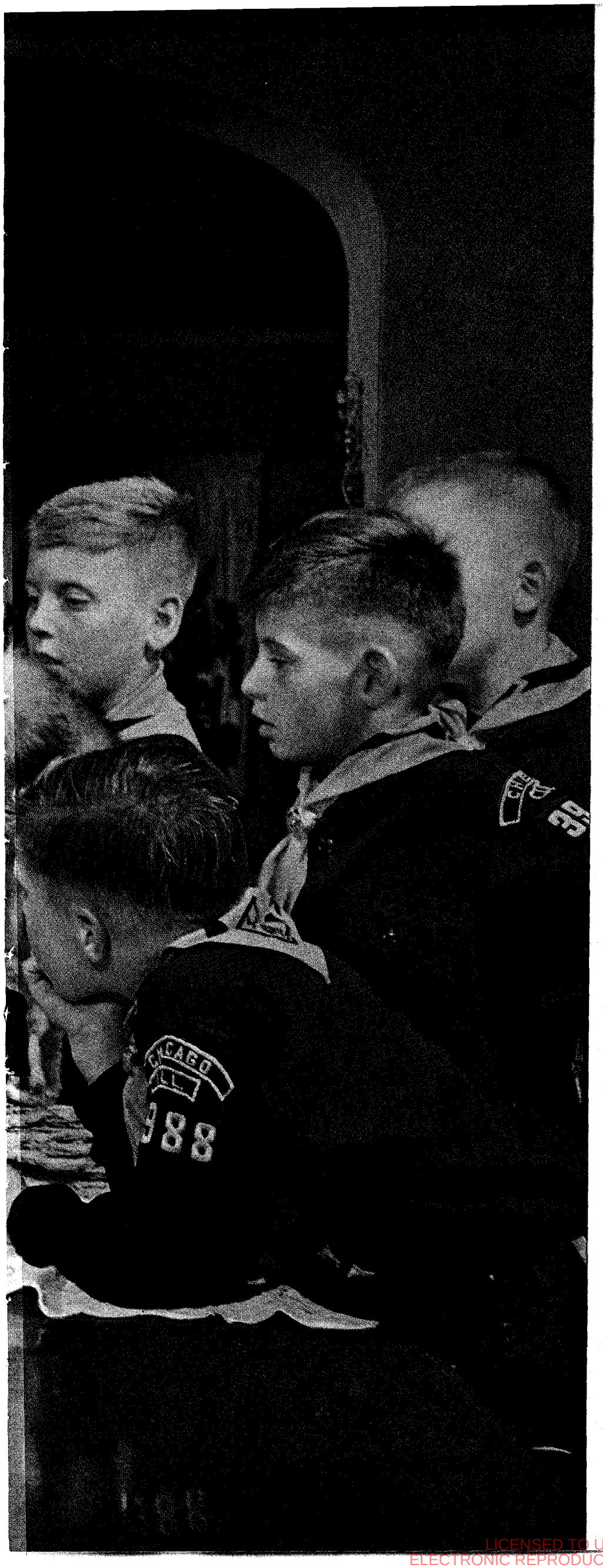

The Face of AMERICA

Den Meeting

Cub Scouting means many things.
It means wearing the blue-and-gold uniform,
standing inspections, honoring the flag.
It's baseball and cook-outs and make-believe.
It's learning to tie a clove hitch, build a radio,
plant a garden. It's a chance for city boys
like these Chicago Cubs to study nature and
wildlife—here a fox (stuffed) is being
analyzed for young Cubs by Den Chief Danny Hall,
an eleven-year-old Boy Scout. Listening
in is the Den Mother, Mrs. Raymond D. Hall,
who in her nonofficial capacity is the real mother
of two of these lads. The Cub Scout
movement itself is now full grown at age
twenty-five and includes one out of every
four American boys in the eight-to-ten
age bracket. They come in all shapes and sizes, colors
and creeds, but they all take the same pledge:
"I promise to do my best, to do my duty to God
and my country, to be square and to obey the
law of the pack." ● Photograph by Frank Ross

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MAGIC MUSIC MAN

When Henry played his guitar, no girl could resist him . . .

By PRENTISS COMBS

At the cleft of the gap Henry Whitlaw shucked his back bundle and looked down the trail. His long blond hair was sweat-wetted at the neck and his whole lanky body was pleading for a spell of set-down. He sobered his eyes, flint-edged his mouth and lit on himself.

"Henry Whitlaw," he said, taking no mercy, "your idleness is beyond the bounds of bearing. Only five hours on this steep climbing trail and you got to pamper your lazy. You're shiftless, Henry, and fair shame your raising."

It was too strong. Even as he said it he knew he'd gone too far. It was one thing to be stern, but unreasoning cantankerousness was a hen of a different hatching.

"All right then, Henry," he humble-pied himself quickly, "it is a steep trail and you climbed it well. Rest yourself, Henry."

He swung the guitar around right-side-to, laid the back of his hickory shirt against the cool bark of a bee gum and stretched his long legs out in front of him. Without even testing it for tune he hit a sweet riffling handful of C chords that made the mad at himself run out of him like sweet cider from a big-mouth jug. A man could play a guitar like that couldn't be all that bad.

"Born lazy," he said to himself, feeling a pineful rue. "Born lazy and too shiftless to change."

"You've pleasured me, Mr. Whitlaw," she said demurely.

The tune started in him so slow and easy, and the words worked themselves out so smooth, that he had him a song all made before he rightly knew it. A moral-type song with a roll about

"*A boy born lazy, and wishing a wife to wed,*
A rich and handsome widow with a cherry-wood bed,
But wealthy, pretty widows, he finally did opine,
Had a most distressful habit of growing high upon the vine."

He worked out the proper chording to it and sang it three times. A man makes that pretty a song should have license to hear it.

The sun acted like a falling star when it hit the downgrade,

(Continued on Page 83)

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Godfrey's dressing room a few minutes before the Wednesday-night TV show. "My routine," he says, "is normally pretty hectic."

Arthur learned to skate when he could hardly hobble. He says the exercise "cleans all the slag out of the head."

This is My Story

By ARTHUR GODFREY as told to Pete Martin

The backstage story of those Godfrey shows (they bring in $22,000,000 a year). Arthur also tells about his brush with death in 1953.

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Ready for surgery, in 1953. A few hours later, he went into postoperative shock and almost died.

PART SEVEN

It must be obvious to anyone who ever listens to me that I like my work. That's the reason I have taken very little time off in the past. I'm one of those people who must be doing something all the time. I relax by doing something else.

Most network performers do a half-hour or an hour show every week, hibernate for two days and then spend five days getting ready for the next show. They worry and they fret and they sweat and they fume and they rehearse and they memorize and they come up each week with a terrific show. And I, too, worry and fret and sweat and fume and rehearse—but I can't memorize!—and occasionally I come up with a terrific show.

The only difference between me and those other guys is that during the week, while we're all worrying and fretting and sweating and rehearsing for that weekly television show, I'm also doing an hour-and-a-half simulcast show every morning—except Saturday and Sunday, of course—not to mention the Talent Scouts show on Monday nights! Nine hours of radio and/or (Continued on Page 78)

NEXT WEEK

Godfrey takes you to the privacy of his Virginia home. And he reveals why he wants our air-power policy investigated.

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RACIAL CRISIS IN THE DEEP SOUTH

By HODDING CARTER

A noted editor reports that the desegregation crisis is worsening in his state, and that a new, dreadful barrier is being erected between Negroes and whites.

I am not setting down this story as a traditional warning to other Americans to let the South determine its own destiny. Instead it is told only with the conviction that it is needful for the nation to know of the hardening of the hearts of white and black men in the Southern areas of greatest Negro density—and especially in Mississippi—and to know why this tragic deterioration in human relations is taking place.

I am moved to write it because of a disturbing increase in the number of symptomatic incidents on both sides. Of these the "wolf-whistle" asserted murder of a fourteen-year-old Chicago Negro boy, Emmett Till, and the subsequent acquittal of the two Mississippi white men accused of his kidnaping and slaying, is only the most dramatic and, superficially, the most incomprehensible.

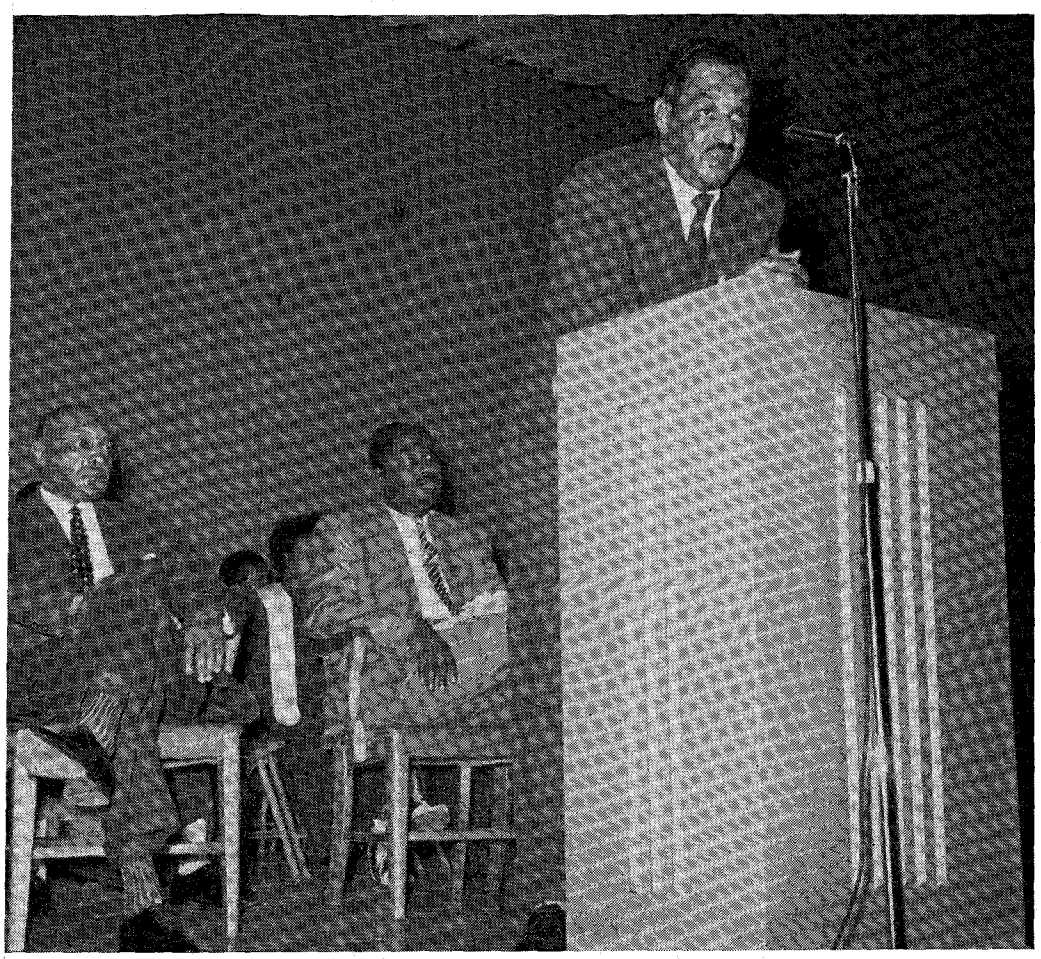
And I am using Mississippi partly because I live here and so better know what is happening here than elsewhere, and principally because otherwise unalterably opposed antagonists and impartial newspapermen and other detached observers of the Southern scene agree that Mississippi is the state with the worst tensions, the most fixed resolves and the most dramatic examples of racial recessions that have risen in the wake of the Supreme Court's decision.

Listen to what they are saying:

"They are not going to tell us what to do in this state," says Gov. Hugh White. "So far as we are concerned, they can head up. Integration is out of the picture. . . . I'd just like to know how they can enforce it."

"All we want is to maintain the status quo," says Herman Moore, of Indianola, one of the founders of the mushrooming Citizens Councils. "We'll do it."

"We now tell the NAACP people they have started something they will never (Continued on Page 75)



Thurgood Marshall, who carried the school desegregation fight to the Supreme Court, addresses a recent NAACP conference in Jackson, Miss. Most white Mississippians, the author reports, consider the NAACP "ahead of the Communist Party . . . as the fountainhead of all evil and woe."

The Clarion-Ledger

Ole Miss Must Admit Negroes, Says Marshall

Nation To Eye Kentucky Vote As Barometer

NAACP Going Before Courts, Is The Warning

Cool Weather To Return Here

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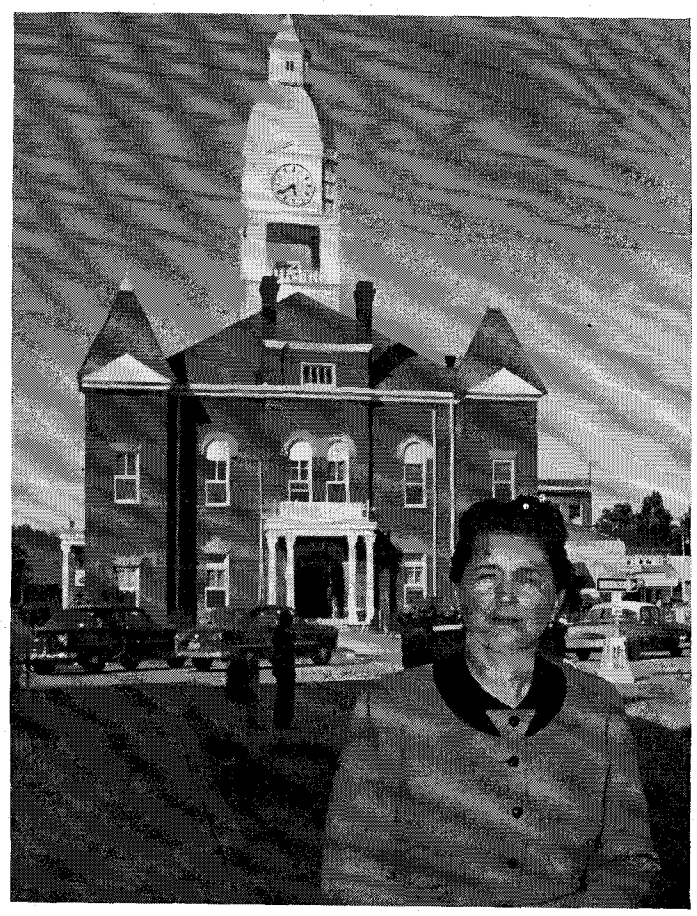
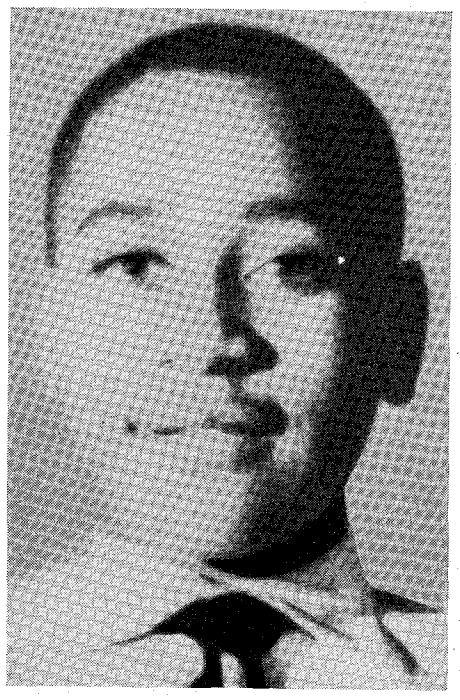
Accused of advocating and practicing racial integration at their co-operative plantation, Dr. D. R. Minter and A. E. Cox were "advised" to leave Holmes County, Miss. Shown with them here are their families.



Editor Hazel Smith accused a sheriff of wantonly shooting a Negro. A $10,000 libel verdict against her was reversed by the courts because her charge was "substantially true."

The Till Case . . .

Emmett Till, the dead boy (right), and Mrs. Roy Bryant (below) whom Till allegedly annoyed. Mrs. Bryant's husband and his half brother were tried for Till's murder, but were found not guilty.



Till was kidnaped from this cabin.

About 2000 persons gathered at Till's funeral in Chicago. And at a New York meeting, angered Negroes chanted "March! March!"

Mrs. Mamie Bradley, Till's mother, being interviewed at the white men's trial. Subsequently, a Mississippi grand jury refused to indict the two men for kidnaping.

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Old Enough To Drive

By STEVE McNEIL

"When you're sixteen, then we'll talk about getting you a car," he had told his son. Now he had to keep his promise.

Mr. David Harkness was a tall, bony man who wore his forty-two years more or less lightly, depending on who was doing the appraising. His children thought he was creaking in the joints and not far removed from senility. His wife, Susan, though mindful of small matters such as a slightly receding hairline and a disinclination to engage in touch football with the neighborhood teenagers, treated him much the same as when they were courting. And his boss, Mr. George Garber, often called him "a young squirt."

Feeling somewhere among these three categories, Mr. Harkness came home on a soft fall evening, ran his car into the garage and turned off the ignition. Somewhat to his surprise, the engine stopped. Mr. Harkness was a capable business executive, he had more than a vague idea of molecular structure, and could give a balance sheet a casual glance and tell you whether to buy stock in the company or sell it short. But he had all the mechanical know-how of a Chinese farmer.

He knew that if he turned on the switch and pressed the starter, his automobile engine would start; he knew that the engine must have oil, for some obscure reason, and he knew that if you stepped on the brake pedal the car would stop. Beyond that, the whole thing remained a mystery, and was a source of some irritation to his boss, who seemed to feel that there was a misplaced cog in David's brain because David could never understand the workings of a camshaft and, if asked, would say that a universal joint was a bar which was not particular about its clientele.

David was well aware that this blank spot was the reason he had not been made second vice-president. Mr. Garber believed in what he called "the well-rounded man," which meant that you should know something of football, automobiles, golf, foreign policy, fishing, the price of liver and anything else that came to Mr. Garber's mind during luncheon.

David had even bought several books on internal-combustion engines, read them through, became more confused than before and abandoned all thoughts of a vice-presidency. Telling himself that Mr. Garber was unfair, that engines, automobiles, and related items had nothing to do with the job at hand—the job dealing in the sale of lumber on a wholesale basis—was small comfort, and at times he himself had qualms about the mental block which reared its head whenever something with wheels was discussed.

David went into the house through the back door and entered the kitchen. Susan was mixing some concoction in an electric mixer. "Hi," David said.

Susan turned off the mixer. She kissed David thoroughly. Susan was a black Irish creature with bright eyes and an ageless complexion. She patted his cheek. "How's everything?"

"O.K. What did you do today?"

She made a face. "Ironed, and you know how I hate ironing. Good thing you weren't here. I was real witchy. Talked back to television and everything."

"Stir you up a Martini," he said. "That'll help."

"O.K. Something went wrong with the washer. Jimmy's fixing it. That's if you hear any strange noises in the basement."

Jimmy came upstairs, carrying a toolbox. He was a lanky sixteen. "All fixed, mom. . . . Hi, dad."

"All fixed, huh?" David said. "What was wrong?"

Jimmy answered his father in some sort of mechanical gibberish which sounded as if he said, "The forticiple and the disconnect were cletis with the frammis, so the rammich couldn't partis."

"Oh," David said vaguely. He peered at his only son. Sometimes he thought that Jimmy was some sort of monster. When the boy was five he had started investigating old alarm clocks, had built a radio when he was eight, and at twelve had plans for constructing an airplane engine out of an outboard motor which he was planning on installing in a glider. David squelched that project. But when Jimmy was fourteen, he and another boy rebuilt a motorcycle which they had salvaged from the city dump, and on its maiden voyage promptly ran it into a tree. The only damage, other than a wrecked motorcycle, was a skinned shoulder.

After that, David put his Size 11 shoe down on any activity involving vehicles which went fast, bringing up such dull matters as liability insurance, licenses and related and lawful items. "When you're sixteen and can be licensed," he had said, "then we'll talk about getting you a car with which you can tinker." David had in mind something like the one he rode in as a boy. A Model T which strained itself to get to forty miles an hour. Then he promptly forgot the whole matter.

Jimmy took his tool kit out to the garage. David stirred the Martinis. Molly, his first born, eighteen, another black Irish whose loveliness David often viewed with alarm, came into the kitchen attired in a sweat shirt which had not seen the laundry for some time, and a pair of pedal pushers likewise soiled.

"Did you tell him, mother?" she said. "I think it's just the most ghastly thing ever."

David poured two Martinis, not unduly agitated. "The most ghastly thing ever" could be anything from the widow down the block running off with the plumber, to a run in her last good pair of nylons.

"No, Molly," Susan said. "I haven't had time."

"Well, after all, I'm eighteen and Jimmy's only sixteen, and it seems to me that I have some rights. I took driver's training and I have a license, too, so I should have some say about what we get."

Jimmy came back into the kitchen. "Did you say anything, mother?"

"I was going to tell your father," Susan said, "later." Meaning that she would wait until he was sated with dinner and in a mellow mood.

"Well, I don't see why he can just go and get that silly Ferritalia that won't even run just so ——"

"Silly!" Jimmy yelped. "Look, lamebrain, that Ferritalia just happens to be ——"

David finally turned to his son. "Pretty hot little mill," he said.

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"And just when did I say this?" David screamed.

"Lamebrain!" Molly shouted. "Just because your brains are in a toolbox, you needn't think that I ——"

"Stop this!" David shouted. He took a large gulp of his Martini, strictly for his nerves. "Now what's this Ferritalia and we'll discuss it calmly?" For all David knew, a Ferritalia was a new-type begonia.

"Gee, dad, don't you know what a Ferritalia is?" Not stated, but implied, was the fact that anyone who didn't know that might just as well get himself measured for a new set of brains.

"No," David said; "but then, I have other sterling virtues."

"Cripes, dad, they stopped manufacturing them in 1937, and four years ago started up again, but you can't get anything but a competition model with a twenty-five-grand price tag, and here's this '37 model been sitting in this old lady's barn, and she wants to get it out of the way so her son-in-law can remodel the barn and live there. And she only wants four hundred for it. I gave her all I had to hold it. Six dollars and forty-five cents."

"It hasn't even any tires," Molly said.

"Tires, shmires," Jimmy said. "It has a six-cylinder overhead cam mill and you should see the sweet suspension system. Boy, it ——"

"The top is rotted out," Molly said.

"And brakes!" Jimmy said. "The biggest finned drums you ever saw. Why ——"

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," David said. "This—this Ferritalia is an automobile?"

"He calls it an automobile," Molly said. "I call it a wreck. As long as we're going to have a second car, then I don't see why we don't get something that runs."

"A second car?" David said. "Who said we're going to get a second car?"

"You did," Susan said.

"I did?" David screamed. "And just when did I say this?"

"Two years ago, dad," Jimmy said. "When I wrecked the (Continued on Page 73)

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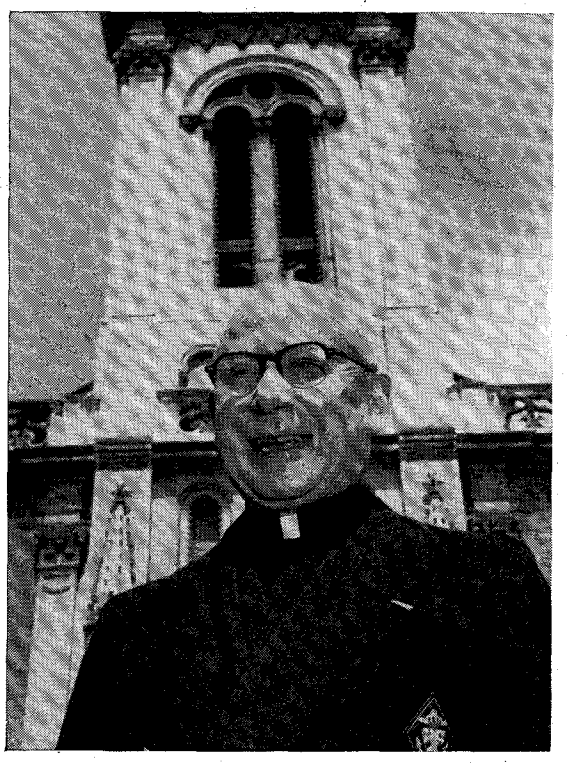
BATTLING PRIEST IN A GAMBLING TOWN

Father J. Francis Tucker left an American parish to become court chaplain in Monte Carlo, and he hit that exotic city like a blockbuster.



"If there's any reforming to be done around here, I'll do it," says the scrappy chaplain of Monte Carlo.

By Paul Henissart

One afternoon a year ago two young men ducked into the rectory of St. Charles Church in Monte Carlo and asked for the American pastor. In the privacy of his office they told him what was wrong—roulette and a lot of bad luck. Suicide, they intimated, was the one way out of their difficulties. The pastor reflected for a moment, then recommended the trestle bridge of Ste. Dévote, 300 feet above a stretch of asphalt pavement, as the best place from which to jump. His startled visitors quickly made for the door. That night they tamely cleared out of Monte Carlo.

The pastor's handling of the situation was unconventional, but he insists that he was right: "Those two boys thought I was a soft touch. They weren't interested in advice; what they wanted was money. Gambling suicides here, despite all you've heard, are rare."

This realistic appraisal of gamblers, their foibles and follies, comes from a man who has been Monte Carlo's chaplain for the past five years. He is the Very Rev. Father J. Francis Tucker, O.S.F.S., a bluff, florid-faced sixty-seven-year-old parish priest from Wilmington, Delaware, counselor general of the Oblate Fathers of Saint Francis of Sales, and canon of Monaco's Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. No ordinary parish priest, Father Tucker has unusual duties to perform in this Mediterranean playground. And in a resort that would go bankrupt without roulette, baccarat, *chemin de fer* and craps to prop up its finances, his attitude toward gambling is worth noting: "I feel the same about gambling here as I did about drinking in America before repeal. Prohibition in either is wrong, excess in either is a sin."

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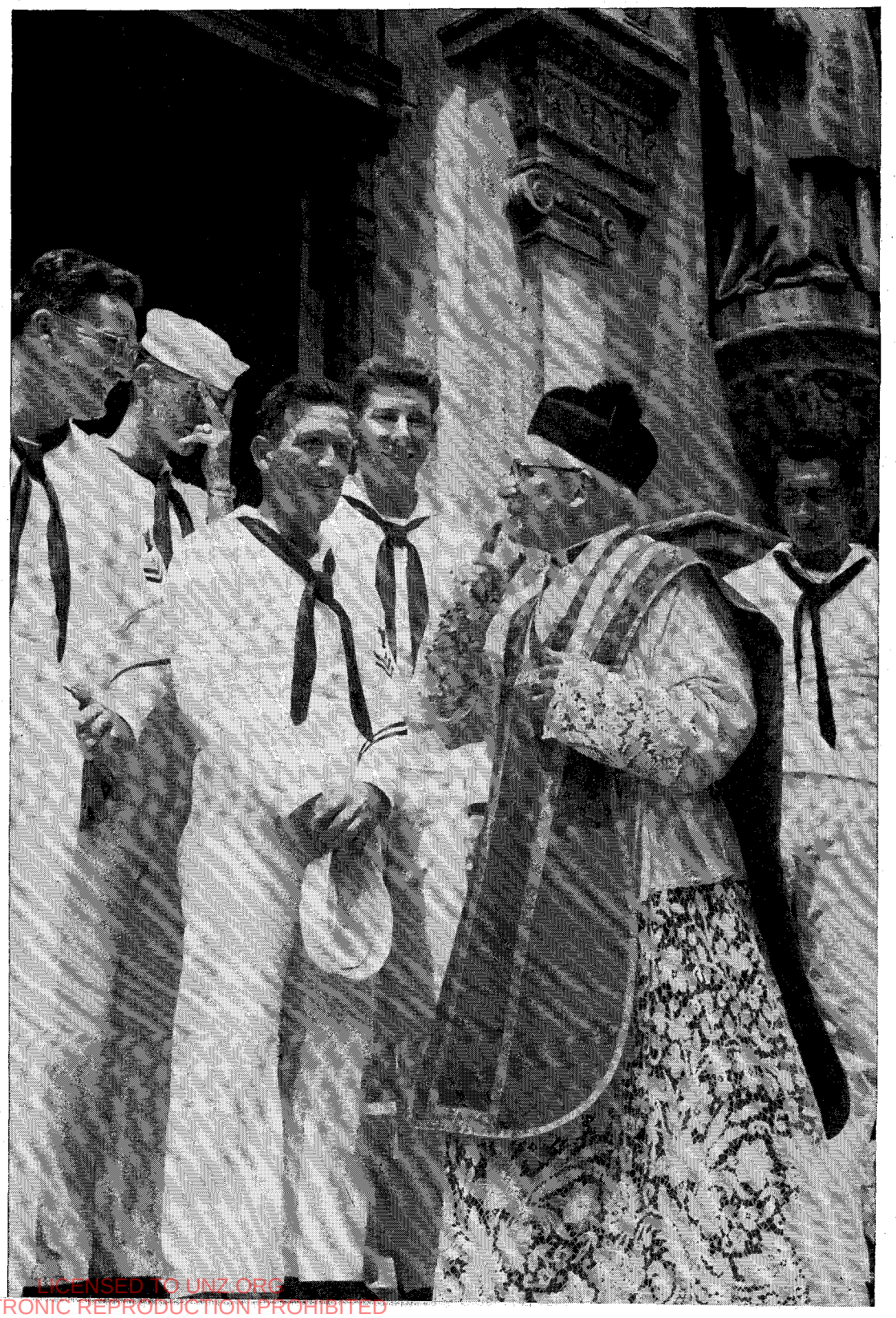
Men of the U. S. Sixth Fleet find their way to this Riviera chapel run by the little priest from Delaware.



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She stopped sobbing. Doubt mingled with a dawning hope in her tear-filled eyes.

Babe's Christmas Wish

By R. ROSS ANNETT

Babe knew everything would be all right, now that Santa personally was taking a hand.

It was the day before Christmas, and twenty degrees below zero. A snoring wind swept in off the prairie and funneled along the main street of Sanford, whipping ladies' skirts about their knees and setting the hanging sign in front of the Sanford Garage to swinging with a loud, creaking sound.

Propelled by the wind, Babe and Little Joe went slipping and sliding—and giggling—along the icy sidewalk. They were in such high spirits that they hardly noticed the cold. Babe had her saved-up egg money clutched in one mittened hand, and Little Joe had the weasel skins, that were just as good as money, tucked under one arm. And nobody in Sanford or in the whole country could have been more happily bent upon Christmas shopping.

Mr. Johnson was not in the meat market when they entered. Mrs. Johnson was there. She was a dark and pretty newlywed who acted as her husband's bookkeeper. She was also a teacher in Sunday school and therefore, in the eyes of two shy country kids, a paragon of respectability as well as of beauty. Little Joe would have preferred to put what seemed to him a delicate question to Mr. Johnson, but he and Babe were in a hurry.

So, albeit with some diffidence, he asked, "Please, Mis' Johnson, what size is Mr. Johnson's underwear?"

"I don't know, Joe," she answered, looking surprised and puzzled. "Why do you want to know?"

Babe undertook to explain. Babe's fair hair fluffed out from under her navy-blue parka hood. Her cheeks (Continued on Page 50)

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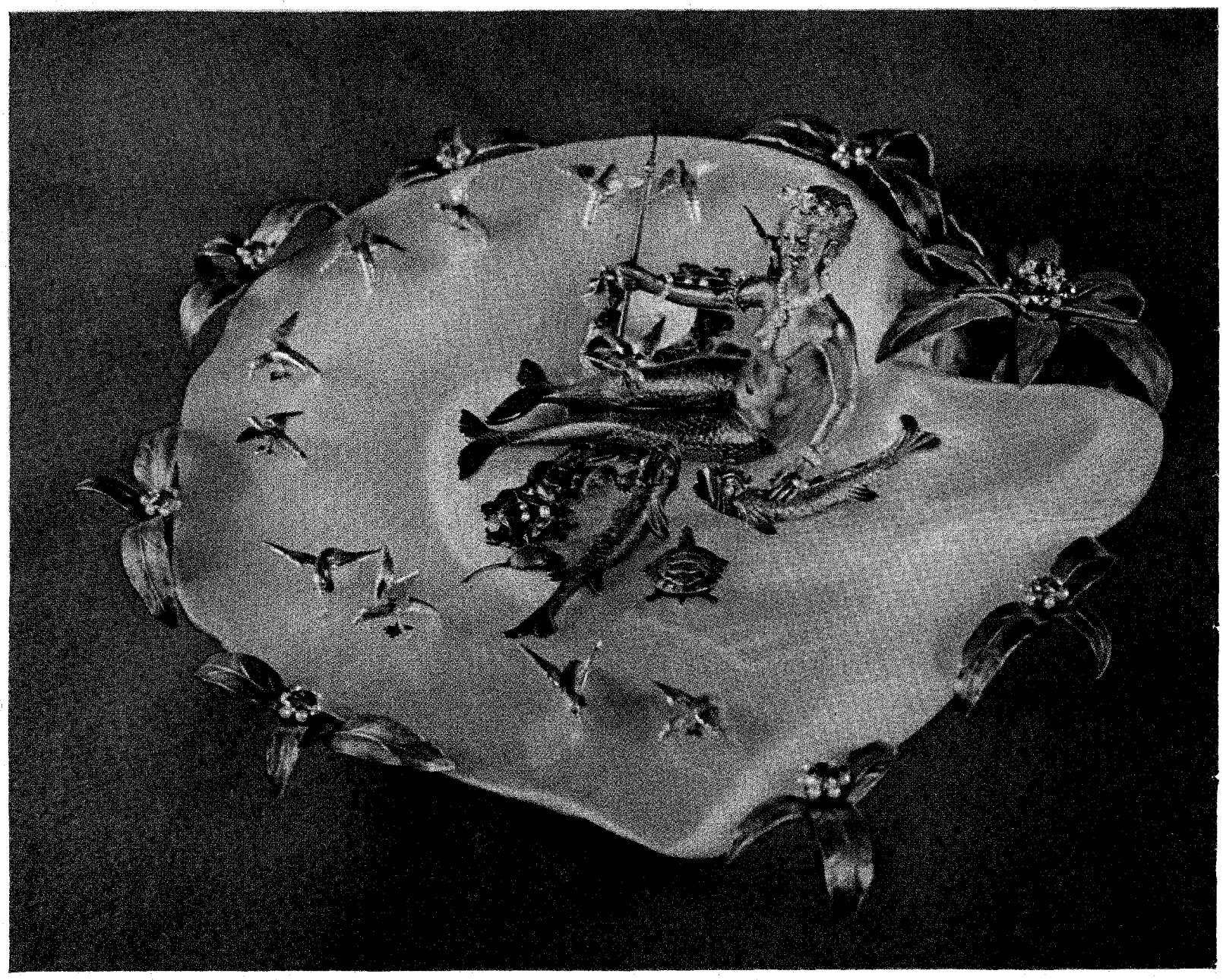

F. X. Zirnkilton completed The Mermaid shortly before he died at the age of 83. Mermaid is 14-carat gold, sits in a shell eight inches across. The piece is not for sale at any price.

Zirnkilton jewelry is low-priced considering the work that goes into it, but it's not exactly bargain-basement stuff. Doodads worn at left are valued at $22,500, those below at $10,200.

The Neptune Cup: Zirnkilton, Sr., spent more than two years fashioning this 10½-inch-tall masterpiece.

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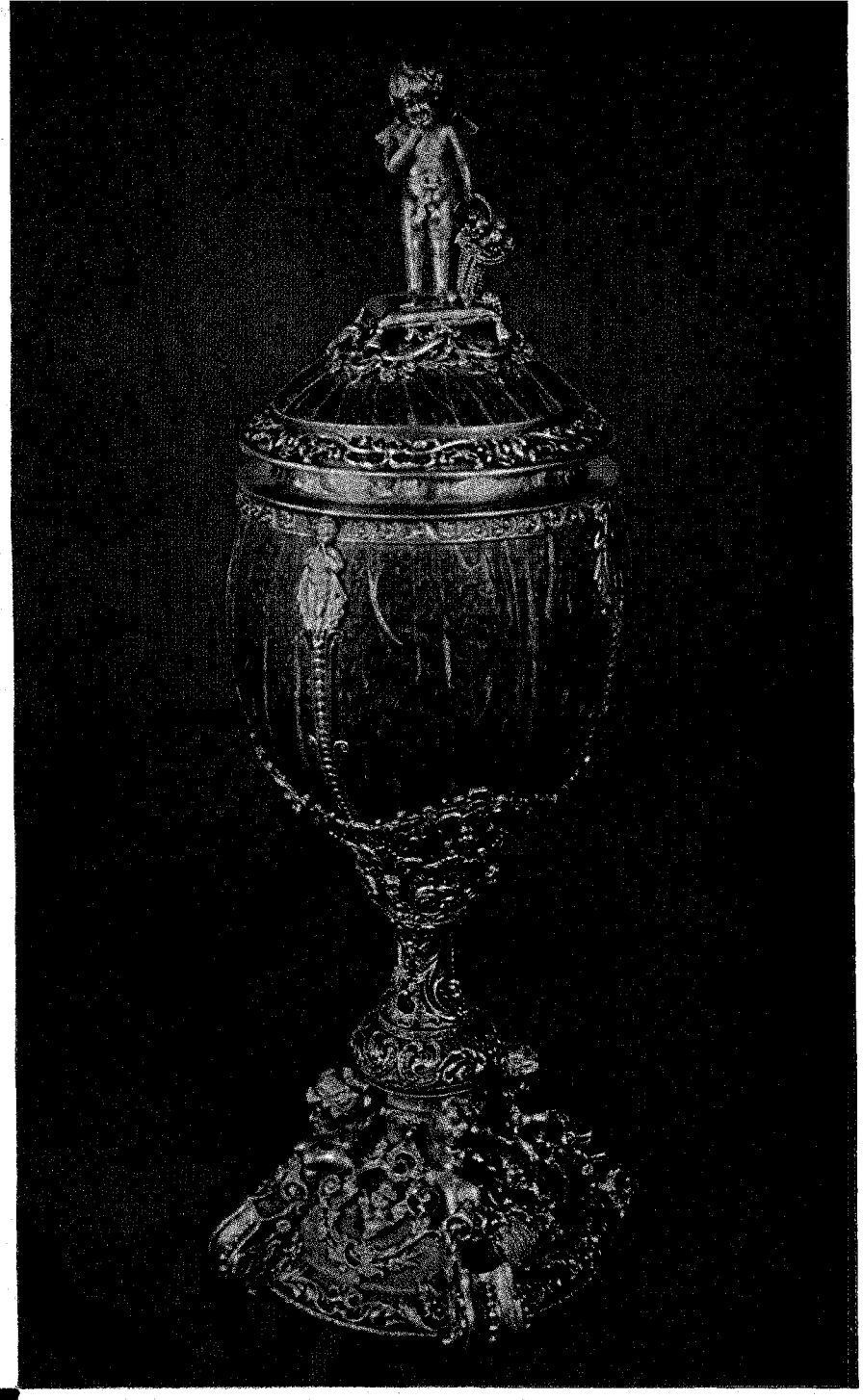
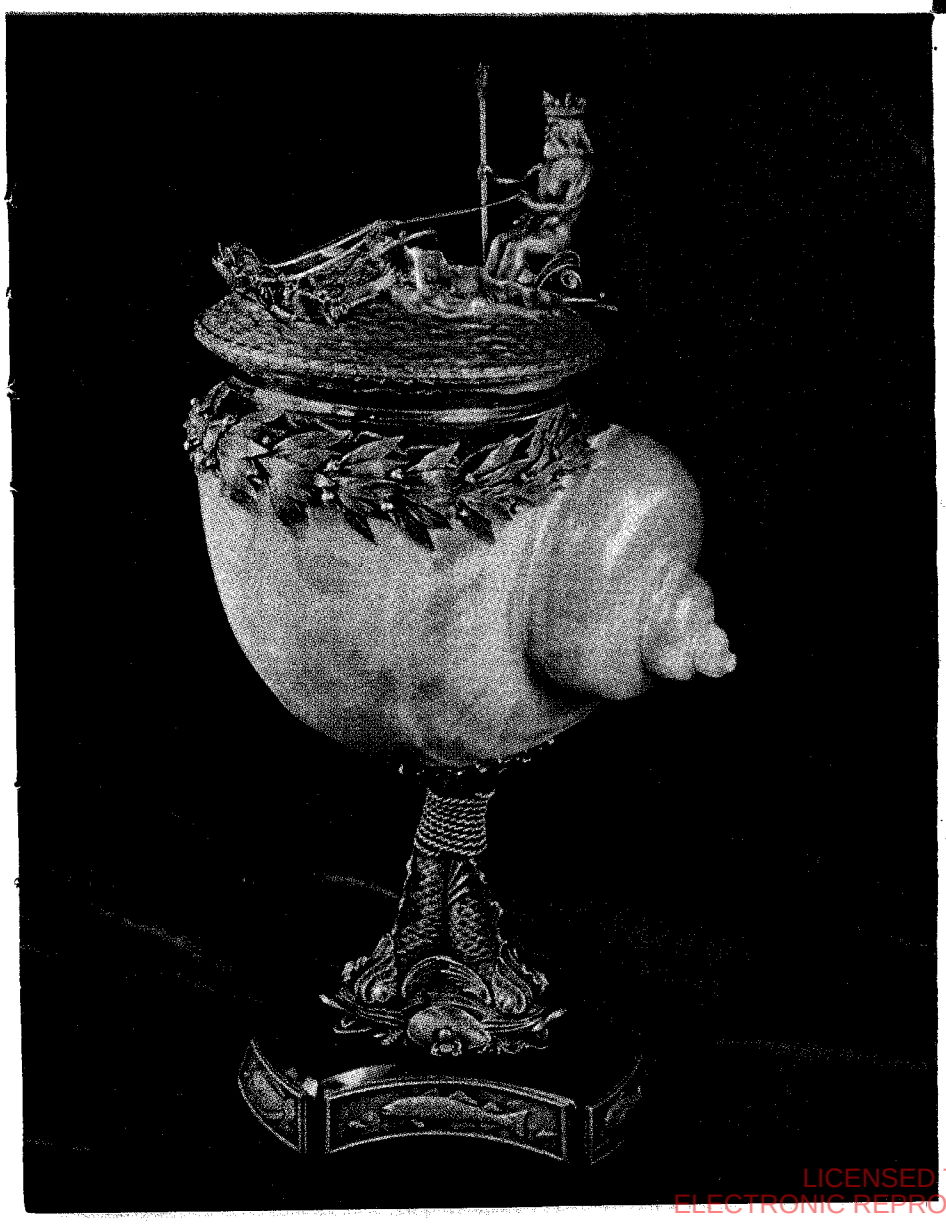
The brothers Zirnkilton, Carl and Franz, Jr., now run the Philadelphia jewelry-making firm their father established.

For Millionaires Only

Using the same methods Cellini employed 400 years ago, this family of jewelers turns out spectacular hand-wrought trinkets that hardly anyone can afford.



The Coconut Cup, created by Zirnkilton for his own amusement. It stands 11½ inches high.



By RICHARD GEHMAN

By all modern standards for success, the firm of F. X. Zirnkilton, a seventy-five-year-old Philadelphia custom-jewelry-making establishment, ought to be a spectacular failure. Founded in 1880 by Franz Xavier Zirnkilton, a gifted Bavarian goldsmith who thought of himself as the spiritual descendant of the great Italian artisan, Benvenuto Cellini, the store is now operated by his sons, Franz, Jr., sixty-four, and Carl, fifty-eight. Moreover, it is being operated pretty much as it was in the early days.

For example, the father never advertised, and so the sons do not. "If people want us, they can find us," Franz, Jr., says. The Zirnkiltons' pieces bear no identifying hallmark. "Our work is its own identification," says Carl. Compared to most manufacturing jewelers, the firm is tiny, consisting only of the brothers, a lady secretary-bookkeeper and five craftsmen. "We can't find workers to turn out our kind of work," the brothers explain.

Although their pieces have been bought by the finest jewelry stores, the wealthiest families and by kings and maharajahs, the Zirnkiltons have always kept their customers' names secret. "We don't boast," Franz, Jr., says. Finally, the brothers appear totally uninterested in making high profits. "Money has always been secondary to us," Carl states. "We are mainly concerned with doing the finest work of which we're capable."

(Continued on Page 62)

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The Case of the Missing Poison

Nadine Farr claimed she stole the poison to kill herself. Had she used it instead to kill someone else?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"Nadine, tell me the truth," said Doctor Denair, holding the microphone of a tape recorder near the drugged girl's mouth. "How did Mosher Higley die?"

Nadine Farr answered easily and naturally, "I killed him."

Doctor Denair jerked backward in shock, and glanced at his nurse, Elsa Clifton. He had given Nadine truth serum to learn the cause of her emotional disturbance. He never thought she'd confess to murder.

Nadine revealed that she used poison to kill "Uncle Mosher." She had thrown the bottle containing the poison into Twomby's Lake. Doctor Denair did not want to turn Nadine in to the police on the basis of her confession to him. He decided to go to Perry Mason for advice.

Mason told the doctor that if there was a legitimate doubt as to the truth of Nadine's story, he was not obliged to go to the police, for if, under police investigation, Nadine's confession turned out to be a drug-induced hallucination, Nadine could sue Doctor Denair for slander.

Higley's physician had already examined the body and concluded that Higley died of natural causes.

Under the circumstances, Mason advised Doctor Denair to launch a quiet investigation. Doctor Denair asked Mason to handle the job. Perry called in Paul Drake, the private detective, and told him to get all the information he could on Higley.

The next day Doctor Denair brought Nadine in to see Mason. Nadine did not deny her confession, but hesitated to tell the full story.

"Could I," she asked, "have twenty-four hours to think it over?"

II

It was the day following Mason's conversation with Doctor Denair and Nadine Farr that Della Street came hurrying into Mason's private office. Mason was in conference with a client at the time, but he, catching the urgency of Della Street's half-surreptitious nod, excused himself to the client and followed Della Street into the law library.

She motioned toward the telephone. "Doctor Denair is on the line. He says it's a major emergency, that I must get you at once. I told him I'd call you out of conference."

Mason nodded, picked up the telephone and said, "Hello."

"Perry," Doctor Denair said, his voice crisply incisive and professionally businesslike, "please listen without interruption for a moment. Can you hear me?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

"I'm afraid that confounded nurse of mine let the cat out of the bag. Thirty minutes ago, while I was out, officers appeared with a search warrant. They served it on Elsa Clifton. The search warrant specifically described a tape recording made by the patient in question in which she confessed to a murder. They demanded that the tape recording be surrendered. It is my personal opinion that they carefully timed their visit to coincide with my absence. I had not been gone over five minutes

Nadine waited until John was busy in another part of the laboratory, then took a handful of poison tablets from the jar.

when the officers arrived. Elsa Clifton naturally was completely flabbergasted. She didn't know what to do. She gave them everything they wanted."

"The tape recording?" Mason asked.

"That's right. They have it."

"Where's Nadine Farr?"

"Here with me. Now, Mason, the police are very nasty about this thing. They told Elsa Clifton that I could be charged as an accessory after the fact and they intend to do something of the sort. I want you to protect my interests."

"Tell Nadine to keep her mouth shut," Mason said, "and you keep your mouth shut."

"I see."

"Now then," Mason said, "I want you to get out of circulation for a little while. I want your patient out of circulation."

"They're coming for her."

"Let them come. I have to talk with her before they take her. In the meantime I have something important to do. Does anyone know you've consulted me?"

"I don't think so. There was no intimation that anyone possessed such knowledge."

"Put that girl in a taxi," Mason said. "Drive up here. Don't get out of the taxicab. Della Street, my secretary, will be waiting at the curb. She'll get into the cab with you and pilot you down to her apartment. Nadine Farr can stay with Della Street for a short time."

"Couldn't you go down there with us, Perry?" Doctor Denair asked. "I'd like to talk with you about ——"

"You'll talk with me later," Mason said. "Wait down there."

Mason hung up the telephone and turned to Della Street.

"Go into my office," he said; "tell the client in there I was called out on a matter of major importance. Now get this, Della, because we're going to have to cut things very, very fine. You go down and wait at the curb. Doctor Denair will be along presently in a taxicab. Nadine Farr will be with him. Jump into the cab with them, take them to your apartment, wait there until you hear from me."

She nodded. "But what about the office?"

"Let the office run itself. Gertie at the switchboard can take care of things, and Jackson, the law clerk, can handle routine matters. I'm going to be out of circulation until I join you at your apartment."

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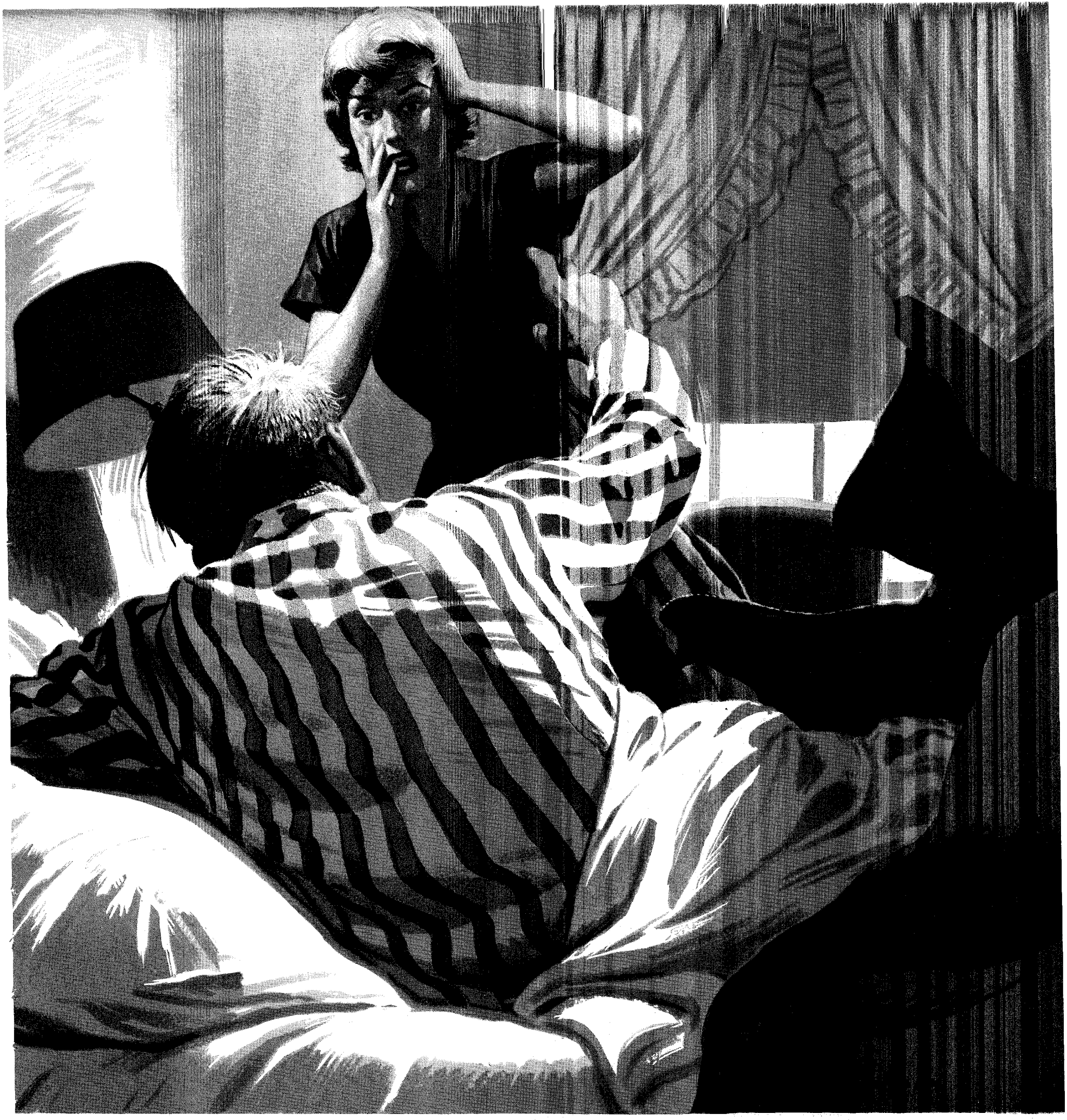

"I should have known it!" Higley rasped. "You've poisoned me!" He tried to shout but made only an inarticulate gurgling sound.

Della Street regarded him speculatively. "You've evidently given that matter a little thought since yesterday."

Mason said, "I've given it a whole lot more than a little thought."

He picked up his hat and went out. Mason jumped into his car and eased the machine out into traffic. Carefully observing all speed regulations, doing nothing to make himself conspicuous, he drove out on the freeway and climbed up into the foothills back of Pasadena until he came to Twomby's Lake. A few fishermen were out on the lake in boats. Some boys were swimming near the boat landing.

Mason picked up a stone, walked out to the end of the boat landing and tossed the stone with an awkward overhand motion, the way a woman would throw an object. Then he walked back to the shore, sauntered along to where four boys were swimming and called them over to him. "How would you boys," he asked, "like to earn five dollars apiece?"

Their eyes glistened.

Mason took folded bills from his pocket, peeled off four five-dollar bills, gave one to each of the boys.

"Now then," he said, "the one who finds what I want gets another twenty dollars."

"Gee, mister, what do you want?"

Mason said, "Let's walk out to the end of the boat landing."

At the end of the landing pier, Mason made a throwing gesture. (Continued on Page 93)

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"The power I held staggered me.
I was a kind of Lord High Executioner.
And every time I made a decision,
it made somebody mad!"

I was the Great White Father

By ORME LEWIS, *former Assistant Secretary of the Interior*,
as told to Paul F. Healy

The author makes like a Navajo in a ceremony at the Indian School in Phoenix.

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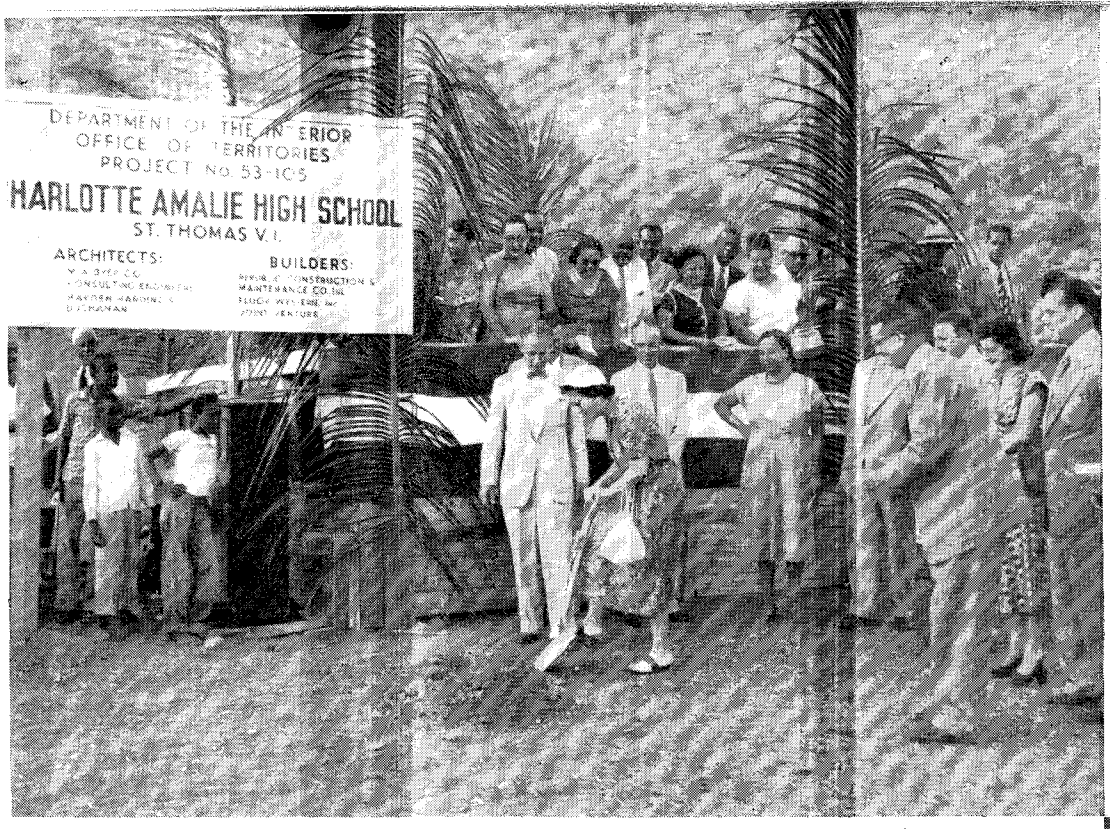

Virgin Islands, 1953: Mrs. Lewis breaks ground for a new school. As Assistant Secretary, Lewis was the Interior Department's shepherd for all citizens of all U.S. territories.

Lewis and his wife (right) entertain Yvonne Torres, "Miss Guam," a princess at Washington's 1955 Cherry Blossom Festival.

Lewis had to talk to more than 600 people a month, most of them a lot more difficult than Barbara Vieira, 1955's "Miss Hawaii."

For the first two years and eight months of the Eisenhower Administration, I held one of the most harassing jobs in government. I was the Assistant Secretary of the Interior in charge of Public Lands Management. That musty-sounding title is misleading on two counts. It gives no idea of the complexity and scope of the position, and it fails utterly to suggest the kind of comic, incredible, exotic and exasperating incidents that plagued me.

Assistant secretaries, of course, no longer boast a very exclusive rank in our massive bureaucracy. There are now some fifty-nine officials of that title scattered through our Federal Departments. But it would be a mistake to assume that an assistant secretary in the United States Government is as impotent, say, as a vice-president in the average large corporation. In those rare moments when I had an opportunity to reflect on it, the power I held in my hands staggered me.

My jurisdiction covered a good deal of the exterior as well as hundreds of millions of acres of land in the interior. It included all our territories; the United Nations trusteeship islands, such as the Marshalls and Carolines in the Pacific, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, the National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service and the Bureau of Indian Affairs. One of my more peculiar responsibilities was running the Alaskan Railroad—by remote control, that is.

In sum, I was the caretaker for all our human and all our national resources. It was the all too human resources that gave me the most trouble. I was the Great White Father to a total of nearly 4,000,000 Polynesians, Micronesians, Guamanians, Hawaiians, Eskimos, Indians, Virgin Islanders and Puerto Ricans. I was also a kind of Lord High Executioner—as well as a one-man appeals court—for the conservationists, duck hunters, fishermen, miners, oil drillers and the private concessionaires in all our national parks. Many of these groups are extremists, and extremists are inclined to be highly emotional about their preoccupations. It seemed that every time I made a decision it made somebody mad.

To be sure, the major decisions officially were made by Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, but I was the one who dealt with these groups at arm's length and made the reports and recommendations on which McKay's decisions were based. In this way I became an authority on pressure groups and on individuals who feel their Government has done them wrong. (Continued on Page 98)

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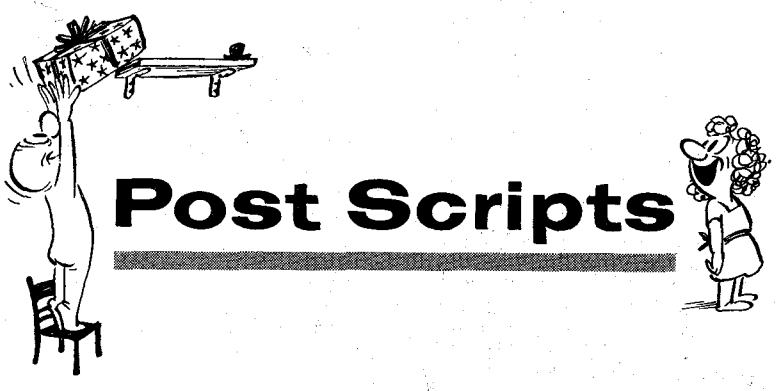


Post Scripts

Little Pup

Little Pup is sad,
  Mournful as an owl.
All Little Pup can do
  Is lift his head and howl,
Cry his bitter woe
  All the wretched day.
O anguish! O heartbreak!
  Folks went away.

Little Pup is glad,
  Merry as a lark,
Voicing pure ecstasy
  In a frantic bark,
Prancing and bouncing
  Like a jumping jack.
O rapture! O heartsease!
  Folks came back.

ETHEL JACOBSON

They Always Say ——

A man comes running up to a store well after the six-o'clock whistle has blown. The closed front door carries the message: "Store Hours—9–6." The man shakes and rattles the door handle until someone within the store comes to the door, unlocks it and peers out. Thereupon the man outside says, "Are you closed?"

You have selected a nickel item in the drugstore and have placed it and a ten-dollar bill on the counter. The cashier picks the currency up and says to you, "Is this the smallest you have?"

You stand deserted in the east wing of the department store. You have walked back and forth and around the aisles many times, whistling and even coughing to attract somebody's attention. Finally, when you've decided you've waited past the point of no return to the office on your lunch period, a clerk walks briskly up and says, "Is someone helping you?"

You're sitting right square in front of your television set during the early-evening hours, and your eyes are focused on the screen. From out of somewhere, in a blinding flash, almost stumbling over you, comes one of your own brood, who switches channels and plops down directly in front of you; in a moment turns and says, "Were you watching that other program, daddy?"

PAUL C. LAW

You May Have Your Cake

For me, only the icing
Is enticing—
When gone is the goo
I'm through.

GIL OGILVY

Statements Which Sort of Date a Person

"That's a little like a movie I once saw which starred Tom Mix. The story began in ——"

"Naturally, when this guy up and hopped onto the running board of my car, I ——"

"There we were, listening to this radio broadcast from Shreveport, when, all of a sudden the crystal must have slipped, or something, and ——"

"Wow, did I ever get slicked up for that! I had this brand-new pair of knickers that ——"

"So, I picked up the telephone and shouted, 'Central! Central! Give me Imperial Eight ——'"

"Well, sir, the alumni and student body drew their first comfortable breath that afternoon when Tech finally scored a touchdown and went ahead, 5 to 0."

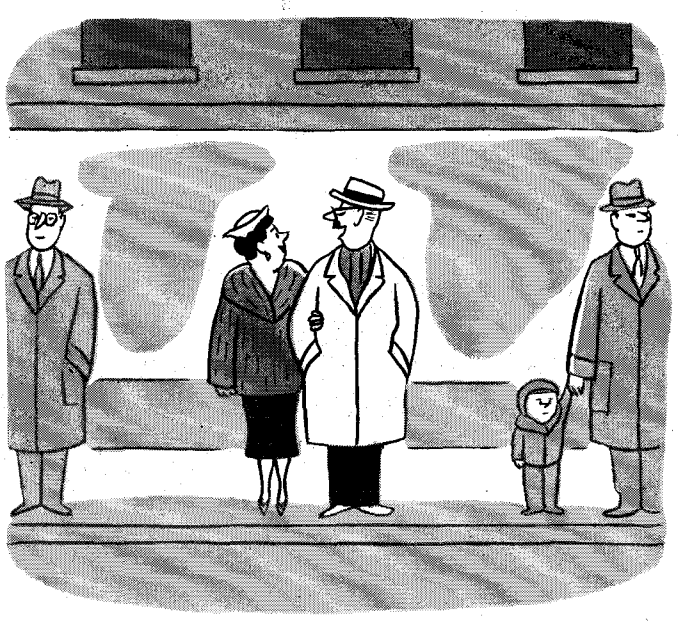
"I remember how badly the wind blew that day, because the gal who lived next door to us had just got a marcel, and ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

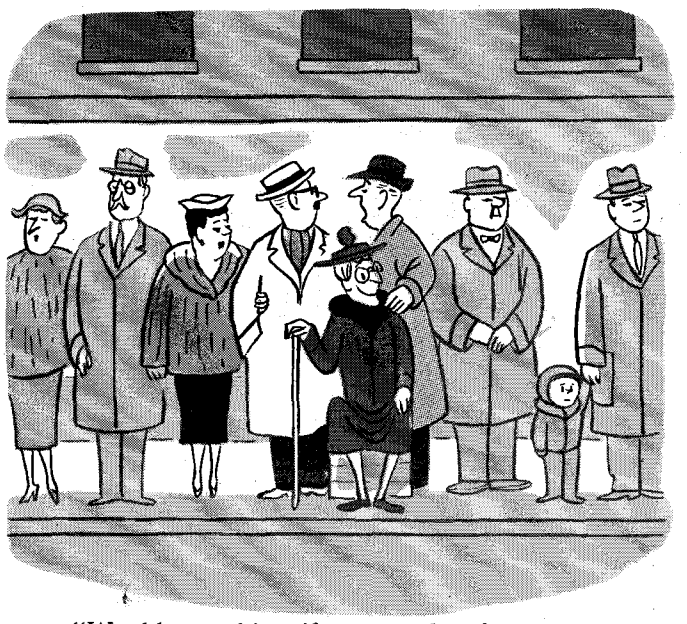
The Parade

by

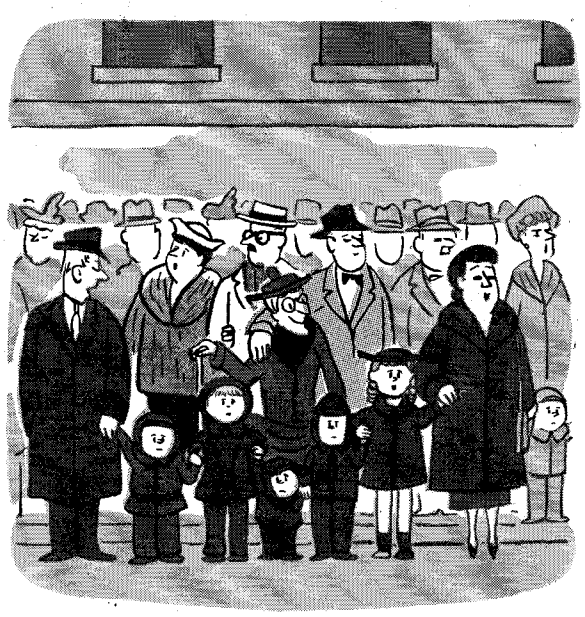
Ted Key



"Good thing we're early. This spot's perfect."

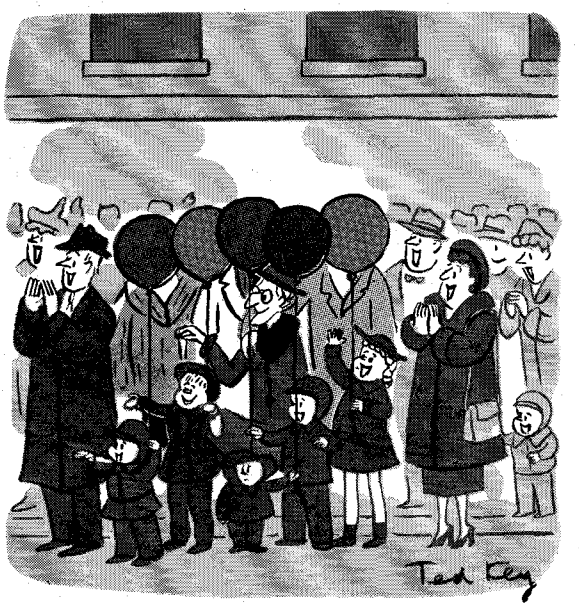


"Would you object if my grandmother . . ."



"Gerald, hold Betty's hand and, Betty, hold Dickie's hand and, Dickie . . ."

"Balloons!"



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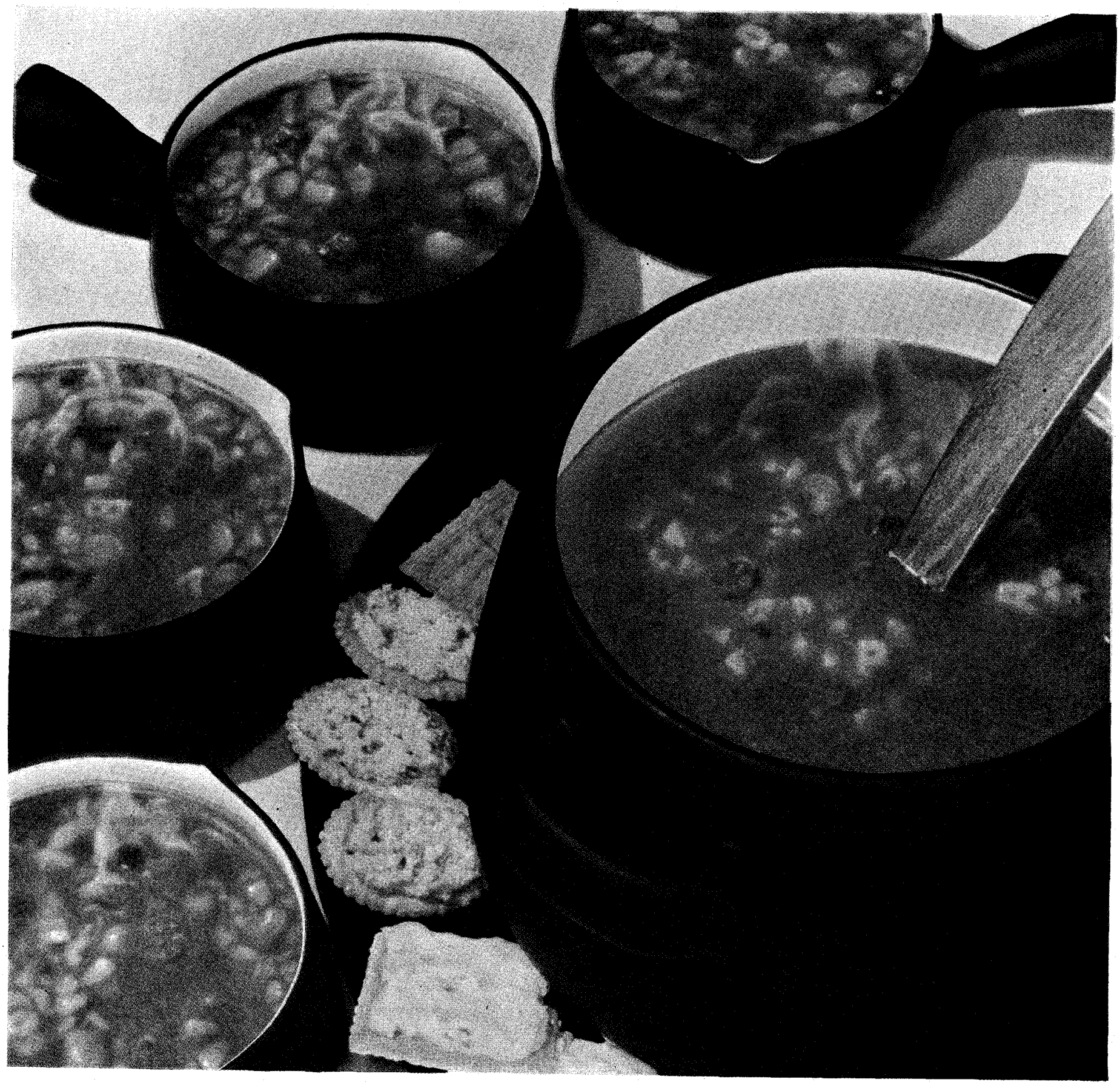

Here's plenty! Plenty good! Plenty nourishing!

Help yourself . . . there's happy eating in every bite of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. And there's wholesome, health-building *nourishment*—*vigor* aplenty and to share for the family and its friends.

You can have that bowl of goodness hot and ready in four minutes. And you couldn't match it if you cooked for hours.

For what time in the year, we ask you, could you serve fifteen vegetables at the peak of their flavor? Vegetables rushed from field and farm to be cooked at their prime—to preserve vitamins, minerals, precious nutrition! Vegetables sorted by Campbell experts so that only the very choicest are used—no specks, no over-ripes, no culls. It's care like this that makes Campell's Vegetable Soup a great eating experience—and a sound contribution to your good nourishment.

And it's entertaining tricks like filling up a party tureen with Campbell's Vegetable Soup that keep a hostess happy—and please and content her guests.

Why don't you serve soup when guests drop in!

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth

VITAMINS and MINERALS—for vitality

CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

LIQUIDS—for digestion

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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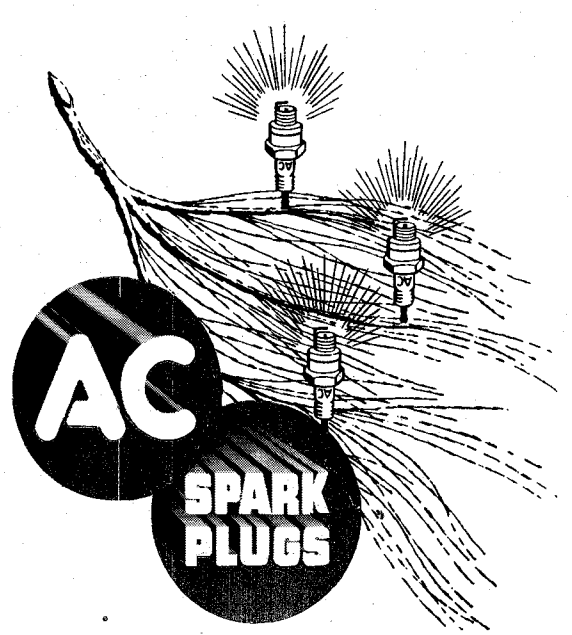

AC wishes you *happy holiday* motoring!

The holidays are a time when our minds are on the electric hustle and bustle and excitement of Christmas.

But . . . and, this is a big "but" . . . the first really cold days of winter are upon us. Engines are cold and stiff. You need the lively power of AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs more right now than you do at any other season of the year.

AC's exclusive, deep-recessed tip keeps cars running smoother because it heats up faster, stays clean longer, and resists carbon and oil fouling.

Let your nearby AC dealer install a new set of AC Hot Tips today . . . and *every* 10,000 miles from now on. Then you'll really be set for happy motoring . . . your car will be set for the holidays and the rest of the year.

GM GENERAL MOTORS

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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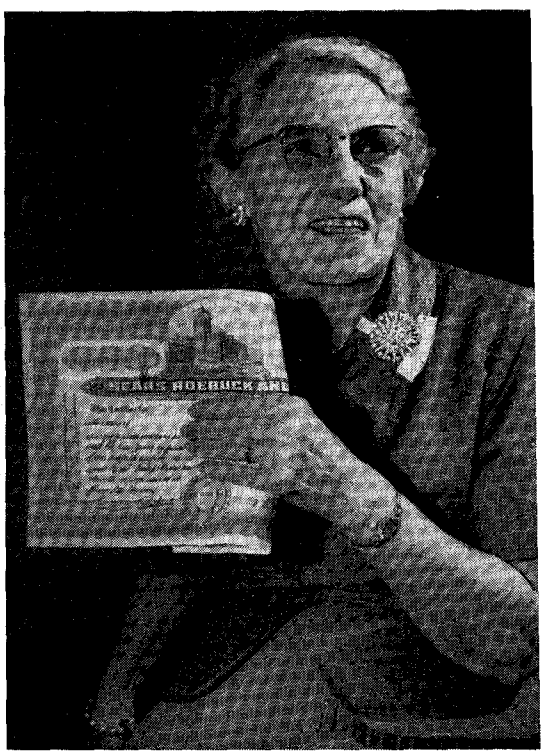
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Klikunas, of Chicago. He worked in Sears' rug department for 27 years, now lives comfortably on dividends from his company stock.

HOW TO RETIRE WELL-HEELED

By NEIL M. CLARK

Through their uniquely American profit-sharing plan, some Sears, Roebuck employees have tucked away as much as half a million dollars.



As a young widow, Mrs. Mae Weeks had three dependents, a clerk's salary—and profit-sharing. Now retired, she draws a generous income, and never touches the principal.

Gen. Robert E. Wood, fund chairman, holds the $500,000,000 certificates.

A safe-deposit box in a bank on Chicago's West Side contains a remarkable scrap of paper. The size of a sheet of typewriter paper, it bears the identifying number B-3038. It is a stock certificate, and attests that the Savings and Profit-Sharing Pension Fund of Sears, Roebuck and Co. Employees owns 5,000,000 shares of Sears stock.

Another certificate in the box, owned by the same people, is for peanuts—only 500,000 shares. Stealing them wouldn't do a thief a bit of good, yet it's a fair guess that no other scrap of paper on earth represents so large a cash value as certificate B-3038. Sears stock on the New York Stock Exchange was recently selling for more than one hundred dollars per share. On that day's market, therefore, the two certificates represented a value of well over half a billion dollars.

These tremendous scraps of paper are not the property of Sears, Roebuck and Company, nor of big shots in the company. They and other assets in the fund are owned in varying amounts by approximately 123,800 people working for the company in jobs of varying importance in 720-odd stores and mail-order locations from Presque Isle, Maine, to Klamath Falls, Oregon, and from Ely, Minnesota, to New Orleans, Louisiana, and represent the working out of one of the oldest, most successful and interesting plans of the kind. Inaugurated in 1916 by the late Julius Rosenwald, then president of Sears, Roebuck and Company, the fund has done several important things, including providing retirement security for workers. A youngster in Memphis, Tennessee, out of high school four years, owns a $620 interest in (Continued on Page 58)

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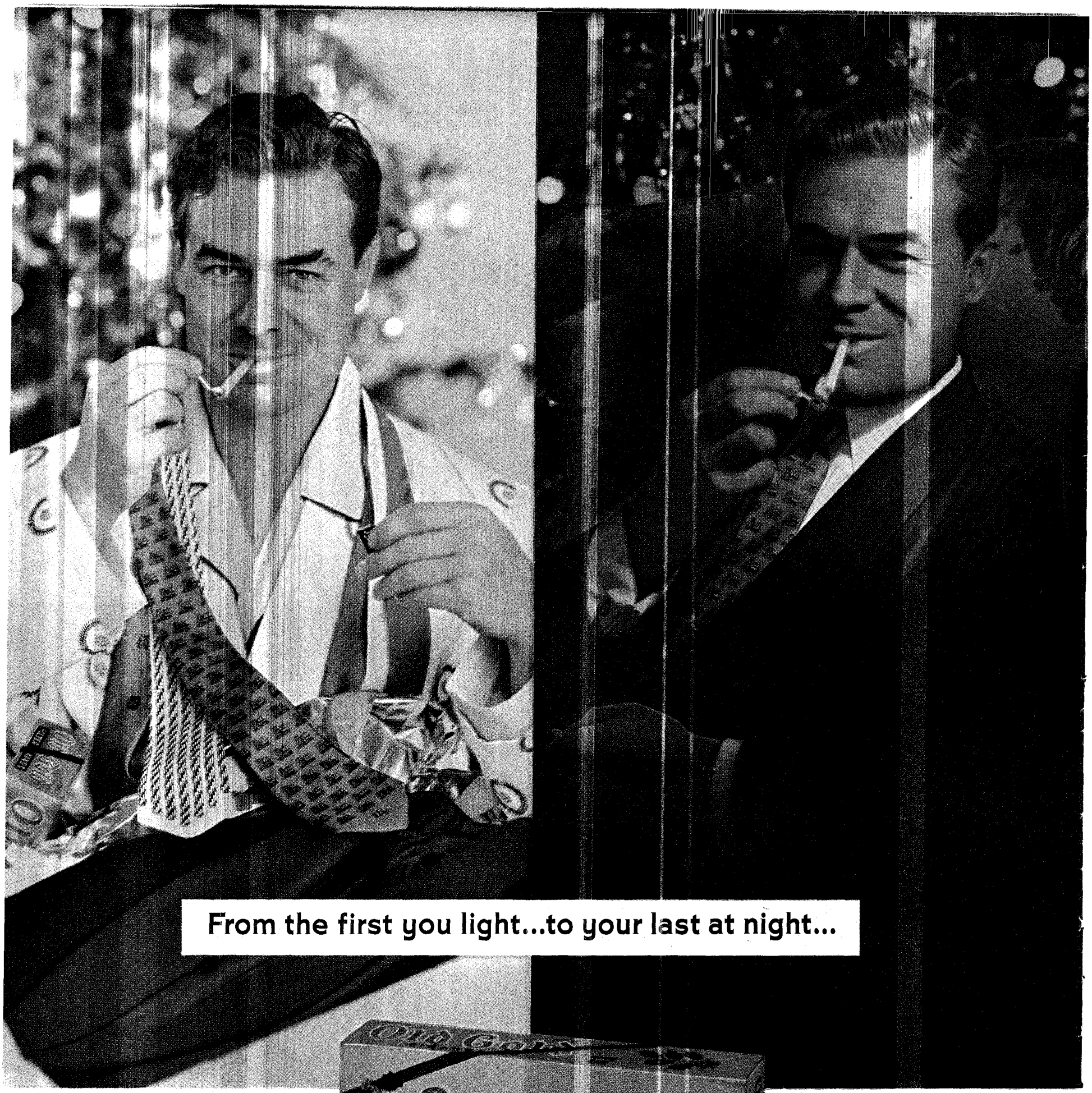
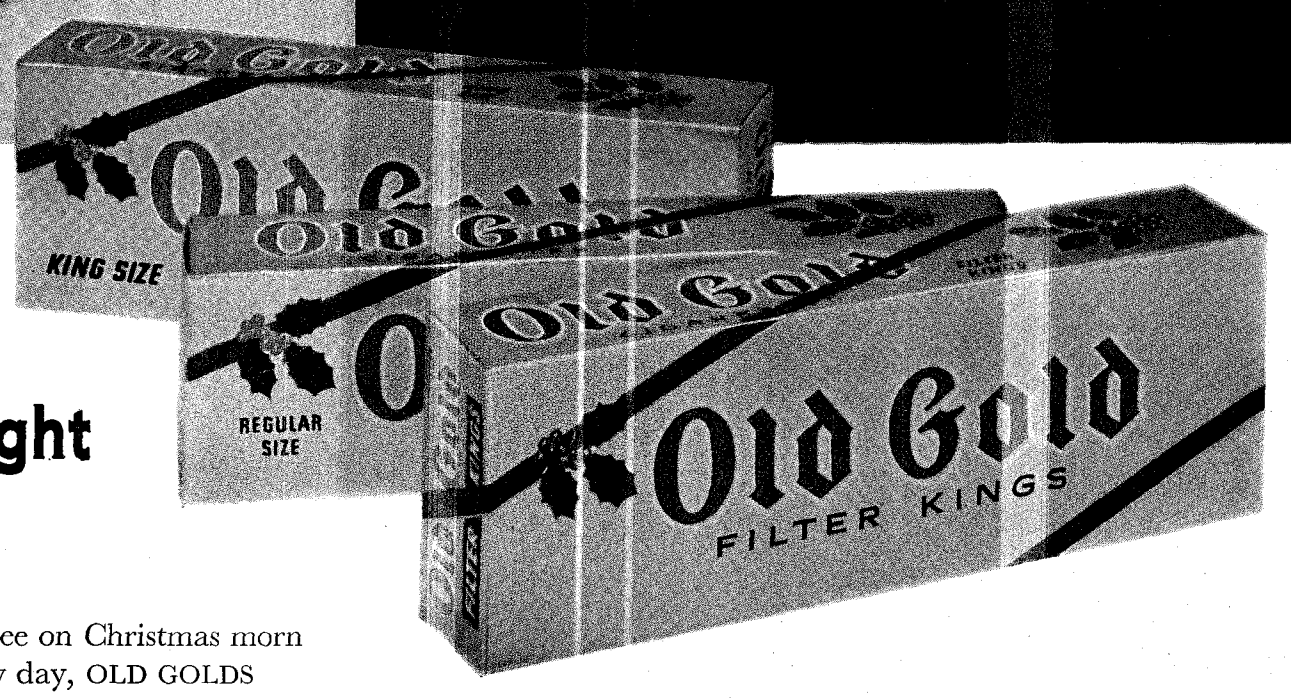


From the first you light...to your last at night...



Old Golds
treat your taste right ...all day long!

From that early dawn scramble to the tree on Christmas morn 'til the very end of the long and merry day, OLD GOLDS treat your taste right! Their exclusive "moisture-fresh" blending of brighter, more golden tobaccos gives you the same fresh taste . . . smoke after smoke after smoke. We hope you give—or get—lots of OLD GOLDS. (*Or both!*)

THREE WONDERFUL WAYS TO SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . bright, gay, special Christmas cartons of OLD GOLDS . . . Regular, King Size . . . and the wonderful, easy-drawing Filter Kings.

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The Burning Hills

The Apache raiders had kidnaped his woman. And they wouldn't give her up alive.

By LOUIS L'AMOUR

Maria Cristina glared at the riders from the Sutton-Bayless ranch. There were nine of them, sour and weary from long hours in the saddle. "Where'd he go?" their leader, Ben Hindeman, asked coldly.

"I don' know," Maria Cristina replied.

Hindeman was looking for Trace Jordan, who had killed old Bob Sutton. Jordan shot Sutton to avenge the death of his partner, Johnny Hendrix, who had been murdered when men from Sutton's ranch raided Trace's camp.

Guided by Jacob Lantz, the most skillful tracker in the Southwest, the Sutton cow hands set out after Jordan. Once they cornered him, but, though wounded, Trace managed to elude his pursuers temporarily. Jordan took refuge on an almost inaccessible shelf in the face of a cliff. There he was found and cared for by Maria Cristina, a beautiful Mexican girl who hated the Suttons for killing her father.

Lantz eventually discovered Trace's hideout and that the girl was supplying him. But Trace escaped before the Suttons could get him. He had asked Maria Cristina to meet him later. When she refused to follow him, Trace promised he would return for her.

Suspecting that Trace would be back for Maria Cristina, the Suttons put a watch on her house. Jack Sutton, lustful ringleader of the band that murdered Trace's partner, gave Maria Cristina a brutal beating when she defied him. She was saved only when Ben Hindeman intervened.

Knowing the men were waiting for Jordan, Maria Cristina escaped to warn him. Jack Sutton picked up her trail and followed her to the place where Jordan had told Maria Cristina to meet him. Catching up with her, Sutton said, "I'll have my way now. Ben ain't here to stop me."

Then Jordan stepped from the shadows. "Who is it?" Sutton demanded.

"I reckon I'm the man you been hunting," Jordan said, "unless you hunt only women."

IV

The night was cool. Jack Sutton stood very still, hearing the slow, heavy beat of his heart. He wished he could see Trace Jordan. This shadowy figure worried him. There was no personality there; only something dark, indefinite, indistinct. Never, since the beginning, had he seen this man. His partner he had killed, and he had helped to pursue him and bring him to this moment, but never once in all that time had he actually seen Trace Jordan. You could not look into his eyes, you could not measure the man. It disturbed Sutton, but did not make him less confident.

"I figure you're one of those who murdered my partner," Jordan said.

Sutton wondered if Jordan could see his gun hand. It was dangling at his side, but he began to inch it higher.

"Sure!" His voice was taunting. "I'm one of them. Fact is, it was my idea."

His hand was at the bottom of the holster as he spoke. He had only to bend his elbow to grasp the butt. He bent his elbow suddenly. His hand grasped his gun butt and suddenly he was choking with the lust to kill. He drew ——

The bullets smashed him in the belly like two fists, a hard one-two that set him back on his heels. He put his left foot back to steady himself and started to lift his gun, but when he got his hand up, he found it was empty.

Confused, he stared blindly at his hand and then his knees buckled and he fell. His body from the waist down was numb, yet his brain was alive and clear. He tried to speak, to see the face of the man who stood there watching him. He tried to frame words, but then the notion faded. This, then, was how it felt to die. The last thing he remembered was the wet grass on his face.

Trace Jordan walked forward, circling a little, knowing his bullets had gone true, yet wary as always, taking no chances, estimating the danger of the man who lay there.

"Maria Cristina?" Then she was coming toward him. "We must ride now. They'll be coming." He gestured. "Take his horse. He hasn't covered the ground yours has."

Into the desert they rode. Sand, and more sand. Rock, Spanish dagger, yucca, ocotillo and broken lava—it was a brutal, heat-baked corner of hell. The cacti cast weird shadows in the moonlit night,

(Continued on Page 87)

The Apache swung his rifle, but Jordan parried the blow.

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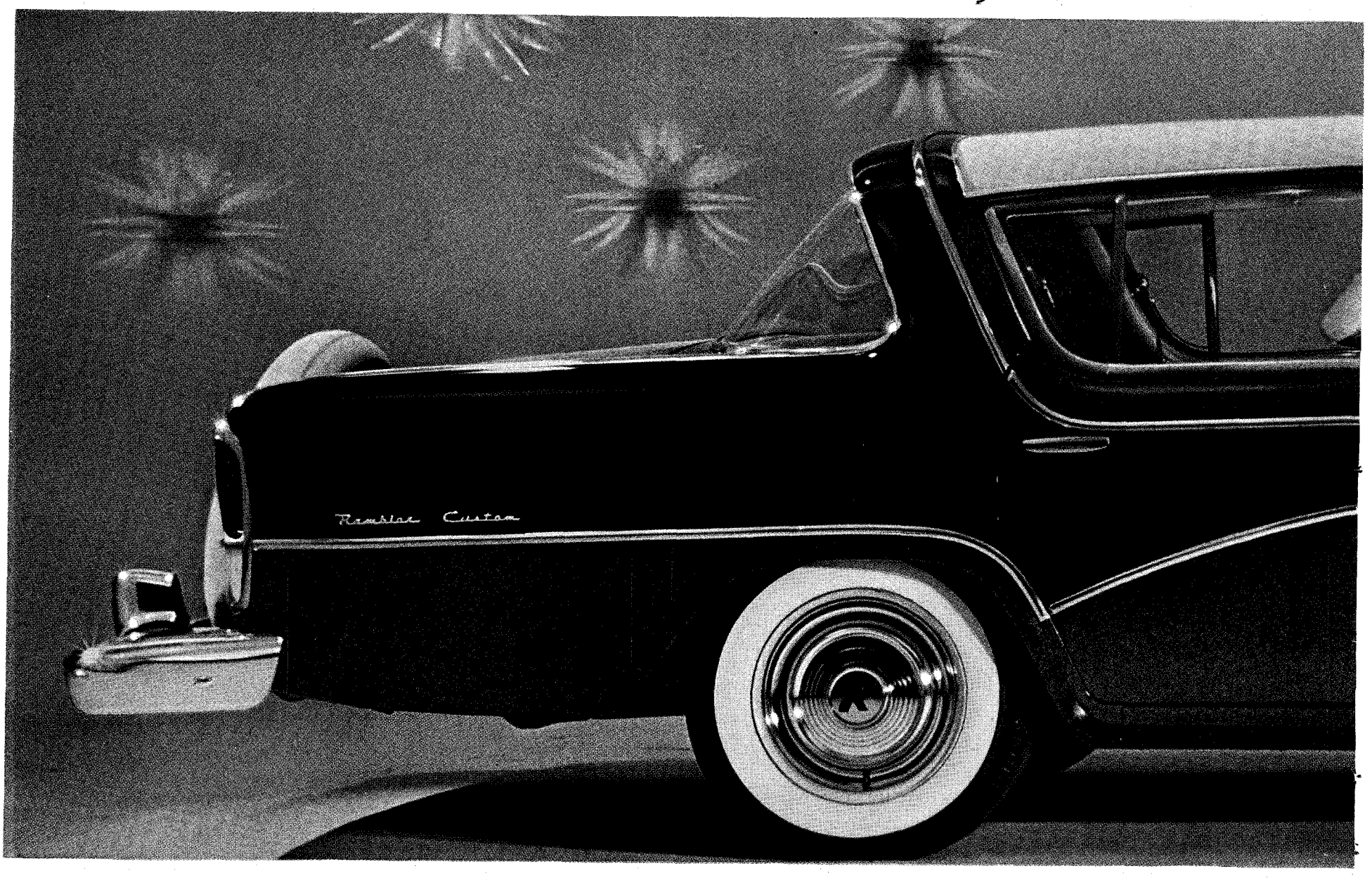
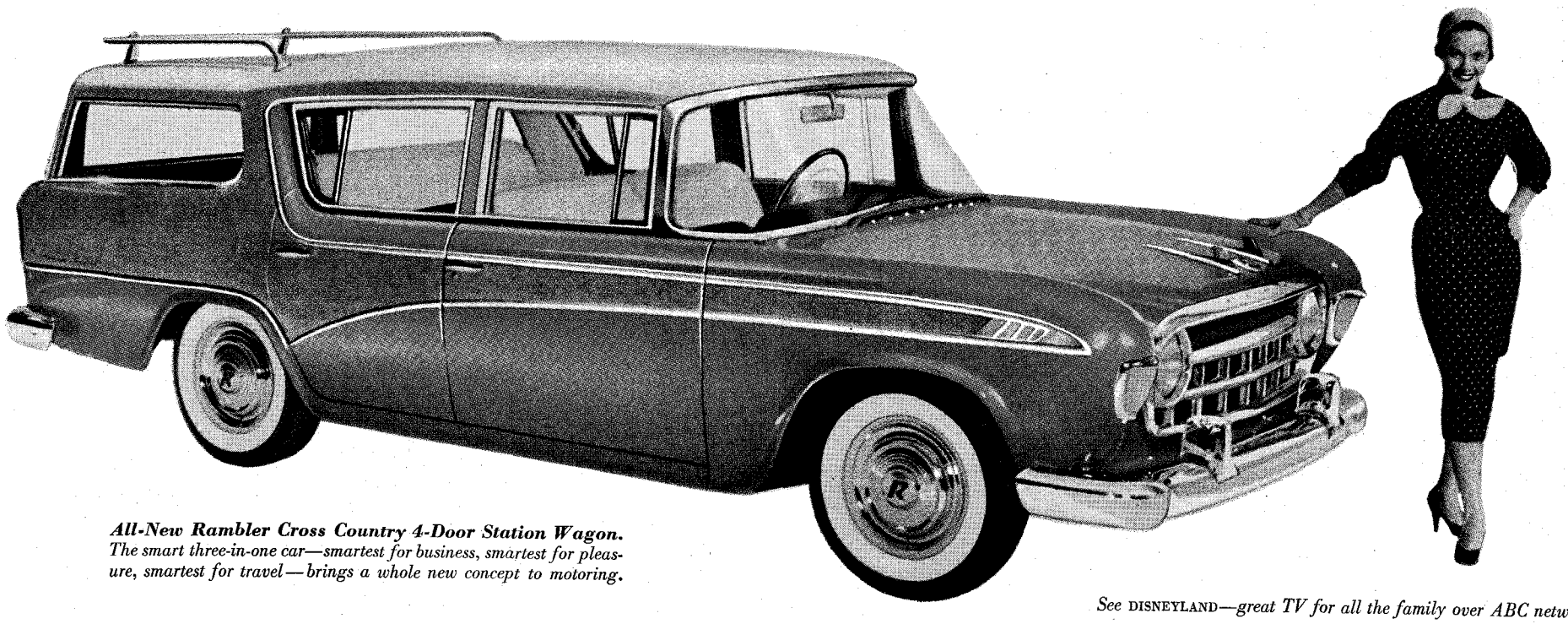
HUDSON DEALERS HAVE IT!

PRESENTING

The All-New, All-A



All-New Rambler 4-Door Hardtop *features distinctive Fashion Safety Arch—completely new styling—with sparkling new color-keyed interiors. Continental Rear Tire Mount—optional.*



All-New Rambler Cross Country 4-Door Station Wagon.
The smart three-in-one car—smartest for business, smartest for pleasure, smartest for travel—brings a whole new concept to motoring.

See DISNEYLAND*—great TV for all the family over ABC network*

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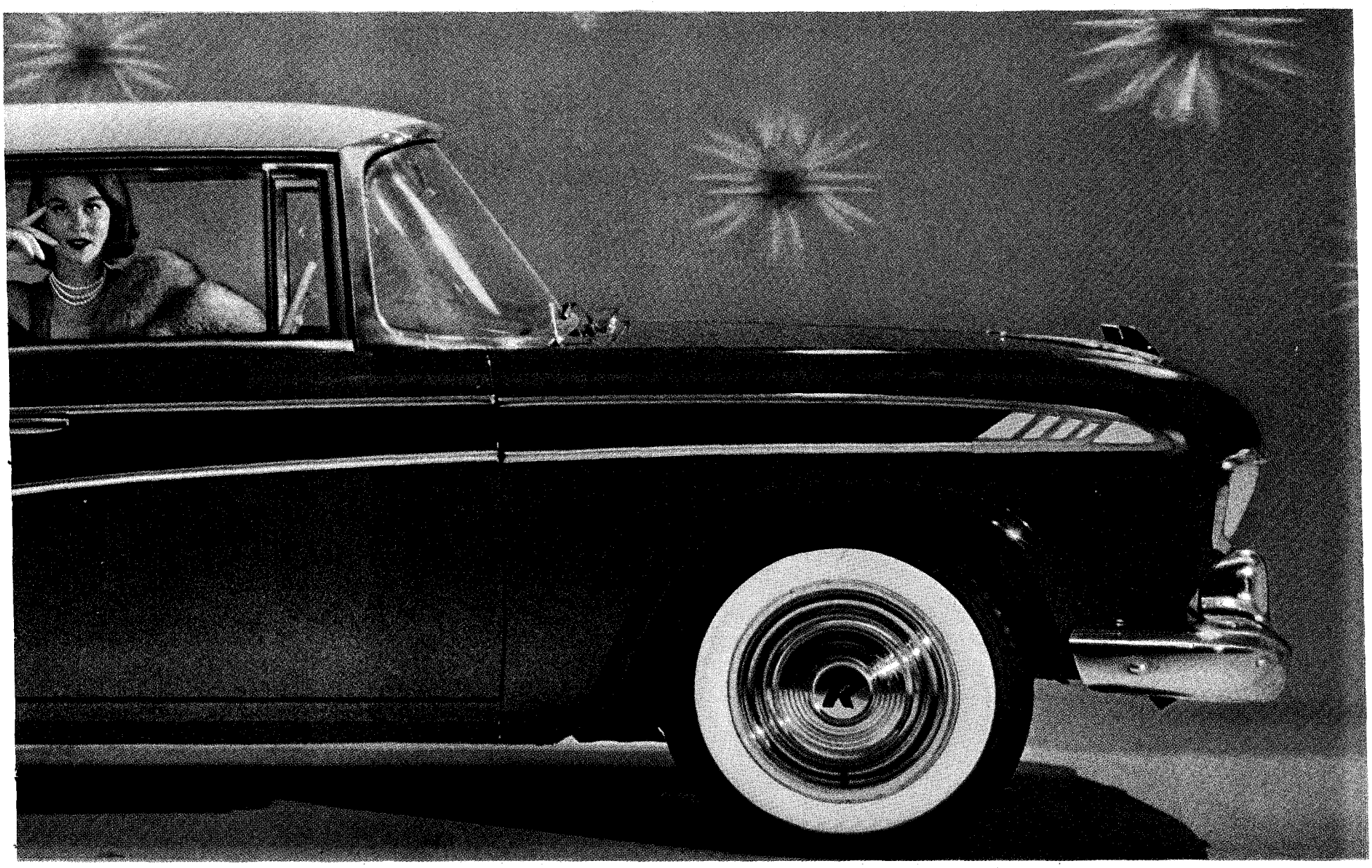
FOR 1956

NASH DEALERS HAVE IT!

merican Rambler



These Facts will Amaze Everybody who Drives an Automobile

The Solid Gold Look: Here, for the first time, are the millionaire's luxury, the appointments, the class and dash—the 24-Karat quality—customarily found in more expensive cars. It's yours only in Rambler . . . the car with the lowest first cost . . . lowest operating cost . . . highest resale value.

King-Size Inside, Rambler-Size Outside: Never before—at anywhere near the price—have you known a car with such luxury, quality and features. Even Airliner Reclining Seats and Twin Travel Beds. It's a king-size car inside, with room for six big people . . . yet it fits every parking space, every garage in America.

Thrifty and Packed with Power: It gives you up to 30 miles on a gallon of gas, yet its completely new 120 Horsepower Typhoon OHV (overhead valve) engine out-performs them all. The 1956 Rambler out-parks, out-maneuvers, out-handles every car on the road.

Built with Fortress-Like Safety: The Rambler is built the better way—the American way—with Double Safe Single Unit Car Construction—body-and-frame one single unit. Passengers ride surrounded by a fortress of steel above, below, and to the sides. It gives your Rambler a double lifetime of rattle-free service and top resale value.

Smartest for Town and Travel: Make the smart switch to the smartest thing on wheels. It's the all-new idea in motoring, offering advanced style, luxury and appointments that rival the $5,000 cars. Switch to the most distinctive car on the road—the smart Rambler for 1956.

AT YOUR NASH DEALER • AT YOUR HUDSON DEALER

DRIVE THE RAMBLER

PRODUCT OF AMERICAN MOTORS

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

You'll make the Smart Switch for '56!

See next page

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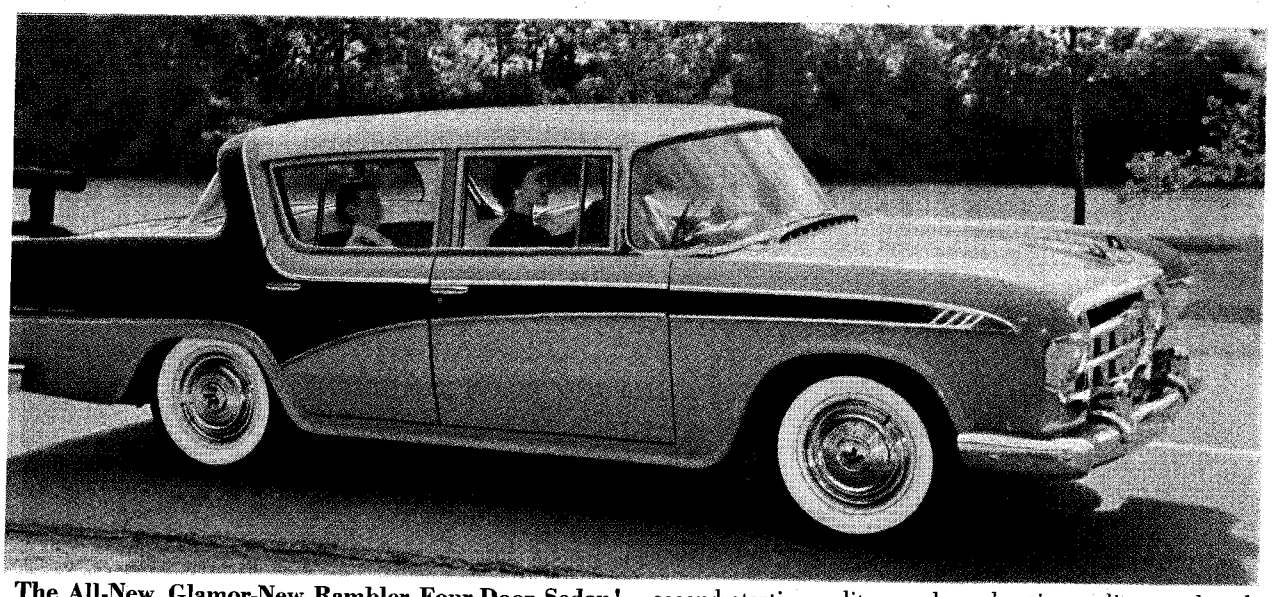
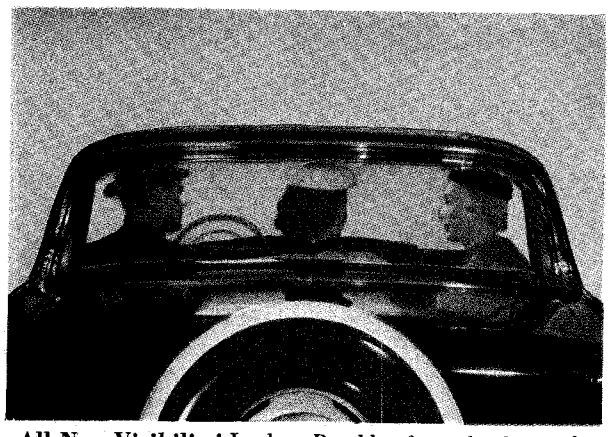
MAKE THE SMART SWITCH FOR '56
to the All-New Car for All America — RAMBLER

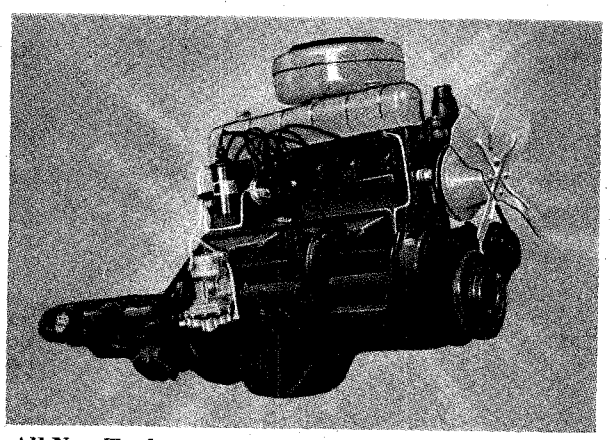


The All-New, Glamor-New Rambler Four-Door Sedan! The big, smart family sedan for young American families on the go. You get all Rambler's distinctive new styling . . . all Rambler's new king-size room . . . all Rambler's new split-second starting, split-second acceleration, split-second parking and turning—all at Rambler's low, low prices. Power Brakes are standard on custom models. All other power assists optional at extra cost on all Ramblers.

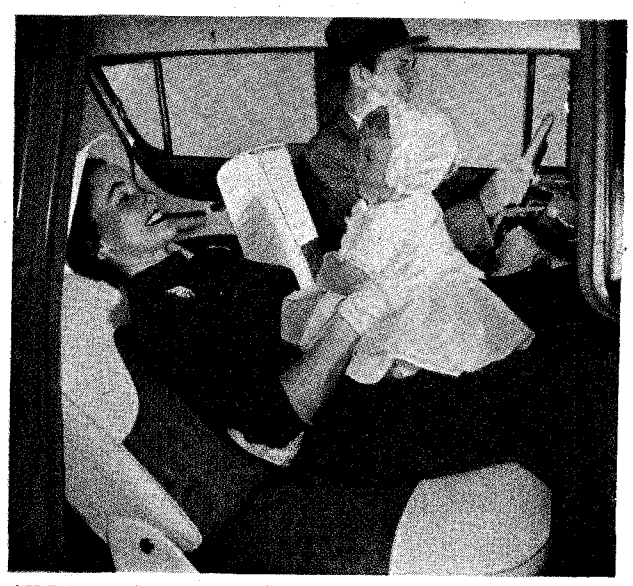
All-New Fashion Safety Arch—sweeps up and over the rear window and passenger compartment, giving the greatest overhead protection ever. Upswept lines give a distinctive new flair and "let's go" dash to Rambler.



All-New Visibility! Look at Rambler from the front, the rear, the sides. Here is unimpaired visibility all-around. Shoulder room that rivals that of the high-priced cars . . . room for six big people. King-size room, king-size view.



All-New Typhoon OHV Engine—has 33% more power, still gives up to 30 miles a gallon. New 12-volt ignition for faster starts, extra spark for high-speed travel. Hydra-Matic Drive, Overdrive, and Power Steering available.



All-New Travel Comfort! Imagine Airliner Reclining Seats in a motor car. Instantly make a chaise longue—day couch for napping children or Twin Travel Beds for comfortable sleeping on camping trips or vacation.

All-New! The Most Exciting Interiors on the Road! In luxury appointments and luxury features, the Rambler rivals the most expensive cars. The right interiors are color-keyed to harmonize with the Triple-Tone and Two-Tone exteriors. You have a choice of 15 decorator-styled trim combinations including Genuine Leather in six beautiful colors. Ask your Nash dealer or your Hudson dealer to show the wide choices available. Choose the one that thrills your taste.

Box-Girders All Around Passengers
Box-Sections Absorb Impact
The Old Way
SEE THE DIFFERENCE
ADVANCED over old-type, bolted body-and-frame (left), in Rambler (above) body-and-frame are welded, with double the safety, double the strength, double the service life. It gives Rambler record-high resale value.

Unequaled Safety—with Double Safe Single Unit Car Construction—body-and-frame welded as a unit. Extends structural girders around passengers and engine for greater safety. Rattleproof, lasts a "double lifetime".

AT ALL
NASH
DEALERS

Rambler

See DISNEYLAND—*great TV for all the family over ABC network.*

AT ALL
HUDSON
DEALERS

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The Land Where Laughs are Born

(Continued from Page 19)

Kentucky political belligerence. A local campaign was warming up, and a subeditor asked the colonel which side he was going to support.

"I haven't made up my mind yet, son," said the colonel. "But when I do, you can be sure of this: I'll be bitter."

Granted that Kentucky has an old tradition of storytelling, the question remains: how did the tradition get started? As I drove westward over successive mountain ranges toward Kentucky, I marveled anew at the hardihood of the pioneers who slogged through this wilderness to set up America's first state west of the Alleghenies. And as I studied my map of Kentucky I realized that these old-timers were sustained not only by courage but by humor—grim, playful or sardonic. Look at the names they gave their creeks and rivers: Troublesome Creek, Cutshin, Thousand Sticks, Polecat, Devil Jump, Quicksand, Lost, Frozen, Squabble and Hell-fer-Sartain.

Peering up those mountain creeks, I saw cabins that looked as ancient as the hills. I was tempted to drop in for a talk, but was deterred by the old Kentucky story of the moonshiner's child. This moonshiner's defense of free enterprise had involved a regrettable rise in the death rate among

A father's biggest difficulty at Christmastime is convincing his children that he is Santa Claus and his wife that he isn't.

BILL IRELAND

revenooers. One day a stranger in store clothes came to the cabin. He asked the little boy where his father was. "Up one of the creeks," said the boy evasively. Offered a two-bit bribe if he would tell which creek, the boy held out his palm.

"I'll pay you when I get back," said the stranger.

"But, mister," the boy explained, "you ain't coming back."

Kentucky's early isolation threw its people on their own resources for entertainment. They found it not only in community picnics, horse races, fish fries, barbecues and burgoos—all great occasions for storytelling—but in politics and the law courts. When farmers made the hard trip in to the county seat for a trial or a "speaking," they demanded some fun for their trouble. A lawyer who wanted the jurors' sympathy had to loosen them up with laughter before he turned on the tears. A politician was expected to be an impassioned orator, but if he wanted to hold his audience for the usual two or three hours, he had to throw in some good stories for the boys to whoop and holler about. Politics in early Kentucky gave the citizens something of everything—education, drama, comedy, sport and war—a war in which all was fair and a bit of trickery and shooting were taken for granted.

I heard my favorite story of political stratagem in Lexington, Kentucky. It used to be told by William O. Bradley, the beloved "Billy O. Bee," whose stories entranced the voters into electing him as Kentucky's first Republican governor, 1895–99. This tale concerned Bob Letcher, one of Bradley's early predecessors. In a critical campaign, Letcher found himself opposed by a prosperous planter from the Lexington area. Bob knew this opponent would do fairly well in the cities and the Bluegrass, but he expected to make crowbait of him in the back country, where he himself knew every hill and hollow. Then the cultured planter pulled a surprise. He was an accomplished violinist. He took his Stradivarius into the hills, where the mountaineers, who dearly love a good fiddler, were spellbound by his rendition of their old favorites. Letcher was nonplused, until he discovered that the planter played left-handed. This gave him his key.

He set out on his opponent's trail through the hills, holding forth as follows: "Now, my old friends, I admit my wealthy and cultured opponent is a right fair fiddler—even with his left hand. Of course, he's ten times better with his right hand. When he plays for his aristocratic, millionaire friends in the Bluegrass, he plays right-handed. When he plays for the fine feathered ladies in the cities, covered with diamonds and furs, he plays right-handed. But when he comes among you good people—nature's own noblemen, the salt of the earth, the backbone of the Commonwealth of Kentucky—what does he do then? He plays left-handed. He thinks that's good enough for you. He imagines, in his abominable blue-blooded arrogance, that you won't know the difference."

After that, the planter's frantic assertions that he was naturally left-handed were drowned out in catcalls. He was lucky to escape from the hills with his life. . . . I sympathize with that planter. I trust that my readers will give me kindlier treatment, realizing that my lack of dexterity in telling these tales is natural, not intentional. In truth, Kentucky stories are not meant for

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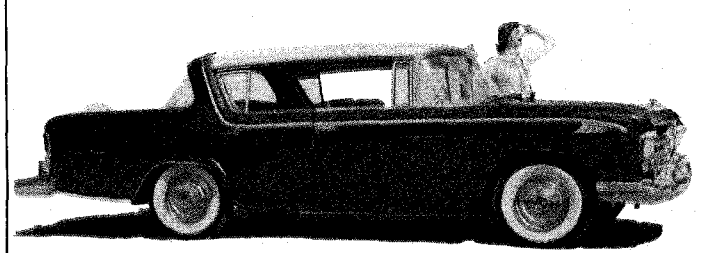
Genuine Leather—America's Smartest Upholstery

All-New, All-American Rambler 4-Door Hardtop Sedan.

Premium quality upholstery leather in thrilling custom matched colors gives you extra value in the all-new Rambler. There's luxury in the look of leather, in its feel, its comfort and style—but it's your smartest buy for practical reasons, too. Rugged, long wearing, and a cinch to clean, genuine leather upholstery adds to the trade-in value of your Rambler.



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cold print. They depend upon the living personality of the teller, the gleam in his eye, the twitch at the corner of his mouth, the accent, the mimicry, the occasional irrepressible snort of glee.

I first fully realized this in the charming city of Lexington, which for generations has been a center of good storytelling. There I had delightful sessions with many of the local connoisseurs of Kentucky yarns.

After such happy meetings I would hasten back to my room rejoicing, but when I tried to recapture the story in my notes, it was like trying to catch a rainbow in a teacup. Just a few of the stories, perhaps, had qualities which might survive in print. For example:

One of the great characters of old Lexington was Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, gallant Confederate officer, congressman, lawyer and editor. A man of sparkling gifts and personality, he was so attractive to the ladies that his enemies declared him a menace to the entire sex. In the 1890's, while good Queen Victoria still reigned, the colonel was the defendant in a sensational breach-of-promise suit. Afterward, wishing to let the dust settle a bit, he departed for a trip abroad. One unsympathetic newspaper published a cartoon depicting the handsome, bearded old colonel prancing up the gangplank of a British liner. The caption was:

"God Save the Queen!"

Another Kentuckian who inspired some fine stories was the late Judge Charles Kerr. One day the judge was empaneling a jury to try a murder case. He explained to the jurors that they might have to be locked up for several days. Did any of them have an urgent reason to be excused from service? A young farmer stood up and, nervously putting on his best vocabulary, tried to explain that his wife was about to be confined. But instead of "confined" he said "conceived."

Judge Kerr, bowing courteously to hide a smile, said, "If there is ever a time when a husband should be at home, it is under the circumstances you describe. You are excused, sir."

In Versailles, Kentucky, I met former Chief Justice Edward Clay O'Rear. Seeming, at ninety-two, more like a man in his vigorous sixties, the judge has a gray goatee and mustache, and his keen eyes sparkle under eyebrows as big as the mustache.

He has known personally nearly all the storytellers I have mentioned. He ranks his friend Proctor (Duluth) Knott first and Irvin Cobb second, with high marks also for Bradley, Breckinridge, Hal Corbett, Lieutenant Governor Thorne, and the great team of Ed Morrow and A. O. Stanley—"those lifelong personal friends and political enemies." The rollicking rivalry of these gubernatorial antagonists, the judge believes, helped dispel the poisonous bitterness which followed the assassination of Gov. William Goebel.

Augustus Owsley Stanley himself, now a hearty eighty-eight, told me about one night when he and Ed Morrow spoke in the same small town. As usual, each ridiculed and flayed the hide off the other. Also as usual, they covertly met afterward in a room back of the hotel lobby to pour a small libation on the altar of friendship. One of their partisans happened to peer through a crack and see the two convivializing. "Why," he exclaimed, shocked, "the two blankety-blank sons a guns never meant a word of it!"

But one day Stanley cut Morrow dead on the street. Morrow ran after his friend, begging to know how he had offended. "Well, Ed," said Stanley, "you and I have been lying about each other for twenty years. Last night you told the truth on me, and I'm not going to stand it."

In those carefree days Morrow and Stanley usually debated such issues as school textbooks or the dog tax, but once Morrow ventured some comments on foreign affairs. Stanley was on him at once. "For Ed Morrow to talk about foreign policy," he intoned, "reminds me of a duck, paddling about on the placid bosom of a bottomless lake, drawing two inches of water, and serenely unconscious of the fathomless depths beneath him."

To return to Judge O'Rear. His sole formal education was a few sessions at a windowless log cabin at Camargo, Kentucky, where a teen-age girl, at thirteen dollars a month, taught him and seven other urchins the three R's. At ten he was apprenticed to a printer, and from there on he acquired his education and legal learning strictly on his own, to such effect that he became one of Kentucky's leading lawyers and chief justice of its highest court. The fact that I was from the Post reminded the judge of an experience in Philadelphia. After he retired from the bench he was retained as local defense counsel in an oil case involving millions of dollars. As such, he was summoned to Philadelphia to confer with some of the top lawyers of the East. After work they adjourned to the Union League, where, over vintage wine, the legal big shots began to recall their college days. "I was Yale '94, Harvard Law '97," said one. Another was Princeton and Yale Law. And so on. Finally one said, "And how about our guest of honor here, Judge O'Rear?"

"I was out on a limb for sure," the judge recalls. "I pulled all my dignity together and said, 'The University of Camargo, sir.' The others looked wise, and murmured about 'a great university . . . eminent faculty . . . splendid seat of learning.' My mind went back to that windowless cabin in Camargo, its faculty—sixteen-year-old Miss Fanny—and as for the seat, the only seats we had were split logs. But I managed to maintain my composure." The distinguished alumnus of the University of Camargo smiled happily at the recollection.

P.S.: While the legal learning of the Ivy League prepared bales of briefs and pondered a settlement for half a million, Camargo's O'Rear slipped in a deft demurrer which threw the whole case out of court.

In Frankfort, the capital, I had the pleasure of meeting Allan M. Trout, correspondent and columnist of the Louisville Courier-Journal. He, too, modestly disclaims ability as a storyteller, but for sixteen years the devoted readers of his column, Greetings from Kentucky, have been sending him in true stories from all over the state. He has, almost literally, "got a million of 'em." One which I like concerns Uncle Gran Philpott, who long ago came down from the southeastern mountains for a spell in the legislature. He was a giant of a man with a peg leg and a positive personality. He was much courted by politicians, who knew he held his section of the state in the hollow of his huge hand. They gave a banquet to welcome him to Frankfort.

The first course was consommé. Uncle Gran looked puzzled, but consumed it. Someone passed him a bunch of hearts of celery. He ate it. Then a waiter put a choice broiled lobster in front of him.

Uncle Gran arose, stomped his peg leg for attention, and said, "Gent'men, I drunk the dishwater and I et the bouquet. But I'll be durned if I eat this bug. Take 'er away."

In Louisville I went to the famous Filson Club, a treasure house of Kentuckiana. When I explained my mission to the club's secretary, the hospitable Judge Richard H. Hill, he clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Colonel Julien Beckner—one of the greats." He immediately invited the colonel and me to the Pendennis Club for lunch. The colonel is another of Kentucky's astonishingly active oldsters, preserved by the tonic of laughter.

In Hollywood: The late actor-humorist Irvin Cobb, Jane Withers, and Cobb's tortoise, "Stonewall Jackson," in training for the 1936 Turtle Derby at Paducah.

Most of Colonel Beckner's stories are too leisurely and subtle for print, but here is a sliver which may give the flavor. Once when he was in the hill country the ridge runners, learning that he was a geologist, inveigled him into a debate with a mountain patriarch who held that the world is flat.

After hours of discussion, the old man made a slight concession.

"She's hillery," he said, "and she's hollery. But she ain't round!"

Tom Wallace, of the Louisville Times, who was a friend and protégé of Marse Henry Watterson and once wrote a fine article about him for the Post, told me another mountain story. As a young reporter, Wallace, interviewing a famous old feudist, asked him whether he believed in assassination.

"No," said the old dead shot thoughtfully. "Not onless a man gets so mean that somebody's jest got to kill him." But who, asked Wallace, could make such a grave decision? "Who but them as knows him best?" countered the old man.

Well, now, here I am with my space running out, and just coming into Western Kentucky, home grounds of such masters as Cobb, Corbett and Barkley. Senator Barkley and Congressman Noble Jones Gregory had both specially suggested that I see Tom Waller, of Paducah, and Circuit Judge Elvis J. Stahr, of Hickman. Mr. Waller generously took the day off from his busy law practice, and drove me over to Mayfield, where Judge Stahr was holding court that day. On the way I asked Mr. Waller whether he had known Irvin Cobb. "Not very well. But curiously enough, he left a letter with the editor here, asking that I make the necessary remarks at his funeral, because, he said, I was neither verbose nor lachrymose."

Among Mr. Waller's superb stories, he told me the tale of the priest who, traveling through the far-back country of Kentucky, happened to stop by at the cottage of an old Protestant preacher. The two good souls hit it off well together. As his guest was leaving, the old preacher confided, "You are not only the first priest I ever saw but the first Catholic."

"Then how do you happen to have that big picture of Pope Pius hanging over your desk," inquired the priest.

"What?" said the astounded preacher. "Is that the Pope of Rome? If that doggone picture salesman comes by here again, I'll have the hair and hide off him. He told me it was a picture of Harry Truman in full Masonic regalia."

At Mayfield, Mr. Waller persuaded Judge Stahr to join us in a fine feast of forked-tail fiddler catfish, of which the just, learned and massive jurist is notoriously fond. It was also a feast of reason and a flow of fun. Mr. Waller failed in one thing. He could not persuade the judge to tell his celebrated rattlesnake story. The judge vows he will never repeat it.

The one and only time he ever told it was at a hilarious fish fry at Reelfoot Lake some years ago. It was an extemporaneous flight of sheer fancy. The judge, as master of ceremonies, started off to tell of his pitiful troubles in trying to buy a shirt big enough to fit him. From there he skidded off to "an admirable Assyrian shirt merchant" in Memphis, and the lecture he gave the Assyrian on the beauties of friendship. His best friend in the world, the judge declared, was a rattlesnake. After a storm, he had found this poor snake pinned down by a heavy fallen bough, "*in extremis*—gasping at one end and rattling at the other." He had lifted the bough, and the grateful reptile had followed him into the house, rattling affectionately, his beady eyes soft with loyalty and love. For years the snake had served as the judge's bodyguard, curling up under his bed at night, catching flies, chasing rats, killing burglars, scaring off lawyers.

Somehow, by this time his honor's hearers, including Mr. Waller and Congressman Noble Gregory, were rolling on the grass with glee, too helpless to remember the rest of the story. And the judge won't tell, so we'll have to let it go at that.

However, Judge Stahr did tell me of a memorable case not long ago in his own courtroom. The defendant was accused of deliberately and feloniously kicking another citizen in the lower stomach, injuring him most painfully. There were plenty of witnesses and the defense lawyer was hard pressed. He argued that there was no real evil intent. The prosecutor hammered hard on this point when the defendant took the stand.

"How can you possibly say," he shouted, "that you delivered this terrific kick in the stomach without intending to?"

The defendant studied awhile.

"He must have turned around too quick," he said. After that one, the jury let him off pretty light. THE END

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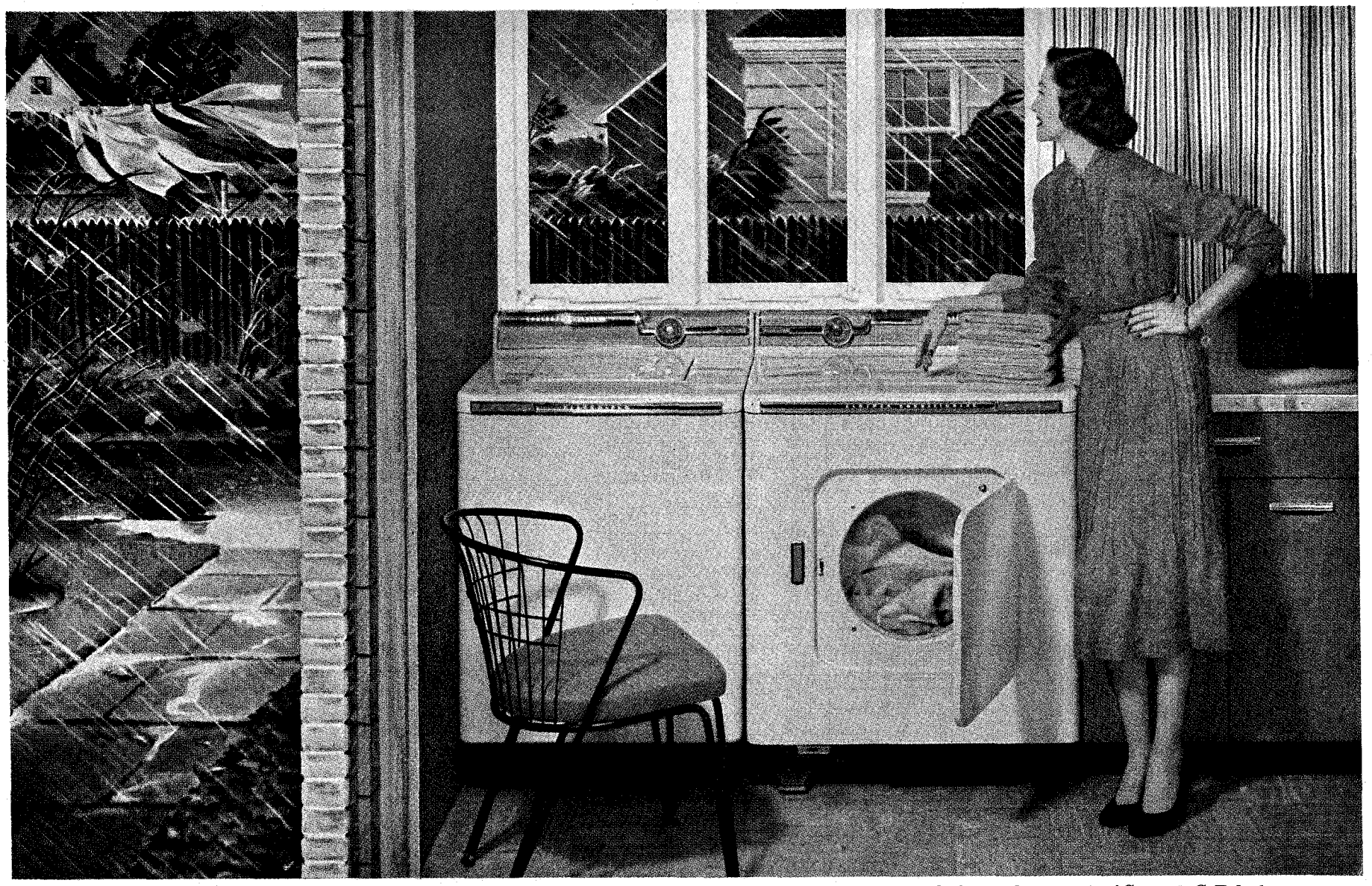
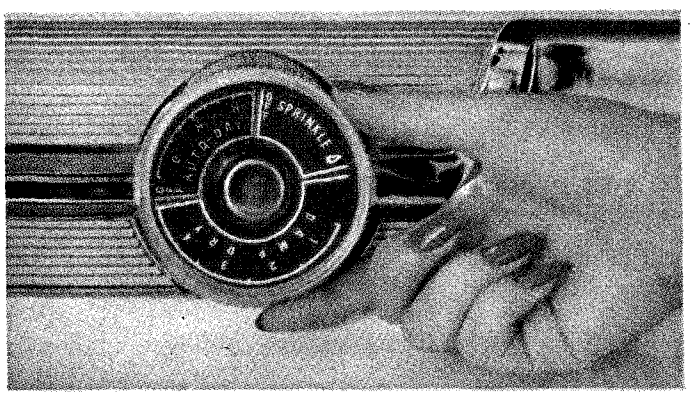


No rainy washday worries for this modern homemaker! Her new General Electric Dryer with automatic control dries clothes just right, no matter what the weather. Saves her so much time and energy, too! See *your* G-E dealer soon. General Electric Dryers priced as low as **$149.95** in most areas.

New G-E Dryer with Automatic Control adjusts drying time and temperature to suit every load...every fabric you wash!

Dries clothes wrinkle-free ... sunshine-fresh ... indoors!



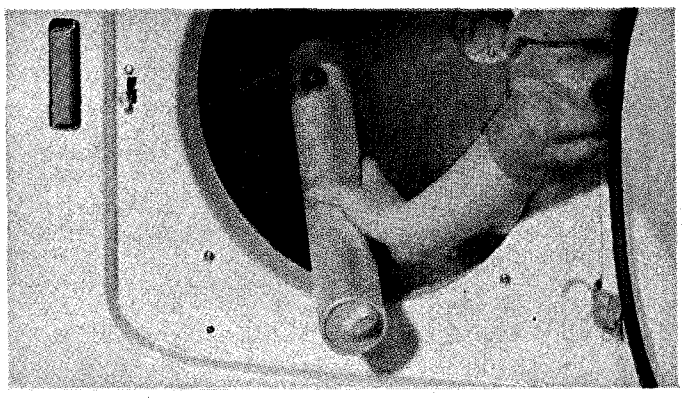
This Automatic Control distinguishes the new General Electric Dryer from conventional dryers! It provides correct time and temperature for any fabric.

No need to guess how long a load should dry . . . or at what temperature! Simply set control according to the type of fabrics you're drying.

"N" . . . *for normal fabrics—cottons, linens*
"D" . . . *for delicate fabrics*
"H" . . . *for heavy bedspreads and rugs*

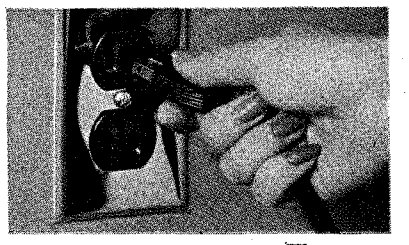
That one motion is all it takes to dry your clothes softer, fluffier than you ever thought possible!

You'll find you'll have less to iron...many pieces come out of the dryer so smooth and wrinkle-free you can wear them immediately—or put them away without ironing!



Sprinkle your clothes . . . automatically. When you're ready to iron, put clothes to be dampened in your General Electric Dryer and turn control to SPRINKLE. The right combination of moisture, air and tumbling will have them ready for ironing in minutes.

See it at your General Electric dealer's soon! Available in Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown and White. General Electric Company, Major Appliance Division, Louisville 1, Ky.



No special wiring necessary! The new General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control can be operated on standard 115-volt household appliance circuit or on 230-volt circuit.

Gentle fragrance from Air Freshener is released into air stream and fills clothes with that sunshine-fresh smell without sunshine-fade.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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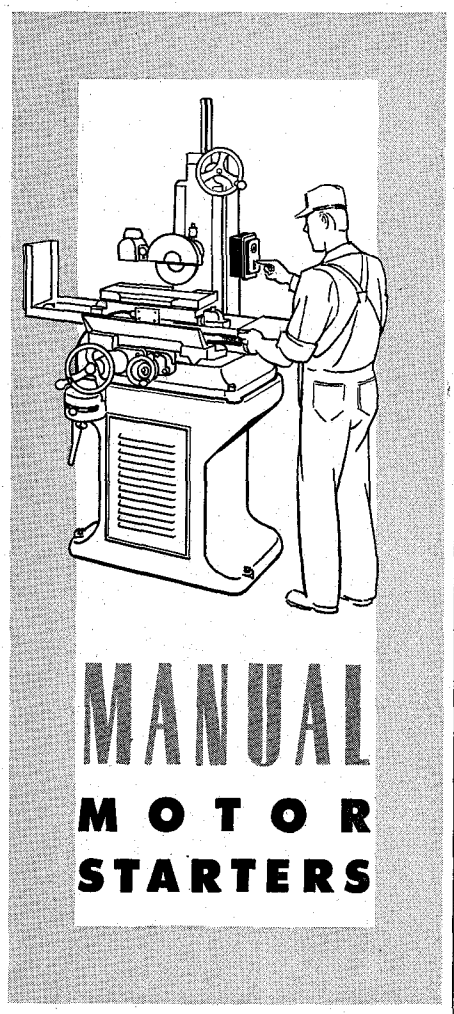
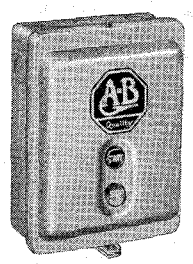
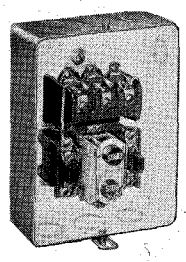


Automatically operated motor starters are not always necessary. If neither operator nor machine can suffer injury, should the motor restart suddenly after a power failure, the Bulletin 609 manual starter will serve just as well . . . at lower first cost.



General purpose steel enclosure.

A unique feature is the use of Start and Stop buttons, instead of the ordinary switch lever, for operating the quick-make and quick-break silver alloy contacts. Two continuously dependable overload breakers automatically trip the starter when the motor is overloaded. They are reset by pressing the Stop-Reset button.



White interior makes installation easy in dark corners.

Bulletin 609 manual starters are rated up to 5 hp, 220 v; 7½ hp, 440-550 v.

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QUALITY
MANUAL MOTOR CONTROLS

Babe's Christmas Wish

(Continued from Page 31)

were wind-kissed and rosy, and her blue eyes sparkling. People said she looked like her mom, and for Little Joe that merely confirmed what pop was always telling them. "Your mom was sure lovely," pop always said.

But once Babe got to talking, she kept nothing back. It embarrassed Little Joe to hear her spill out the whole story: About the deplorable state of their pop's winter underwear, and how pop was trying to make it do for one more winter, even though, as pop himself had remarked to Uncle Pete, "The nap's all wore off, so it don't turn the wind no better'n a piece of mosquito bar." But times were none too good that winter and a man counted himself lucky to have his kids warmly clothed, even if he himself had to do without things.

Babe hurried on to tell how, with her egg money and Little Joe's weasel skins, they would have enough to buy Big Joe one suit, at least, of woolen underwear for a Christmas present. Only, there was nothing on the old garments to show what size they were. And so, Mr. Johnson being a big man like pop ——

"I get it," Mrs. Johnson cut in. "Let's go ask him. He's out in the warehouse."

The warehouse was a large, unheated lean-to behind the store. There was a platform scale under one of the windows and, beside it, a large, untidy pile of raw cowhides. Mr. Johnson was bending over the scale, weighing a bundled-up hide.

"Harry," called Mrs. Johnson, "what size is your underwear?"

"Why—uh—forty-four, I think," her husband replied absently, peering at the scale reading. "That hide must've come off a real big steer," he said.

"It was a big critter," a voice answered, and the kids perceived their Uncle Pete standing on the far side of the scale.

A sudden chill struck them, not because of the frosty air, but because they recognized the bundle on the scale. At sight of Babe and Little Joe, a furtive and guilty look appeared in Uncle Pete's rheumy eyes. He knew that they knew that the bundle was not a steer's hide at all. If it had not been heavily coated with frost, Mr. Johnson himself might have noticed that it was only a calfskin.

Months ago a yearling calf had broken a leg and had to be destroyed. Uncle Pete had saved the hide, although he grumbled that it would not sell for enough to buy a bottle of store liquor. But now even Babe could understand that he had merely been biding his time until the cold weather came.

That morning he had brought out the hide and spread it on the snow. Then he had placed a large flat rock on it and wrapped the hide around the rock, wiring the bundle securely with baling wire. After that he had slopped a pailful of water over the bundle and lifted it into the back of the pickup in which he was to drive the kids to town, seeing that their pop had to attend an emergency meeting of the school board. At the time, Babe and Little Joe had been gloating at the opportunity thus given them to buy pop's Christmas present without his knowledge, and had paid little attention to Uncle Pete's queer behavior. But now the purpose of it was all too clear.

Even if Mr. Johnson had wished to examine the "cowhide," he could not have done so. The bundle was frozen so hard that he could not have pried it open with a crowbar. But Mr. Johnson seemed to have no suspicions. And he had not been in Sanford long enough to know Uncle Pete as other local merchants knew him. So he was about to buy in good faith a calfskin with a rock wrapped up in it to make it approximate the bulk and weight of a cowhide. When the bundle thawed out he would find that he had been cheated. And then Babe and Little Joe would be ashamed ever to show their faces in Sunday school again.

Babe was too young to know, as Little Joe did, that Uncle Pete was capable of any sort of rascality. Recently she had begun to suspect that he was not entirely respectable by Sunday-school standards. She had known for some time that he drank. And she had been troubled by vague intimations that he was not scrupulously honest. Indeed, she had been trying—so far, without success—to persuade him to attend the adult Bible class at Sunday school, feeling that he would be a better man for it. Nevertheless, she was quite unprepared, and therefore all the more shocked, to catch him in a brazen attempt to cheat—of all people!—Mrs. Johnson's husband.

There was more of sorrow than anger in Babe's blue eyes as she looked across the scale at him.

Before that look, Uncle Pete winced—not so much in shame, however, as in chagrin at being caught. He had planned this coup in order to provide himself with Christmas liquor, and now the scheme was ruined.

Uncle Pete operated his own still, and its raw and potent product sufficed him for day-to-day drinking. However, for an occasion like Christmas, he liked to treat himself to a bottle of smooth but expensive store liquor. Ordinarily, when he needed cash, he could always sell a gallon or so of his moonshine to Tom Dunke, the Sanford bootlegger. But Dunke had recently been caught by the police and sentenced to a jail term, thus cutting off Uncle Pete's usual source of ready money.

Mr. Johnson straightened up. After a rapid mental calculation of weight and ice, he made Uncle Pete an offer of $4.10 for the "cowhide."

"It isn't a ——" Babe started to blurt out, but Little Joe drowned her words by clearing his throat noisily. He was as alarmed as Babe was about the consequences if Uncle Pete's dishonest trick should be discovered. But he reasoned that, now that he and Babe were present, Uncle Pete would not dare go through with it and the Johnsons need never know how close they had come to being gypped.

But this seemed not to have occurred to Babe, and she piped up again, "Mr. Johnson, it's not a ——"

In desperation, her brother threw a loud coughing fit, at the same time giving Babe an impatient nudge with his elbow.

"You've got a bad cough, Joe," Mrs. Johnson said.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. To make it convincing, he went into another spasm of coughing that left him gasping.

"I hope you're not coming down with whooping cough," Mrs. Johnson said. "There's a lot of it around just now."

Uncle Pete had not failed to notice this byplay. But, unfortunately, he put the wrong interpretation on it. He concluded that Little Joe was sufficiently worldly-wise not to interfere, or let Babe interfere, with a dicker between grownups wherein it was up to the buyer to look out for himself. Accordingly, and with a slyly appreciative wink at Little Joe, he accepted Mr. Johnson's offer.

Little Joe could hardly believe his ears. But he recovered himself quickly enough to smother a third attempted protest from Babe under another spell of coughing. He thought that he could still get Uncle Pete aside and, by threatening him with exposure, make him give the money back. But he had to explain this to Babe first. So, with a mumbled word of thanks to Mrs. Johnson, and without waiting to sell the weasel skins, he grabbed Babe's arm and hustled her unceremoniously out to the street.

"You always have to blab everything!" he scolded. "All we need to do is wait till Uncle Pete comes out. We'll tell him to give the money right back or we'll squeal on him. Then the Johnsons won't get to know about the hide at all."

They waited on the sidewalk, shoulders hunched against the wind, beating their mittened hands together and stamping their feet to keep warm. The wind seemed to pierce and chill them now and they were as glum as they had formerly been gay.

"I wish pop was here," Little Joe said. "He'd sure tell Uncle Pete off."

Unlike Babe, Little Joe had no illusions whatever about Uncle Pete. He was concerned only with the urgent necessity of keeping the family from being disgraced. To Babe, this seemed important, but nonetheless secondary. Uncle Pete's moral well-being was the paramount consideration. It seemed to her that he needed guidance, and needed it badly. She loved him, and she was naïvely certain that if only she could have got him to Sunday school he would never have fallen so low.

They waited a long time, but Uncle Pete did not come out. He had, as it happened, departed by the back door, taking a short cut up the alley toward the liquor store, with an unusual liveliness in his ordinarily slouching, bowlegged gait. In front of the Good Eats Restaurant, a service club had set up a kettle on a tripod. A burly club member, dressed as Santa Claus, was ringing a handbell and saluting passers-by with hearty Christmas greetings.

"Howdy, Santy Claus!" Uncle Pete replied, no less heartily, being in a fine, anticipatory Christmas glow himself. He was not so carried away, however, as to deposit any money in the kettle even when, on closer scrutiny, he perceived that the red face behind the Santa Claus whiskers was the face of Wilbur Stark, the big-bodied town constable. Uncle Pete had no money to spare and, as far as he was concerned, an appeal for funds that was being backed by a cop was, *ipso facto*, suspect. Pete's way of life had given him a strong prejudice against cops.

Wilbur Stark had no very high opinion of Pete, either. He knew that Pete's still served as an occasional source of supply for Tom Dunke. But Pete was crafty as a coyote and just as hard to trap. Wilbur Stark was an efficient law-enforcement officer, but was not above playing a practical joke. And it occurred to him to use Tom Dunke's recent conviction to put pressure on Pete for a contribution to the Christmas fund.

Accordingly, as Pete started to move on, the constable said, "Dunke came clean, Pete. But I'm a softhearted guy. I always hate to pinch a man just before Christmas."

Uncle Pete halted, looking sourly over his shoulder at the constable.

"Matter of fact," the cop went on, "if a man was to make a good big donation to the Christmas fund, I'd likely forget after Christmas what Dunke told me."

He was probably bluffing, Uncle Pete thought. It was hard to believe that Stark would be so mellowed by the spirit of Christmas as to offer a man such a break if he had anything on him. On the other hand, if Tom Dunke really had talked, Pete could be in a very bad spot. And if there was even a faint chance that a generous gesture would placate the constable, it was foolish not to make it. He shoved a gnarled fist into his pocket. He had four one-dollar bills there and a single dime. Also a couple of small stove bolts. He needed all the cash for the brand of whisky he favored.

"Seein' it's Christmas," he said, "I'll give you all I got." He brought his hand out and extended it, back upward, over the edge of the kettle. The stove bolts made an impressive clatter as they fell.

"That's the old Christmas spirit!" Wilbur Stark

(Continued on Page 54)

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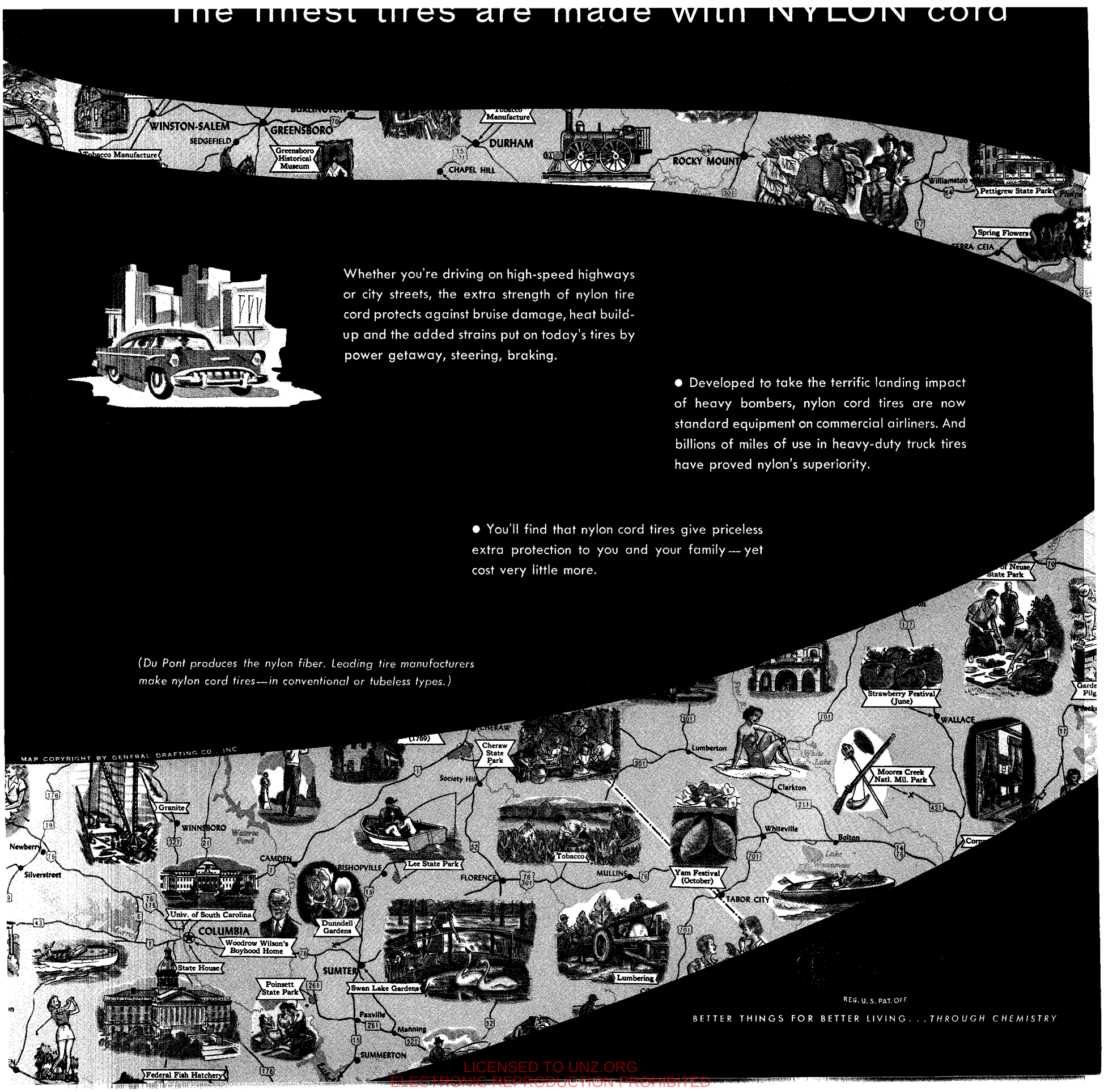

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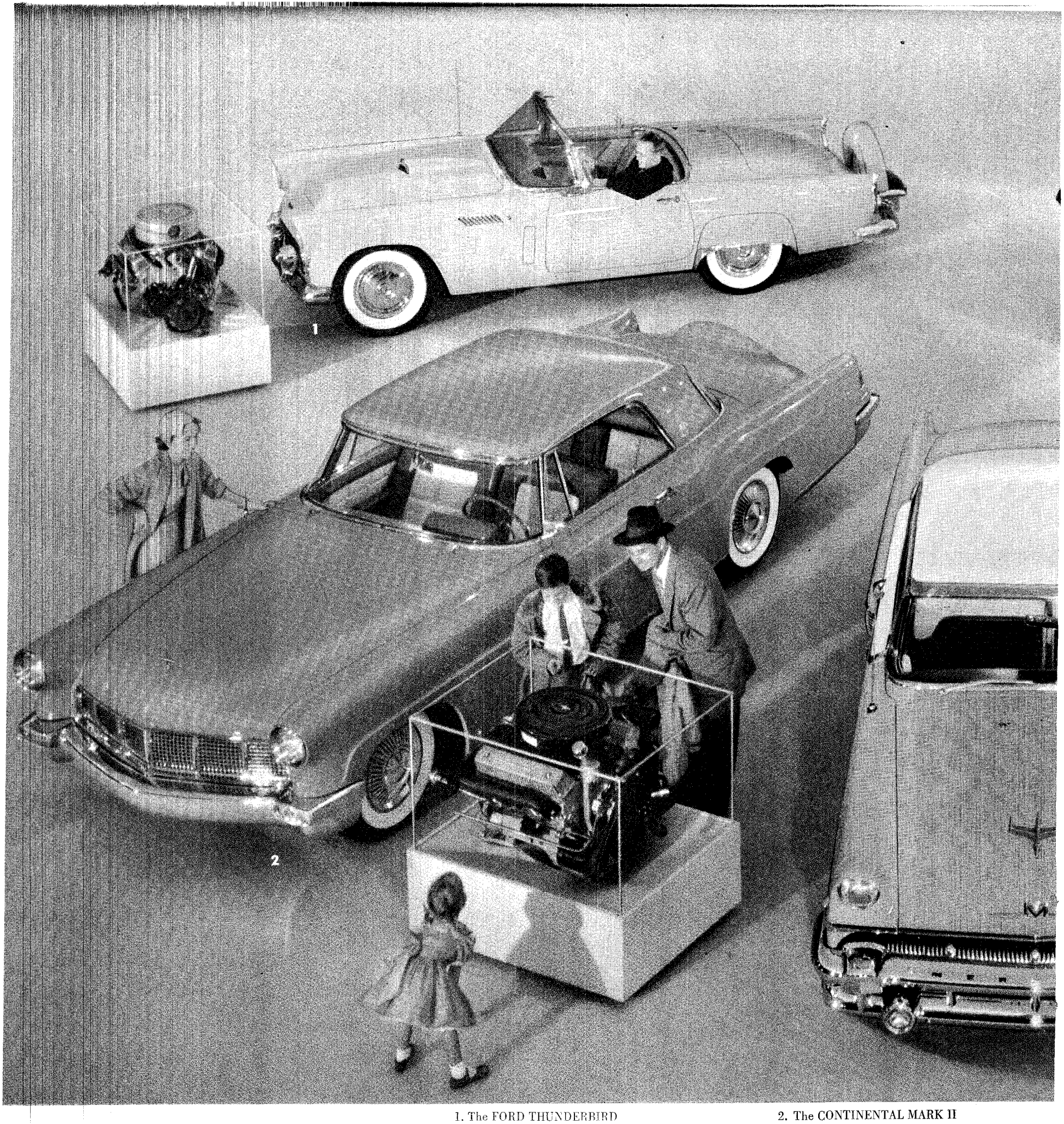

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(Continued from Page 50) applauded. He was chuckling inwardly, thinking how he would enjoy telling about the way he had fooled Pete. But some time later, when he peered into the kettle, trying to make a rough estimate of the amount of the take, he noticed the stove bolts among the coins and bills.

"The old rascal!" he growled. "Looks like the joke's on me, after all!"

By the time Babe and Little Joe found Uncle Pete he had a benign, good-will-to-men look on his usually dead-pan face.

"You should be ashamed, Uncle Pete!" Babe scolded. "What will the Johnsons think?"

And, to Uncle Pete's surprise, even Little Joe upbraided him. "You gotta give the money back!" the boy cried angrily.

"You'll feel lots better if you do," Babe assured him.

Uncle Pete could not have felt any better than he did already. But if it would make the kids feel better, he was willing to appear contrite.

"I guess it wasn't exactly honest," he admitted. "But I needed money real bad."

His remorseful tone impressed Babe. "Everything will be all right if you just give the money back," she said consolingly. "The Johnsons won't need to know about the calfskin."

"I can't do it, Baby," he answered, with the air of a guilt-conscious sinner who would be glad to make restitution if he could. "I had to pay the money to a man."

"You mean it's all gone?" Little Joe demanded shrilly.

Uncle Pete nodded. While the kids stared after him in dismay, he turned and slouched away, with such a dejected manner, however, that Babe could not help feeling sorry for him, seeing that only a desperate need had driven him to do what he had done. But there was no dodging the fact that the whole family was facing disgrace, and the kids wandered forlornly along the street.

"Maybe they'll put Uncle Pete in jail," Babe quavered.

"Unh-unh!" Little Joe said. "It'll be just as bad, though. Everybody'll hear about what he did."

"Merry Christmas, kids!" the Santa Claus in front of the restaurant called jovially.

"Merry Christmas!" they replied, but their voices were low and frightened. They felt like social outcasts.

"Say, what's the matter?" Santa Claus remonstrated. "Kids oughta be happy at Christmastime."

The reminder was more than Babe could stand. She covered her eyes with her mittened hands and began to sob.

"Now, now!" said Santa, his voice gruff but concerned. "Don't cry, kid!" He picked Babe up in his arms and, in the warmth of his sympathy, Babe's remaining self-restraint dissolved completely. She pressed her face against his red, Santa Claus coat, and her small body shook with sobs. She was so little and cuddly that it made Wilbur Stark think of the days when his own kids were small. He supposed that she was upset because she could not have a doll or something she had set her heart on for Christmas.

"Where's your mom at, kid?" he asked.

"Our mom's dead," Little Joe said.

"Oh, oh!" growled the constable, feeling more moved than ever. "Well, look, honey," he told Babe, "you tell Santa what you'd like for Christmas, and he'll try hard to get it for you."

Babe stopped sobbing. She raised her head to look up at him, doubt mingling with a dawning hope in her tear-filled eyes.

"Come on! Tell Santa Claus!" he urged. "What would you like for Christmas?"

"I'd like Uncle Pete to come to Sunday school every Sunday," Babe answered.

"Uncle Pete!" Wilbur Stark ejaculated.

He looked quickly from Babe to Little Joe. The boy's dark eyes had a worried look. He was afraid that Babe would blurt out the whole story about Uncle Pete and the calfskin, and then there would be no chance of hushing it up. Naturally, Wilbur Stark did not know every kid in town and district. But he recalled now that Big Joe had a motherless boy and girl about the ages of these two.

"Well, honey," he said, "I might just be able to fix it for you. I figure your Uncle Pete will have to go to Sunday school if I ask him. And I think you're a sweetheart. Most kids would've asked Santa for somethin' for themselves."

Privately, he did not think that Sunday school would do Pete any good. But he was grimly amused at the thought of the old rascal going unwillingly with Babe each Sunday. For Pete, it would be just about as hard to take as a jail sentence.

"You tell your Uncle Pete I want to talk to him before he goes home," he said. "Don't forget now! And how about a kiss for Santa Claus?"

Babe kissed him. His mustache and whiskers tickled her face, but she thought he was a very nice man. She was smiling through her tears as Little Joe led her away. However, her reviving spirits were soon dashed again.

Saturday-Afternoon Movies

By LUKE NEELY

The watchers grow clamorous
At interludes amorous.

"When they find out what Uncle Pete did to the Johnsons, they won't let him in Sunday school," Little Joe predicted gloomily. He wished that pop were in town. Pop might be able to raise some money so as to buy back the calfskin. But if anything was to be done, it had to be done right away. There was no telling how soon Mr. Johnson would discover the trick that had been played on him.

"We gotta get that hide back, Babe," Little Joe said, "even if we use our Christmas money. Even if we can't buy pop's Christmas present."

He expected that this would bring a fresh outburst of sobbing from Babe. He was almost ready to cry himself, so disappointed was he. But, though she looked very woebegone, Babe made no protest. She could see that they had to recover the hide, not only to save the family's good name but to keep Uncle Pete from being barred from Sunday school.

"We'll have a couple of dollars left," Little Joe said. "We can buy somethin' cheaper for pop. We won't get a doggone thing for Uncle Pete," he added bitterly. "An' serve him right!"

They went back to the meat market and were relieved to find Mr. Johnson alone. Little Joe began by exhibiting his weasel skins, and Mr. Johnson bought them for $2.40. To this, Little Joe added $1.70 from Babe's egg money and held it out to Mr. Johnson.

"Uncle Pete wants the hide back," he said. That much, at least, was true, seeing that Uncle Pete had said he wished he could make restitution. But that was as much as they could truthfully say, and they waited anxiously for Mr. Johnson's reaction.

"I paid him the going price," Mr. Johnson said. "Does he think he can get more for the hide somewhere else?"

"He didn't say," Little Joe answered.

Babe did not say a word. Little Joe had warned her. Because, once she got started talking, there was no telling what she might blurt out. But she looked up at Mr. Johnson with such obvious anxiety that he knew his decision was somehow vital. He surmised that Pete had found someone who would pay more for the hide. And even a little more might be of great importance to the family at Christmas.

"O.K.," he said, to the kids' immense relief. "But that hide is too heavy for you to carry," he added. "Show me where your car is parked and I'll carry it out for you."

Uncle Pete had left the pickup in the Sanford Garage, because it had no antifreeze in the radiator and would freeze up if left outside. Mr. Johnson carried the bundle to the garage and placed it in the truck box. Uncle Pete had been waiting in the garage office, but he dodged out of sight until Mr. Johnson departed. Then he confronted the kids angrily.

"What in the aitch you kids been up to?" he demanded, in his harsh, asthmatic voice.

"We paid Mr. Johnson an' got the hide back," Little Joe answered bluntly. "So now we can't buy pop's Christmas present."

He thought that Uncle Pete ought to feel relieved, but instead of that he seemed more angry than before.

"Dad rat it!" he gargled, scowling down at the kids. He knew how they had planned and saved for their cherished Christmas project, and it angered him to realize that, quite without intending to, he had ruined that project. Uncle Pete was a brazen rogue, but in his sour and cantankerous fashion he was fond of Joe's kids—especially Babe.

But his present anger and frustration were not relieved when Babe said, "Santa Claus wants to talk to you, Uncle Pete."

"He—which?"

"The Santa Claus by the restaurant. He said he wants to talk to you before you leave town."

"Dad rat it!" Uncle Pete grumbled again. Wilbur Stark must have found the stove bolts, he thought. The constable might be angry enough about it to arrest Pete even at Christmastime. It behooved Pete to do something about it at once. And if he denied putting the stove bolts in the kettle, how could the cop prove otherwise?

"You kids stay here," he said grumpily, and started on foot for the restaurant. As he went along, he tried to pull himself together. He had to achieve a convincing air of innocence.

"Howdy, Santy Claus!" he called airily as he approached. "You wanta see me?"

"I feel like sendin' you to a place where I wouldn't see you for six months," Wilbur Stark growled. He, too, was putting on an act. He wanted to scare Pete so badly that he would agree to attend Sunday school, thinking it an alternative to arrest. "I offered you a break," he said, holding out the stove bolts, "but, like always, you had to play it crooked."

"They look like stove bolts," Uncle Pete said innocently.

"You know doggone well they're stove bolts. You put 'em in the kettle."

"Who? Me?"

"Don't gimme that innocent stuff!" stormed the cop.

Uncle Pete argued back with a very good imitation of outraged innocence. And as the argument waxed hot he conceived a brilliant though desperate scheme.

"Lookit, Wilbur," he said hoarsely, "I wouldn't put no stove bolts in the kettle." He gesticulated with one hand in front of the cop's white Santa Claus whiskers while he slipped the other hand into the kettle and grabbed a fistful of bills. His idea was that he could salvage the kids' Christmas by enabling them to buy their pop's Christmas present after all. As for robbing the Christmas fund, he salved his not very squeamish conscience by telling himself that the purpose of the fund was to provide Christmas cheer for poor widows and orphans. Babe and Little Joe were orphans, weren't they?

But just as he was whisking his hand out of the kettle Wilbur Stark happened to glance down. With a hoarse imprecation, he seized Pete's wrist and twisted it until the fingers unclenched and the money dropped back into the kettle.

"That's the lowest doggone trick I ever did see!" the constable bellowed, and now there was nothing forced or phony about his anger. "A guy that'll steal from widows an' orphans is the meanest guy there is!"

Uncle Pete knew that all was now lost. Whatever Tom Dunke might have said, the constable had only Dunke's word for. And Stark could not have been positive that it was Pete who put the stove bolts in the kettle. Now, however, he had Pete cold. It looked like a bleak Christmas, not only for the kids but for Pete himself.

"You don't deserve another break," the cop said. "You oughta have the book thrown at you. But there was a kid along here a while ago. When I asked her what she wanted for Christmas, you know what she said? The thing she wanted most was that you should go to Sunday school every Sunday. And, speakin' for Santa Claus, see, I told her I'd fix it for her. So you're goin' to Sunday school—or else. You promise—then I'll wipe the slate clean. What d'ye say?"

It was a very hard pill for Uncle Pete to swallow. In fact, he was appalled at the very thought of it. To do him justice, however, it was not the cop's threat that moved him most. He felt very guilty because he had inadvertently spoiled Babe's Christmas. If his promise would make up in some measure for the pleasure he had robbed her of, he felt obligated to make that promise.

"O.K.," he muttered hoarsely.

"Fine!" said Wilbur Stark. A sudden mirthful glint appeared in his eye. "It maybe won't do you no good or the Sunday school either," he said, "but, by golly, I'm goin' to get a belt out of it."

The kids were not in the garage and Uncle Pete waited for them, sitting in the garage office on a tilted-back chair and staring glumly out the window. When he noticed them approaching, however, he hopped up and met them at the door, eager to cheer Babe up.

"Look, Baby," he said, "I told Santy Claus I'd go with you to Sunday school."

It was something just to see the pleasure in her eyes. Little Joe seemed pleased too. He had a parcel under his arm.

"We got pop's present, Uncle Pete," he announced proudly. "We thawed the calfskin out by the steam radiator."

"And took the rock out," Babe said.

"Then," Little Joe went on, "we took the calfskin to the other butcher and he gave us two dollars and fifteen cents for it."

"So we had enough money for pop's underwear, after all," Babe said.

The kids were so happy they sang all the way home. They sang Noel, and Good King Wenceslas, and a lot of other Christmas songs, their treble voices loud in the pickup's cab. It warmed Uncle Pete's heart to hear them. By and by he got to figuring that Sunday school lasted only an hour each Sunday. He was not going to enjoy it, but he got to thinking that it might be better than a fine or a jail term.

Presently the kids started singing Away in a Manger. Uncle Pete listened through it once, so as to pick up the words. Then when they sang it again, he added his harsh and grating voice to theirs.

"If I'm goin' to Sunday school," he said, "I better git practiced up on the singin'." THE END

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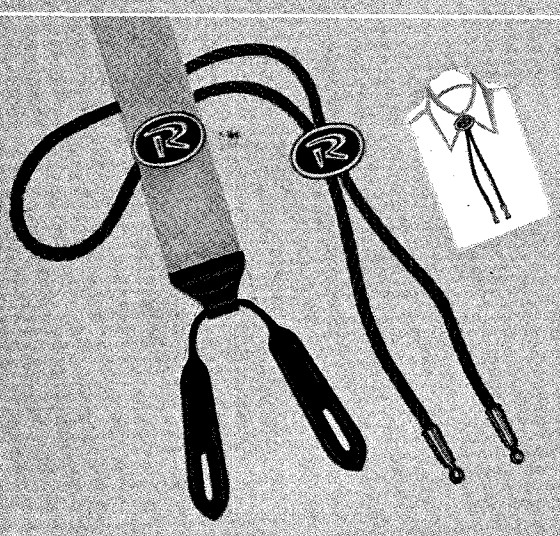

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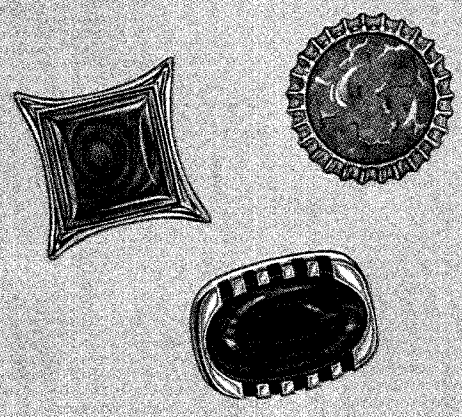

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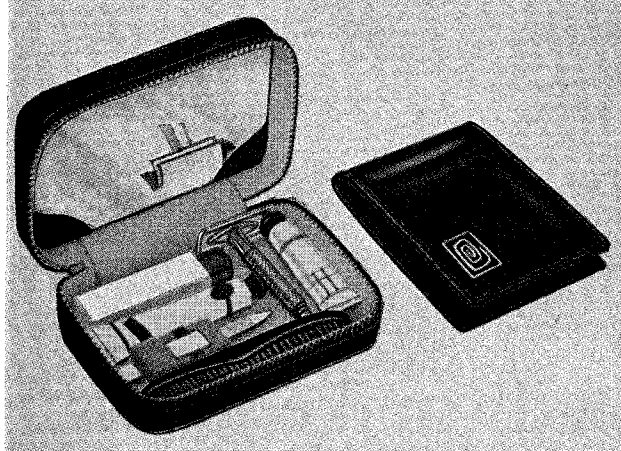

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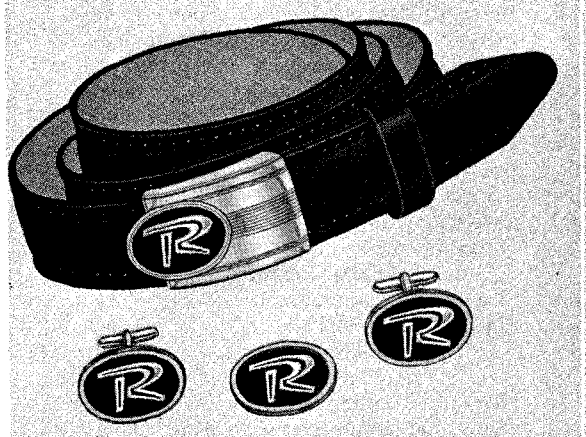
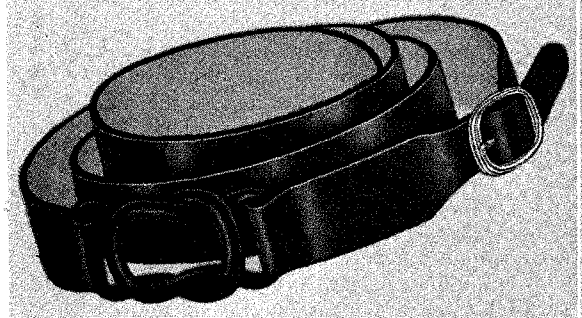
ental Gift Show



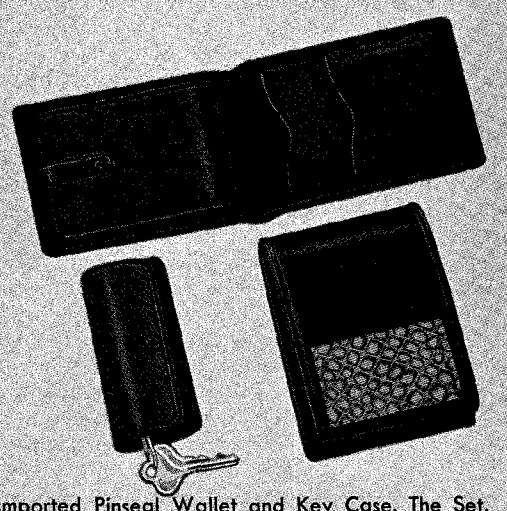
"Olympic Oval" Initial Buckle, Sierra Belt, Cuff Links, Tie Bar, each **$2.50***. Complete Set, **$10.00***.

New Initial Buckle on a 1" Brown, Scotch-grain Belt. The Set...**$2.50***. Also available in Black.

Twins of imported "Continental" Cuff Links. The Set, in smart Stud Box, **$5.00***. Left, **$3.50***. Right, **$2.50***.



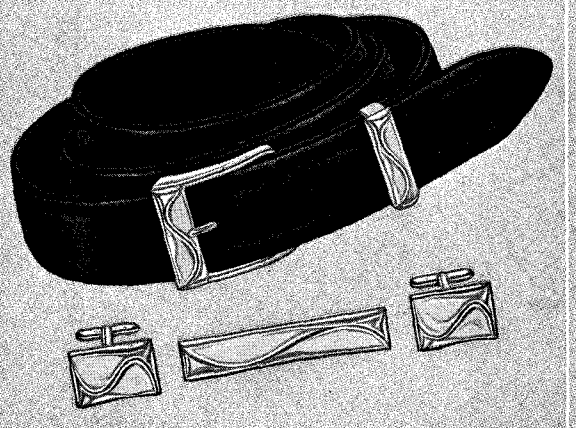
Twin of imported Italian "Square Knot" Belt by Terri of Milano, **$2.50**. Also in Charcoal or Black.



Imported Pinseal Wallet and Key Case. The Set, **$7.50***. Black Wallet, pink Cobra insert, **$5.00***.

Luxurious Alligator Belt, handsomely mounted in a clear plastic Gift Presentation Case, **$12.50.**

New conservative "Continental" Tie Bar, **$2.50***. Links, **$2.50***. The Set, beautifully boxed, **$5.00***.



"Europa" Belt and Buckle, **$5.00***. Matching Tie Bar, **$2.50***. Links **$3.50***. Complete Set **$11.00***.

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How to Retire Well-Heeled

(Continued from Page 41)

those scraps of paper. A man in the East who has worked for the company for more than forty years owns a $538,000 piece of them; his is the largest single holding, and not typical. Quite a few workers in small jobs own bigger pieces than some high company officials. A number own amounts ranging from $100,000 to $200,000.

It was calculated recently that the average interest in the fund of members who have worked for the company fifteen years or more, and are more than fifty, is $39,264. Averages don't mean too much. The amount a worker owns depends on how long he has worked for the company, how much he himself has put in, and other things. Individual cases tell the story better.

Consider Jerry Hollis. That's not his name. I am not using fund members' real names because what they have is their own business. Jerry Hollis is a real person, who faced me recently in the visitors' chair in a sixth-floor Midwestern office. At work, Jerry wears old clothes and is called a stockman. He keeps track of items on shelves and in bins under his charge, and whenever on-hand supply of something gets low, he has it replenished in time to prevent "outs."

Jerry will retire in a few months, after thirty-three years with Sears. In the panicky '30's he was let out for a while. Soon rehired, he was eligible to resume membership in the fund with full rights. He never withdrew a penny, as he might have done. The day we talked, he told me his holdings in the fund amounted to 805 and a fraction shares of Sears stock. At that day's closing price in New York, these were worth approximately $76,575.

"I have to leave the fund when I retire," he explained, "but I'll have the shares transferred and keep them."

He said he also had nearly $8000 in "cash and miscellaneous" in the fund.

"I figure," he said, "that my wife and I will collect one hundred and sixty-two dollars and eighty cents a month in Social Security. My Sears stock at present dividend rates will bring in about two hundred dollars a month more."

Jerry's retirement situation is common among Sears workers. He and his wife never had any serious illnesses or setbacks and were able to accumulate something outside of the fund too. He told me he has $10,000 in Government bonds and a substantial block of stock in an Eastern investment trust, bought independently out of savings.

Jerry isn't happy about retiring. In perfect health at sixty-five, he thinks he has years of usefulness left and would like to go on working, if only part time. But retirement is company policy, and he will leave easy in his mind as far as finances go. Fear of reduced income, which makes retirement tragic for many, won't haunt him.

To get exact figures for a representative worker, I asked Stanley Noble, executive director of the fund, for a transcript of the statement of a typical long-service employee—the statement each fund member gets once a year. I have it in front of me. The man's name was put down as "John Doe." I didn't meet him, but he, too, is a real person.

John was born April 18, 1894, making him sixty-one. He started working for Sears on February 11, 1913, and he has been continuously employed. He joined the fund in 1916, when it was established. In 1954 he earned $5500, so he wasn't a big shot. Since 5 per cent of his salary or at most $500 a year is all an employee can put into the fund in any one year, John Doe deposited $275 in 1954. This was deducted from his pay and he never saw it. Because of long service and age, he belongs in Group D in fund terms, meaning fifteen or more years of service and fifty or more years of age. The company matches each Group D member's contribution on a four-for-one basis. This isn't a dollar-for-dollar ratio, but is based, by a rather complicated formula, on the company's net profits for the year. In 1954 it came out that the company contributed 3.2 times each Group D member's contribution. John's share was $880. This was credited to him in addition to his own $275.

However, the big addition to John's holdings in the fund last year was his share of the fund's earnings, mostly interest and dividends. From this source, the piece of the fund that he personally owned increased during the year by $4663.08 and the total increase in his account was $5818.08, which was $318.08 more than his year's salary!

His record shows other interesting facts. In thirty-nine years John contributed from his earnings a total of $4793.93. He withdrew, for allowable purposes, such as to buy a home or to pay family medical expenses, a total of $16,555.46. Yet on January 1, 1955, his ownership piece of the fund was worth $18,722.66 in cash and miscellaneous investments, plus 1374.245 shares of Sears stock which, at ninety dollars per share, were worth $123,682.05. His vested interest in the fund, therefore, was $142,404.71. A capitalist? Undoubtedly!

Scratch almost any Sears worker and you draw capitalist blood. I ventured to ask a good-looking Sears secretary how much she's worth. She replied tartly, "I never save a dime. I spend all I make." She lives at home with her parents. "I don't even have a bank account." Yet with a little digging I found out that she has worked for Sears for twenty-four years, and her stake in the fund, built up by the regular deduction of 5 per cent of her salary, is "about $22,000." There's a catty saying at Sears when a girl marries: "He married her because he loved her because of profit sharing!"

What is the setup by which workers become relatively rich as they work? A small handbook, Rules and Regulations, given to a worker when he becomes eligible for membership, states the threefold purpose of the fund:

1. To permit eligible employees of the company and its subsidiaries to share in the profits thereof;

2. To encourage the habit of saving;

3. To provide a plan through which each eligible employee may accumulate his own savings, his portion of the employers' contributions, and the earnings on his accumulations as a means of providing an income for himself at the close of his active business career.

The last phrase is the one with the kick: To provide the worker an income at the close of his active career. Trustees guard the fund against raids and withdrawals for trivial purposes, so that this objective may be achieved.

The plan can be described quickly. As amended to date, each employee, upon joining the fund, signs a card authorizing the deduction of 5 per cent of his wages for deposit in the fund. The $500 limit on individual deposits is intended to prevent high-salaried people from sharing too heavily.

Company contributions in any year depend on the amount of net income earned. If the company doesn't earn substantially, no contribution is made—no profit, no profit sharing! The larger the profit, the more the company contributes. When net income amounts to $50,000,000 or more, but less than $100,000,000, the company contributes 5 per cent of the amount earned. The percentage rises to a top of ten per cent if the net income amounts to $250,000,000 or more. The Company has the right to give notice and discontinue its contributions, but there has never been any serious talk of doing so.

Members do not share equally. They are divided into four groups, A, B, C, D, according to length of service. Those in Group A are members with less than five years' continuous service; they share one for one. Those in Group B, with five to ten years' continuous service, share two for one. Those in Group C, with ten or more years' service, but under fifty years of age, share three for one. Members of Group D, having ten or more years' service, share four for one. This sounds complicated, but every fund member knows how it works and keeps a sharp eye on what's his. Employees must work for the company a full year before they can join.

If a Group A member withdraws from the fund he gets every cent he has put in, plus 5 per cent interest for the time the fund has had it. That's the minimum. His ownership of other accrued benefits depends on his staying in. If he leaves, what has been set aside for him other than what he himself put in and 5 per cent interest on it, is called a "lapse" and goes into a kitty to be divided among remaining members.

After five years of company service, when a worker enters Group B, his ownership becomes a vested interest. Whatever the books show is his—belongs to him or his heirs absolutely. He can withdraw it all on demand. The purpose of the fund being what it is, total withdrawals are discouraged, and anyone who withdraws completely cannot rejoin.

Partial withdrawals, however, are something else. Arrangements for these can be made under suitable circumstances and are an important part of the plan. Partial withdrawals must be approved by the trustees, and rules governing them have been approved by both workers and trustees. The guiding question is: Will a withdrawal help the worker's long-time security?

Buying a home is usually held to justify a partial withdrawal. Certain emergency medical expenses fall in the same category. If, however, an employee has an impulse to buy a car or take a fun trip to Bermuda, he is turned down. Education of one's children, while worthy, is also not usually considered a legitimate reason for dipping into the fund; it is considered an expense to be met out of current income. Rules are definite, and turndowns are not arbitrary. Checks on approved withdrawals are often lifesavers. I examined the records and talked with many who have used the fund that way.

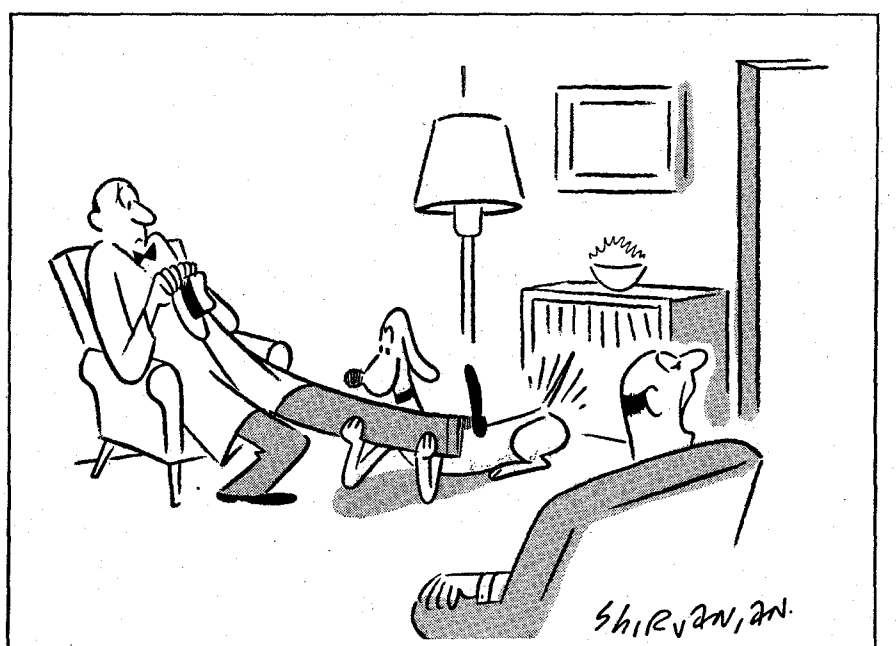
Lena Tozec is Polish, tall, thin, dark, a woman of thirty-three who has found life no bed of roses, who nevertheless has lines of humor around her mouth—a good sport, an efficient worker, smart enough to see through what concerns her. "I got no house, no children, no car. I married poor; he don't make too much money." Her father left his family when she was young, and her brothers went away. "That left my sister and mother and me. They kept house. I was the only support."

Lena at eighteen became a grocery-store clerk. Later she was dough girl in a biscuit factory; then duplicating-machine operator in a steel-company office, and during the war she was a stock girl for an aviation company. "I still wanted to go into office work and was thinking of going back to the steel company. I got on a streetcar that passed Sears, got off and didn't go no farther." She began working for the company on December 14, 1945, and has been there ever since. "I make a dollar and seventy cents an hour. I don't think I can get that anywhere else."

Lena's mother, a diabetic, four years ago got a gangrene sore and went to the hospital for a week. With medication, the bill came to $300 and had to be paid the next day. Lena thought of drawing from the fund, but was persuaded to borrow from the credit union instead. Later there came four additional weeks of hospitalization that cost almost $1000. "I asked to pull out as much as I needed. I asked in the morning and got it the same day. It made me feel a lot better. There wasn't any other source I could possibly have got it from." Two years ago, about a month after Lena was married, her mother died, and there were attendant doctor and funeral bills. She made another partial withdrawal and still isn't broke. "I have about thirty-seven shares of Sears stock and about five hundred dollars in the fund"—values around $4000, changing with day-to-day fluctuations in the price of the stock. "I didn't think I was going to have much left after this last withdrawal. It's something I wouldn't ever have on my own. They take it out and you don't miss it. I think it's a good deal, that profit sharing."

Ruth Legner is the sober daughter of thrifty Czech parents. When her mother died three years ago, the family home, in a solidly Polish neighborhood, was left to Ruth and her two sisters. One sister married and the other got a job in Alaska. The girls didn't quarrel about the inheritance, but things

(Continued on Page 61)



"Helen, have you got a bone for Buff?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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...And there on the table,
awaiting his call
Was a huge bowl of Jell-O,
a fine treat for all!

Merry Christmas to all from Jell-O

COPR. 1955, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
SEVEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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Copyright 1955, The Seven-Up Company

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

Here is the sparkling drink that says "Welcome!" to *all* your Christmas company. So fresh-tasting, so lively, so inviting. And so pure and wholesome that everyone, from the tiniest tots to great-aunts and granduncles, may enjoy it. Have plenty chilled and ready.

Buy the big supply... have plenty for everyone!

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(Continued from Page 58)

were said: The others could sure use the money tied up in the house. Shouldn't Ruth, for living in it, pay rent? To put an end to such talk, Ruth offered to buy her sisters' interest. The house was appraised at $11,500.

Ruth joined the fund in 1921. She had a substantial equity, and was able to withdraw $10,000. Of this she paid $3833.33 to each sister. They were happy to get it. Ruth now owns outright a two-story, two-flat house. She still has a large stake in cash and shares in the fund.

Rafael Ganzini was brought up in Chicago's Little Italy. His first job was riding a truck and delivering copies of the Racing Form to newsstands, and it was rough. Hotheaded, prompt with his fists, he wasn't prepared to take too much from any landlord who removed light bulbs from the hall sockets when they came home late, or rapped on the ceiling for quiet if the baby cried, or made them beg for heat and hot water. A climax came the day Rafael came home and found his wife in tears.

"What," she said, "do you think he did today?"

"What?"

"He slapped Mimi"—their little girl.

Rafael went for him with both fists. "I could have killed him. He was half dead. I said, 'Call the cops! Call 'em, so I tell 'em you hit my little girl.'" Cops weren't called, but next day the Ganzinis were evicted.

Empty rental apartments almost did not exist, but Rafael found a bungalow-type house for sale, with six rooms downstairs, three up, and a full-length basement with a gas furnace. He had worked for Sears since August, 1944, and by selling twenty shares of his accumulated Sears stock and withdrawing $1200 more from the cash credits, he was able to make the down payment. "If it wasn't for profit sharing, I couldn't ever have done it. My old landlord did me a real favor, know what I mean? I got peace of mind now."

About 5000 partial withdrawals were approved in 1954. Since the fund started in 1916, withdrawals of all kinds amounted to $351,090,950, of which members' deposits accounted for $97,282,719 and their share of profits for the balance—$253,808,231. As a member said, "You don't have to die to win." The average partial withdrawal is apt to be around $1700.

I skimmed through applications for partial withdrawals currently being rejected or queried. A man in a Sears store, for instance, wanted $4000 to invest in a business to be run by his wife. "We'll turn him down," said Mrs. Holous, who is in charge of withdrawals from the fund. "It's a speculation. He doesn't think so, but it is." Another wanted $915 for medical expenses and $285 for real-estate taxes. The $915 was approved, the $285 turned down because taxes, he was told, were everybody's burden and should come out of income. A woman wanted enough to put her husband in a home for alcoholics; she was asked to submit evidence that it would do real good.

Management of the fund is vested in a group of not fewer than five nor more than seven trustees, appointed by the company's board of directors. They must be officers, directors or employees of the company, except that one outsider may be appointed. The late Sen. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., served as the outside member from 1947 to 1953, and in May of this year, Dr. J. Roscoe Miller, president of Northwestern University, was appointed. Chairman of the trustees is Gen. Robert E. Wood, former president and former chairman of the board of Sears, Roebuck and Company. An advisory council of nineteen delegates is elected by employees to meet twice a year with the trustees and make recommendations on administering the fund.

A chief responsibility of the trustees is investing the fund's resources, amounting to more than $635,000,000. Legally, the fund is an investment trust. Most investment trusts diversify their holdings by buying securities of many different industries. "We," General Wood told me, "broke that rule." Most of the fund has always been invested in the stock of Sears, Roebuck and Company or its subsidiaries, "to the end that depositors may, in the largest measure possible, share in the earnings of the company." Success of the fund has matched the company's success.

Today the situation is perhaps unique for a business of such size. Sears employees, through the fund, own 26 per cent of the company's outstanding shares. It is estimated that they own 6 to 10 per cent more independently. Management experts reckon that 35 per cent stock ownership usually gives practical control of a corporation whose shares are widely owned, as those of Sears are. If that's correct, Sears employees virtually control the company they work for. Sears shares belonging to the fund are voted by the trustees. No major conflicts have arisen between the trustees of the fund and the company management, and self-interest appears to work strongly against such conflicts so long as the management continues the intelligently liberal policies of the past.

Sears stock, advancing greatly in value on the over-all upward trend of business and stock-market prices since the fund started in 1916, has been a primary factor in the fund's success. It is recognized that a downturn and general hard times, which could hit Sears as well as other businesses, could hit the fund hard, and it is commonly said by Sears employees that if you have to retire and get out of the Fund, the time to do it is when the stock market is up.

Sears growth, even in a period of general prosperity, has been remarkable, and it is at least arguable that the fund has been a significant factor in the company's success because of employee interest and morale. Nearly all eligible employees, as many as 99.2 per cent in one territory, are fund members. "If," said one, "a Sears employee gets mad and feels like breaking windows, he cools off when he remembers that one out of every four windows is his. If he feels like throwing merchandise around or leaving the lights on, it's his merchandise, his light bill!"

Stanley Noble's job takes him to company stores and warehouses everywhere. In Minneapolis not long ago he and the store personnel manager were walking through the store and met the head porter.

"How was that man I sent you yesterday?" the personnel man asked.

"All right, I guess; I'll soon find out."

The personnel man smiled as they went on. The porter, he said, was eternally after him for better workers. Why? Well, his interest in profits was personal, and he knew that what he and his men did affected them. The fund, in short, encourages workers to act like owners, which they are.

No trustee receives any compensation for his services as trustee, but may be reimbursed for expenses incurred. The same is true for members of the advisory council. Clerical and administrative work of the fund at headquarters is carried on with a relatively small staff in space on the company's premises in Chicago. Part of the cost of this is underwritten by the company, the balance is paid by the fund. Bookkeeping details of fund membership are decentralized, each unit taking care of its own.

General Wood is enthusiastic about the fund and what it has done for the company and employees. T. V. Houser, present chairman of the board of the company, agrees, but he thinks profit sharing is not the first, but the last, step in a good personnel program. He does not think profit sharing is a business cure-all, and says the over-all setup must be right for it to pay off.

Houser thinks the future of the Sears plan may be less spectacular than its past. He points out that the average age of members gets steadily higher, lessening the share of each; also that four-for-one stock splits in 1926 and 1945, plus stock dividends from time to time, greatly increased the holdings of early-joining members. There is no certainty, he says, of repeats, though a three-for-one split, still to be voted on, was announced since this article was written. Houser himself says that Sears will be a "growth stock" for a long time. A unique thing is that at various points where employees in Chicago pass prices of Sears shares on the exchange are posted thrice daily, and workers stop to see "what it did."

Unions have made little headway at Sears, no doubt in part because of profit sharing, though the fund was not designed to defy them. In a few heavily unionized areas, where not belonging to a union is almost a disgrace, Sears employees are unionized. But only a relatively small percentage of all Sears employees are union members. "Pushers," as Rafael Ganzini calls them, sometimes stand in front of Sears, handing out pamphlets urging workers to unionize. "What," Rafael said to me, "could those guys get me that I ain't already got more of?" Would they buy him a house with a full-length basement and a gas furnace? "Fat chance!" said Rafael.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Perhaps I can help you, sir. Just what is it you've done?"

Remember that big family, Santa!
You know how breakfast can bog down when people want more toast than the ordinary toaster can turn out. This new "Toastmaster" Toaster keeps pace. It delivers up to three slices at a time. Features "Toastmaster's"* exclusive Power-Action. Takes the bread right out of your fingers—and gives it back perfectly toasted. Light, dark, or in-between. See your dealer now for this unique big-family gift.
$39.50
TOASTMASTER
3-SLICE
POWERMATIC TOASTER
*TM Reg.

My
"KWIK-ON"
TIRE CHAINS
are really CHAIN LIGHTNING
I put them on in just a minute a wheel!
● No hard-to-fasten lock in back of wheel!
● No jacking or moving car!
● No dirty-work — plastic sleeve protectors with each set!
Get your Campbell "KWIK-ON" Tire Chains—today!
CAMPBELL
KWIK-ON
TIRE CHAINS
Campbell Chain Company, York, Pa.
Makers of famous Lug-Reinforced tire chains

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For Millionaires Only (Continued from Page 33)

In keeping with this attitude, the company's best work is not for sale, never has been and never will be. It is a series of three pieces—the mermaid statuette, and the seashell and coconut cups shown in the accompanying photographs—which Zirnkilton, Sr., made in his waning years. The old gentleman had warmed up for these masterworks by creating a statuette of Hercules and a miniature replica of a statue called The Lion Fighter, by Albert Wolff, which stands outside the Philadelphia Art Museum. These pieces were not ambitious enough for him; he wanted to fashion something that would rival Cellini's work. And there was another reason.

"All my life," he told his sons, "I have worked for other people. At last I do something to please myself." He referred to these last creations as his "amusements."

So he set to work, executing each piece in microscopic detail, putting scales on all the fish, feathers in the sea gulls' wings, veins in the leaves and even a patch of sea-wet hair on King Neptune's manly chest. Moreover, he completed the work in his eighty-first year, with cataracts clouding his vision. He spent more than two years on each piece, but he was still not entirely pleased. Less than a month before he died he began shaping a sea lion to replace a dolphin on the mermaid statuette.

The brothers Zirnkilton guard the two preliminary works and the three final pieces as though they were holy relics, keeping them locked in their office safe and taking them out only to show properly appreciative friends and customers. The pieces have been out of the shop only once—during a week in 1931, when the father lent them to a Philadelphia jeweler for a show-window display. That week proved such a nerve-racking experience for the sons they resolved never to let it happen again.

Despite the brothers' jealous stewardship, word of the objects has spread around among collectors, and both Zirnkiltons periodically got hoarse turning down offers. A wealthy customer once took out his checkbook and said, "Franz, here's a check. I'll sign it and take any one of the five—for any amount you want."

Franz, Jr., shook his head. "My brother and I both feel that if we sold one," he said, "we would be selling a part of our heritage."

The best way to infuriate the Zirnkiltons is to inquire how much their father's work is worth in terms of gold and precious stones. "I'll tell you how much," Franz, Jr., once said to an industrialist who committed this blunder. "The pieces are worth, in gold and stones, about as much as the catgut the surgeon sewed you up with when he charged you five thousand dollars for your operation!"

Actually, the gold, platinum, diamonds, emeralds, pearls and other stones in all the objects are valued at less than $10,000. But, as the Zirnkiltons point out, the workmanship is irreplaceably priceless—and so is the memory of their father's final admonition. "I don't care what you do with my amusements," the elder Zirnkilton said, "but whenever you feel that you're at the top of the ladder in your craft, get one of them out and look at it."

With the cups thus serving as their consciences, the brothers have turned out many thousands of rings, earrings, brooches, scarf pins, necklaces and other ornamental or useful items, all coruscating with brilliant stones of every precious variety, all gleaming with painstakingly polished gold, silver and platinum. They hate to make the same design twice; virtually all work is done to the customer's order. On occasion, some commissions have been unusual, to say the least.

Irene Castle, who with her husband, Vernon, originated the famous Castle Walk, once placed an order with a Philadelphia jeweler for a tiny diamond necklace. The store in turn handed the assignment to the Zirnkiltons, who were puzzled by the specifications. The necklace was to be so small that they did not see how any human could wear it. Later, they learned that Miss Castle's inseparable companion, a white rat, had died unexpectedly. She was having it stuffed and wanted a choker for it.

The brothers were similarly mystified, at first, by a job that came in some years later. It called for two miniature crossed scimitars, in yellow gold, and for two palm trees to be done in green gold. The order was placed by a custom auto-body shop, and the Zirnkiltons subsequently learned that the ornaments were to be used as the private license-plate insigne of King Ibn Saud of Arabia.

Considering the amount of time spent on the scimitars and palms, the price the brothers asked was disproportionately low. "Not even a king could afford what we ought to get," Franz, Jr., sometimes says, with mingled pride and regret.

"That's right," Carl says. "A lot of our competitors think we're nutty. But we don't know any better. We're the way we are because pop made us this way."

The presence of the father still pervades the shop. Both sons speak of him as though he were still alive. "Look how he flows the red gold on the yellow gold in this piece," Franz, Jr., said one day while showing one of the old man's bejeweled golden flowers to a friend. "Oh, there's nobody like him."

The father's passion for detail evidently was passed on by his own father. Franz Xavier Zirnkilton, Sr., was born in Passau, Bavaria, in 1851, son of Engelbert Zirnkilton, the village wood carver. Engelbert had made the first carrousel in that section, whittling all parts from wood and joining them to form elaborately decorated horses, lions, camels and other steeds. Young Franz was interested in two things: his father's work and nature study. Years later he was to combine these youthful preoccupations in delicate models of hummingbirds, bees, pansies, sea spiders and other flora and fauna, all done carefully to scale in gems and hand-wrought settings.

At the age of twelve, the boy was apprenticed to J. Straub, a jeweler and goldsmith of Passau. He spent ten years learning his craft, then journeyed to Vienna to join the famous firm of Rothe and Neffe, crown jewelers to the Austrian royal family, the House of Hapsburg. His first piece of jewelry for the palace caused a sensation.

It was a brooch consisting of a rose-gold ivy leaf with veins of platinum, over which was spread a gossamer spider web, also of platinum. In the web was a fly with diamond wings, golden legs and body, and emerald eyes. An opal-bodied, gold-legged spider menaced the fly. Next to the web was the final touch—a diamond dewdrop, unfaceted, polished perfectly round. The diamond had been worked by a monk who had spent nearly fifty years at the task, and was quite possibly the only one of its kind ever made. The Zirnkilton brothers would give a good deal to know where this brooch is now; they feel that it may still be in existence, but may have been stolen during one of the World Wars and may now be resting in some private collection.

The firm of Rothe and Neffe was so pleased with this and other pieces that they offered young Zirnkilton a lifetime job, but he remained only two years. In 1875, hearing of the forthcoming Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, he grew restive, asked for a leave, and went to America. At the Centennial he met Paul Rosenthal, chief craftsman for J. E. Caldwell and Company, an old retail jewelry house. Rosenthal, about to open his own business, offered Zirnkilton a job—and the latter, who was inclined to fret when he was away from his work table for more than a few hours, accepted with pleasure.

"What shall I make first?" he asked.

"Anything you wish," Rosenthal said.

The first piece is still in the Zirnkiltons' vault. Next to the cups, it is their most prized possession. It is a brooch fashioned in the form of a rosebud. The stem, thorny and torn at one end, as though freshly plucked, is so faithfully wrought it looks as though red gold had been poured molten over the stem of a real rose. The leaves are of green gold, with red-gold shadows and splotches "flown" (poured) over them. The petals are of satiny-white sterling silver inside, and rose gold outside. On one leaf rests a diamond dewdrop—not a round one, like the Hapsburg brooch, but a faceted approximation.

The rose was the jewelry hit of the exposition, and before long Zirnkilton was making one each day, trying to catch up with advance orders. He also was making money: Rosenthal paid him thirty dollars a week, the highest salary of any jewelry mechanic, as they were then called, in the city. And he was making other things in a shimmering profusion: lifelike butterflies with wings that fluttered, birds, dragonflies and minuscule animals.

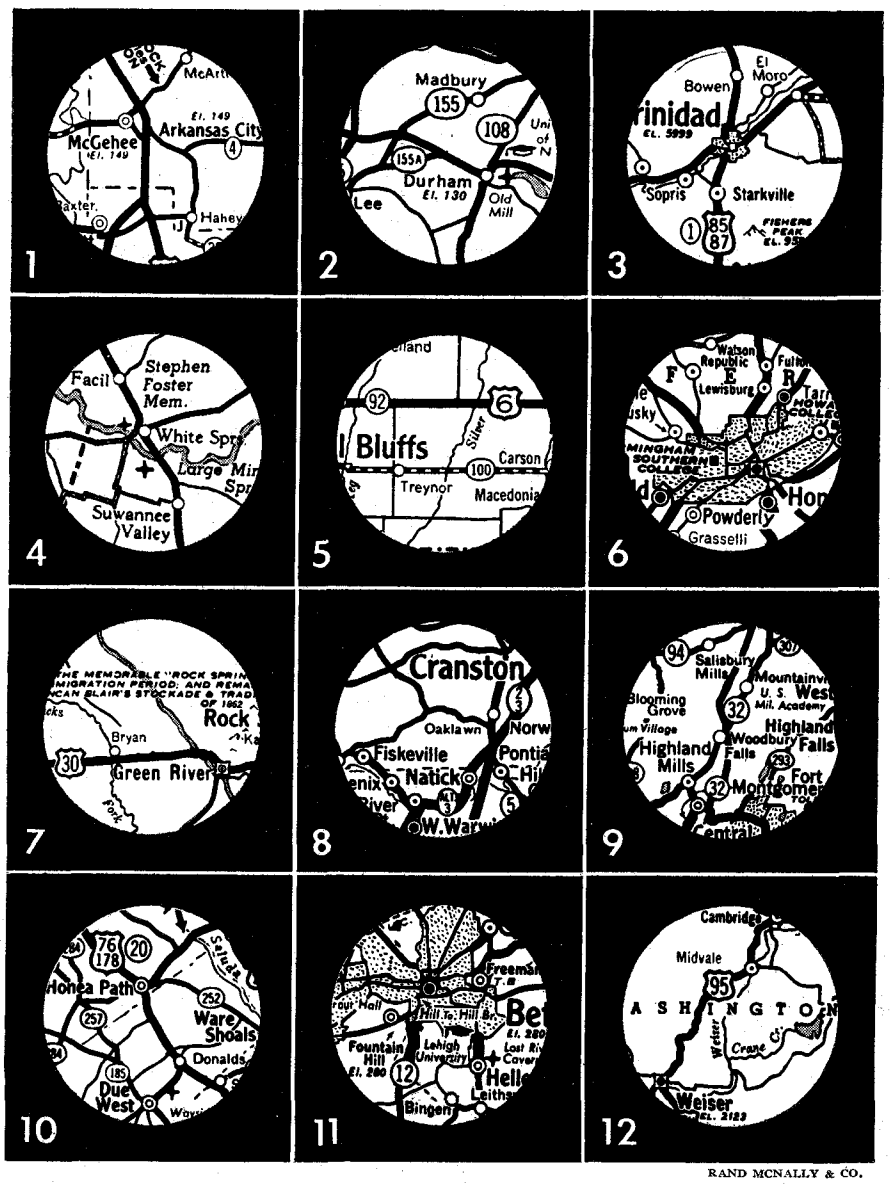
In a short time the shops that sold Zirnkilton's work won nationwide reputations. He was a pioneer in the use of platinum for settings, and many of his designs and methods of mounting stones were widely copied. Perhaps not even his idol, Cellini, was ever so devoted to perfection. At the slightest sign of carelessness among the men who worked under him, he lost his temper.

Once a workman took him a finished brooch in which there was an infinitesimal flaw and asked if he thought the customer would notice. "We can improve upon this brooch," Zirnkilton said. He put it down on an anvil, picked up a sledge and smashed it. As the pieces flew, he turned on the frightened workman and roared "You shouldn't have been a jeweler! You should have been a shoemaker!"

Like father, like son: Franz, Jr., is the same way today. Whenever he is asked his opinion of a piece turned out in the shop, he says, "The very best is only half good enough." Carl admits that he, too, is as bad—or as good, depending upon the point of view. Between them, the brothers have driven away many employees who could not meet their standards.

"A guy would go out of his mind if he worked long for you two," one mechanic muttered as he packed his tools.

"That may be," said Franz, Jr. "Good-by." (Continued on Page 64)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(Answers on Page 64)

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December 17, 1955

Science unlocks another secret of the fresh orange

Mysterious yellow substances, the BIO-FLAVONOIDS, are making front-page news. Found in the "meat" of oranges, they contribute to your family's health in a unique way!

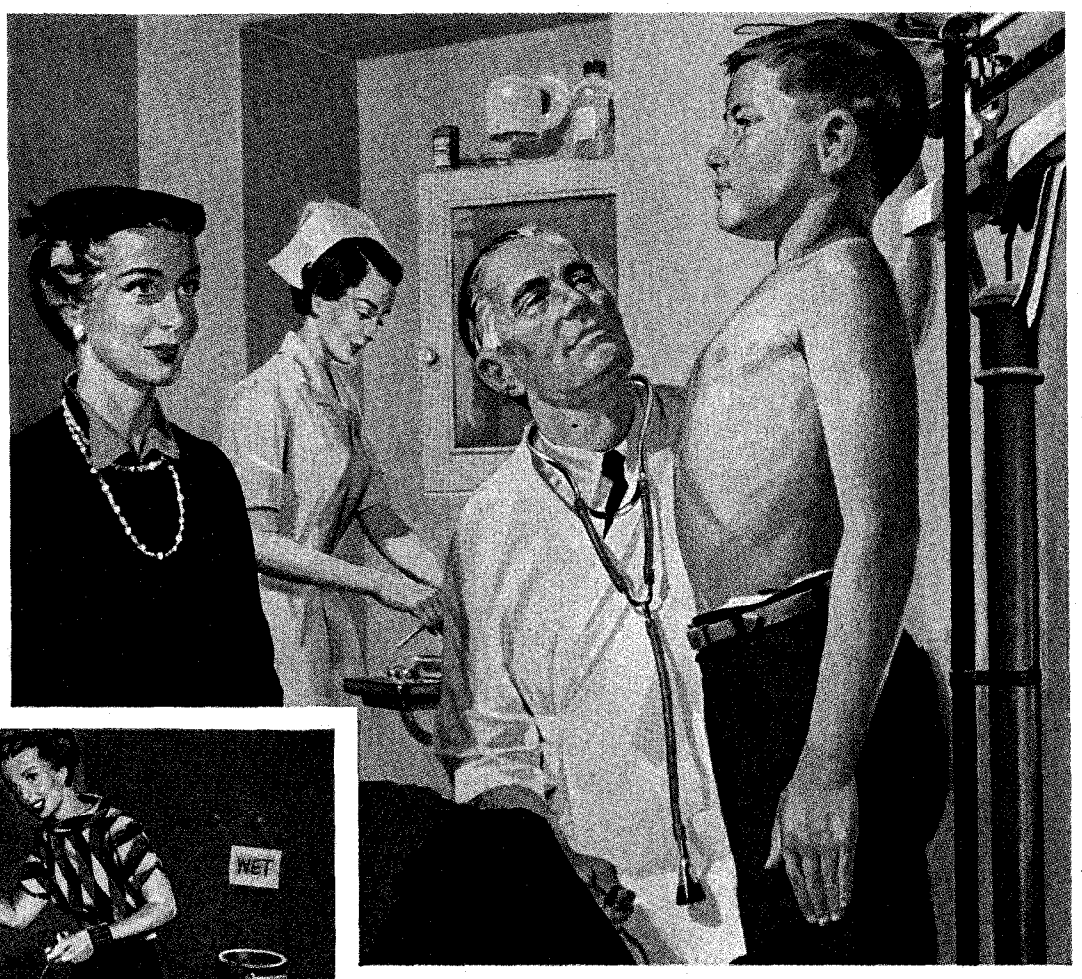
Through the years the many health values of the fresh orange have been revealed one by one. First came vitamin C, then other vitamins and minerals, then the remarkable protopectins.

Now the bio-flavonoids have the attention of the medical world. Science knows now that the bio-flavonoids, when teamed with vitamin C in oranges, fortify body health in a new way largely overlooked in the past.

They have a direct effect *on the capillary system* . . . the millions of tiny blood vessels that nourish every part of your body. They help keep these tiny vessels strong and elastic . . . *efficient* in their job. Thus, when combined with other factors in the fresh orange, they have an important bearing on the prevention of disease, the way your children grow, the way *you* look and feel!

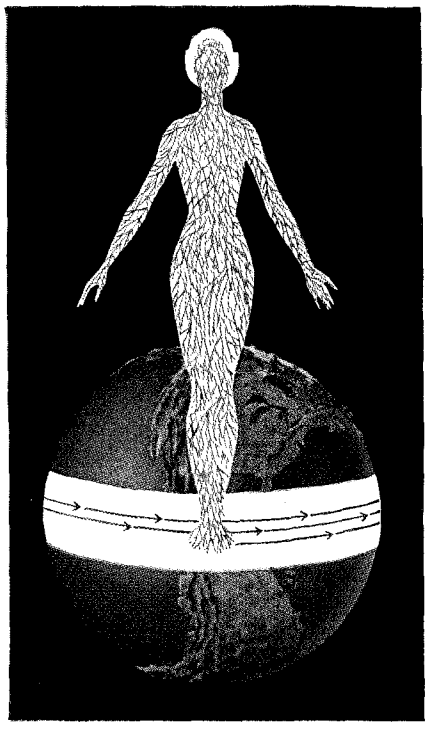
One Sunkist Orange a day gives you a rich supply of bio-flavonoids. They are abundant in the *fresh* orange but not in processed juice. Like the recently announced protopectins, they are found almost entirely in the "meat" of the fresh fruit.

When fresh oranges are so valuable, *shouldn't you see that each member of your family enjoys one every day?*



Healthy children. The bio-flavonoids team with vitamin C and many other values in fresh oranges to do a better job of building sturdy bones and strong muscles, developing sound teeth and gums, fighting colds and infections.

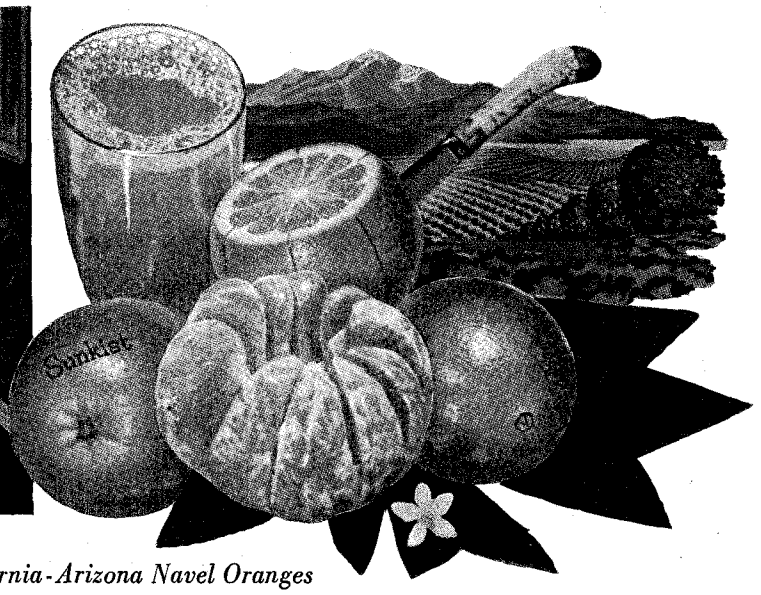
Your own good health. The bio-flavonoids work with vitamin C in fresh oranges to keep your capillary system young, to give you extra energy and the glow of health. ➤➤



60,000 miles long! Your capillary system would circle the earth 2½ times. It's little wonder doctors say, "You're only as young as your capillaries."

Sunkist Navel Oranges are wonderful eating. Easy to peel, no seeds, richer flavor. How fortunate that this luscious fruit is so important to health. Look for the name Sunkist on the skin.

Nothing so easy to serve as Sunkist Navel Oranges! *Just hand them out*—after school, after meals, at TV time. When you squeeze them for juice, don't strain it. Keep the healthful solids that contain the bio-flavonoids and so many other values.



California-Arizona Navel Oranges

Sunkist Growers

Eat whole fresh oranges—drink whole fresh orange juice!

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(Continued from Page 62) In 1880, Zirnkilton, Sr., decided to strike out for himself. He opened a small shop at 4th and Callowhill streets in Philadelphia. Eight years later he left his beloved bench long enough to marry Caroline Breuninger, who had come to this country from Württemberg, Germany. Their son Franz, Jr., was born May 5, 1891; Carl on October 3, 1897.

In the minds of the young Zirnkiltons, there was never any question but that they would follow their father into his shop. Franz, Jr., started working there during summer vacations when he was twelve, and left school at fifteen to work in the shop permanently. Carl joined up at the same age, six years later.

Curiously, the lads got little direct instruction from their father. He was so skilled that he worked in unconventional ways of his own invention, invariably picking up and using inappropriate tools. "He could use a square file on a round hole and get it right every time," Carl says, in awe.

Soon after the boys went to work, the firm began prospering as never before. At one point Zirnkilton, Sr., was employing forty-five men, and subjecting each to his fierce, uncompromising supervision. Also, his boys were coming along nicely. Each had made his first piece—Franz, Jr., a gold monogram for a lady's handbag, and Carl, a diamond lavaliere for his mother. With all going so well, Franz, Sr., decided to erect a building that would become a kind of manufacturing jewelers' headquarters. This is the building at 214 South 12th Street which the firm occupies today.

Near-disaster struck shortly after the six-story structure was ready for occupancy. Although a rigid taskmaster, Franz, Sr., was easygoing and unsuspecting. He never kept a cost-accounting system. Upon finishing a piece he would pick it up, glance at it and name a price—usually one that gave him about a 3 per cent margin of profit. He had no money sense; the building, which was to have cost around $90,000, wound up—as buildings will—costing him $160,000. He went heavily into debt, but his spirits remained high until Christmas, 1912. As usual, he gave his workmen generous bonuses. Next day the foreman and chief mechanic announced they were leaving to start their own shop, and taking other trained artisans with them.

It was a blow, but the old man accepted it philosophically. He bade Franz, Jr., put on a business suit to meet the public; then went back to his bench to finish the jobs the deserters had left. By working a schedule that gave him very little time for his family or anything else, he eventually pulled himself out of debt.

Zirnkilton, Sr., was so absorbed in his work that he often seemed to forget that customers were necessary for its successful prosecution. One day a man walked into the front of the shop while he was busy at a brooch. Franz, Sr., sent an apprentice to look after him. The apprentice returned and said that the man had left in a hurry and had seemed rather angry at hearing that the proprietor could not see him. Zirnkilton asked the man's name. "Stotesbury," said the apprentice. This was the first and last the firm ever saw of E. T. Stotesbury, a legendary Philadelphia financier whose patronage might well have doubled or tripled the annual gross.

Franz, Jr., has inherited his father's absorption with and respect for fine work. He does not believe that the customer is always right, and he does not hesitate to say so when he feels that the customer is wrong. One day a well-to-do woman brought back a string of pearls Carl had made to her exact specifications. She didn't like them, she said, but could not tell why. Without a word, Franz took the pearls and dropped them in his pocket. He refused to give them back. Later, when the woman's husband called and offered more than the established price, he still refused.

Although he had been disappointed when his father took him from the bench, Franz, Jr., soon discovered that he enjoyed the front-of-the-shop operation. He straightened out some of his father's haphazard business procedures, and, in 1918, he decided that the firm would henceforth sell directly to customers, rather than to retail shops. Also, he became such an authority on precious stones that today his advice is sought by insurance companies, banks, estate brokers and other jewelers from all over the country. He can spot a flaw in a stone without using a jeweler's loupe, and he is proud of his extensive collection. It ranges from 400-to-the-carat diamonds, no bigger than grains of sand, up to an extremely rare Kashmir sapphire which weighs 12.52 carats.

While Franz, Jr., met the public, Carl continued developing as a craftsman. Some of the jobs he undertook were the talk of the jewelry world. One was a set of thirty heart-shaped diamond scarf pins and thirty heart-shaped diamond brooches which he completed for a party being given by Rodman Wanamaker, the department-store owner.

Another was a remarkable charm bracelet he made during the '30's. A man had walked into the store and ordered, for his own inscrutable reasons, a bracelet with charms made in the forms of an Indian, an angel with a Bible, a collie dog and a house. Franz, Jr., had named a price of $350 per charm. As soon as he did, he was sorry, but he would not change the estimate. Carl first fashioned a collie of eighteen-carat gold, carefully delineating its hair and fitting it with a diamond collar. The angel was made of platinum, with golden hair. The platinum Indian had diamonds in his feathers. The house was the best of the lot; it had walls of platinum scored to look like stucco, gold shingles on the roof, and ruby lights shining in the windows. The customer, when he saw it, was more than pleased. He was astounded, too, for none of the charms was more than three quarters of an inch high. Because Carl had taken so long with each one, and because Franz had refused to raise the price, the firm incurred a loss. The brothers suffered in silence. To have asked more would have been against all their father's principles.

Zirnkilton, Sr., died in 1934. It was a terrific blow to both sons. "Something went out of the boys when the old man passed on," a friend says. Something went out of the shop, too, the sons say; they feel they can never make jewelry that equals his in workmanship and detail. Their chief regret is that there is no heir to carry on; Carl is childless, and although Franz III, son of Franz, Jr., worked in the shop for a while, he later decided to go into another business.

Not long ago, while showing his father's exquisite cups to a friend and discussing their work, Franz, Jr., said, "Ours is truly a dying art. It died with Cellini, and pop revived it. But there's nobody to do it now. Our last apprentice came in around 1928, and we haven't had one since."

"That's right," Carl added. "Sometimes I'm glad we're as old as we are. Someday in the not too distant future, people who can do this work will be gone. I'd hate to be alive to see that day. We're among the last of our kind."

Spell of the Islands (Continued from Page 21)

"We lost you for a time after you'd fallen at the fence," Williston continued, grinning.

"What's funny?"

"We've had heavy rains. Lots of puddles. The big toads we call the bufo gather at the puddles and sing their love songs. We found you on a puddle's edge, giving such a fine imitation that veteran toads felt unwanted and insecure," Williston said. "We salvaged you and went to a night club, where the doorman complimented you on the lava-lava and—hustled you into an Aloha shirt. Two parties later I hustled you into bed."

"And was Gwen Henry in on all this?"

"Most of it," Williston answered.

"I've burned my bridges with the R. J. Henry Company," Russ moaned.

"Possibly not," Williston said. "Men have grown old before their time trying to figure the reactions of the Henrys—father and daughter—to given situations. Sit tight. The future might prove interesting." He looked at his watch. "Gwen will be along soon. The surf is challenging this morning—very much to her liking." A few minutes later, he said, "Here she comes now."

She was carrying a surfboard, but a half-dozen bronzed young men materialized and relieved her of it. She was a green-eyed redhead whose form and co-ordination were sensational.

"About five feet seven inches tall," Russ said. "If I kissed her, which will never happen, she'd have to look up to me."

"You kissed her thoroughly and she had to look up to you," Williston said. "My heaven, man, have you forgotten?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I have," Russ groaned.

"If ever I saw a dominating male and a happily submissive gal, it was Gwen and you last evening," Williston said. "It was the kiss, son, that eventually triggered the exciting chase. You, under the stirring influence of fishhouse punch, decided you could improve your technique on the next kiss. Well, Gwen knows dynamite when she sees it. She soared like a queen bee in virginal flight."

"I just don't understand it," Russ muttered. "I've no recollection of meeting the girl. There must be some explanation for my fool actions."

"There is—fishhouse punch," Williston said. He waved his hand toward the surf. Only the bolder were riding the surfboards. Gwen had gone through and was sprawled on her board, riding the waves beyond the surf line. Two young men who had followed her were catching their breath. Four others had been hurled back by breaking waves, but were not giving up.

"Ah! Ah!" Williston said. "The pattern is forming." He whipped out a paper and made brief notes.

"What pattern?" Russ asked.

"Quiet, please," Williston urged, writing rapidly.

For the moment, Russ was left to his thoughts. He plunged into the water, felt slightly better, and returned to the sand and his thoughts. He might as well face it, he had fouled up a promising career.

Over a year ago, with Korean service behind him, he had finished his final quarter at the university's school of business administration. Straight A, too, in that last quarter. That's what the service could do for a man. He knew how to hit the books when he returned. No horsing around. There had been an advertisement in the newspaper inviting young men to submit applications for service in a sound manufacturing company planning an aggressive expansion program. New outlets in the States and eventual distribution points in Canada and Mexico. Beyond the horizon were Central and South America.

Russ had flown to the main office and talked to the personnel man, who had taken him directly to R. J. Henry, who was large, shrewd, blue-eyed, redheaded, dynamic, and otherwise suggested the hard-hitting executive type.

"Personnel tells me you need the type of young man who chases the boss out of his job and marries his daughter. I'm not interested in your job, nor your daughter," Russ had said.

"Young man," Henry had rasped, "will you repeat that?"

Russ looked the flabbergasted executive in the eye and repeated it.

"The line of young men not interested in marrying my daughter forms on the right," Henry snorted. "You'll look silly standing there alone. Hang it, your approach is highly irregular. Either you're a fool or there's a gimmick. Why don't you want my job? We're expanding. There's millions——"

"I don't want to be the richest man in the cemetery when I die," Russ had said.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"It's a good question," Russ had answered. "Number One. The bright young men after your job and daughter in the traditional American manner will be devoting a lot of time to office politics, watching one another, plotting to outsmart one another. Right? Number Two ——"

"Stop numbering your statements!" Henry had yelled. "You sound like a McCarthy hearing!"

"You're right, and I'm sorry," Russ had said. "In view of the young men competing for your job and daughter, the firm will need a man the competitors will trust because he is not in competition with them; a man whose full time and thought are devoted to the plant, merchandising and other problems; a man whom the directors will call in when they need the lowdown on the situation. That's the man I hope to be—at a shockingly high salary."

"H'm'm!" Henry had said, after long reflection. "I'm an old goat in this game. I've a lot of rings on my horns. Either you're an answer to a prayer or you'll develop into a (Continued on Page 68)

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 62

1. Arkansas
2. New Hampshire
3. Colorado
4. Florida
5. Iowa
6. Alabama
7. Wyoming
8. Rhode Island
9. New York
10. South Carolina
11. Pennsylvania
12. Idaho

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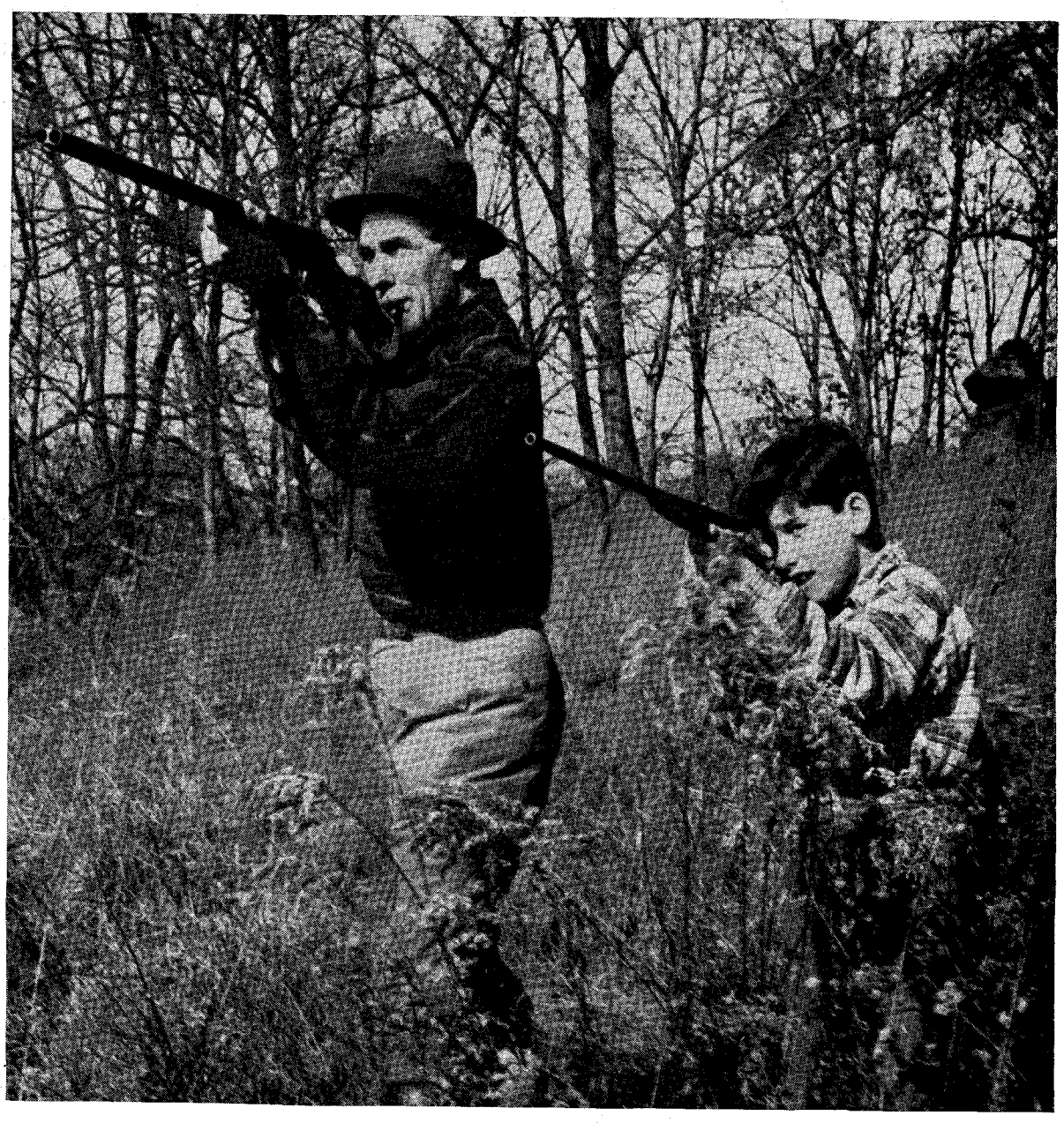
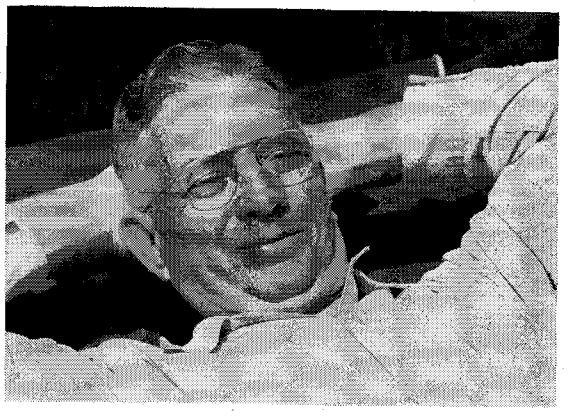
Here's How Bayer Aspirin Helps Millions

FEEL BETTER FAST!

FEEL BETTER MORNINGS—Getting up with a dull, headachy feeling is a problem many people face, but you can solve it simply by keeping Bayer Aspirin handy. Take two Bayer Aspirin tablets right away, and you should be feeling fine even before you've finished dressing.



FEEL BETTER AT PLAY—It's fun to be out on brisk fall days, but getting chilled this way often brings on a cold. When this happens, let Bayer Aspirin come to the rescue. By relieving cold discomforts and reducing fever, Bayer Aspirin makes you feel better—*fast!* For the youngsters, keep *flavored* Children's Size Bayer Aspirin handy, too.



FEEL BETTER ON THE JOB—No matter what you do for a living, there are probably days when you don't feel quite up to it. When this is because of some annoying pain—a headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain, aching muscles or similar discomfort—just take Bayer Aspirin. See how much more pleasant this makes *your* work day.

FEEL BETTER AFTER WORK—Next time your day's work leaves you feeling tired and headachy, try this simple procedure. Just take two Bayer Aspirin tablets to relieve your headache...sit down for a few *minutes*...put your feet up...and *relax.* You'll find this does a world of good—*fast!*

You can take Bayer Aspirin any time...

because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster and more effective pain relieving agent. It is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever—without stomach upset!

Feel Better Fast—Get BAYER ASPIRIN

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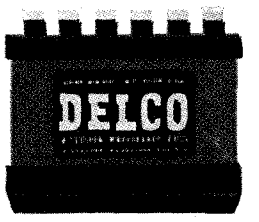
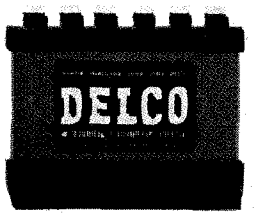
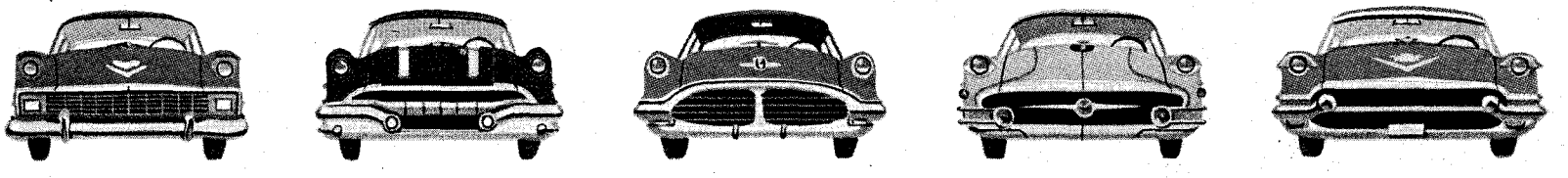


Delco Battery



that is in all 1956 General



Guaranteed 3 full years

Now, for the first time, long-life 3-year batteries are standard equipment on new cars.

You'll find them on all General Motors cars for 1956.

Here's a new high in battery quality with a guarantee you can count on. Backed by Delco, America's No. 1 battery. Backed by General Motors. And backed by the biggest battery organization in the world—dealers everywhere.

Want one? Your Delco battery dealer has the size and shape you need—6-volt or 12-volt—with the revolutionary new dry charge developed by Delco and General Motors engineers. All the experience gained by building over 53,000,000 cars stands behind this battery of batteries.

A Delco Dry Charge battery—guaranteed 3 full years—is the best value, the freshest power you can buy. It can't get old before it's sold. Why settle for less?

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TUNE IN! | **ON TV**.....Spectacular "Wide Wide World," NBC-TV Network.
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See your local listings for time and station.

General Motors leads the way.

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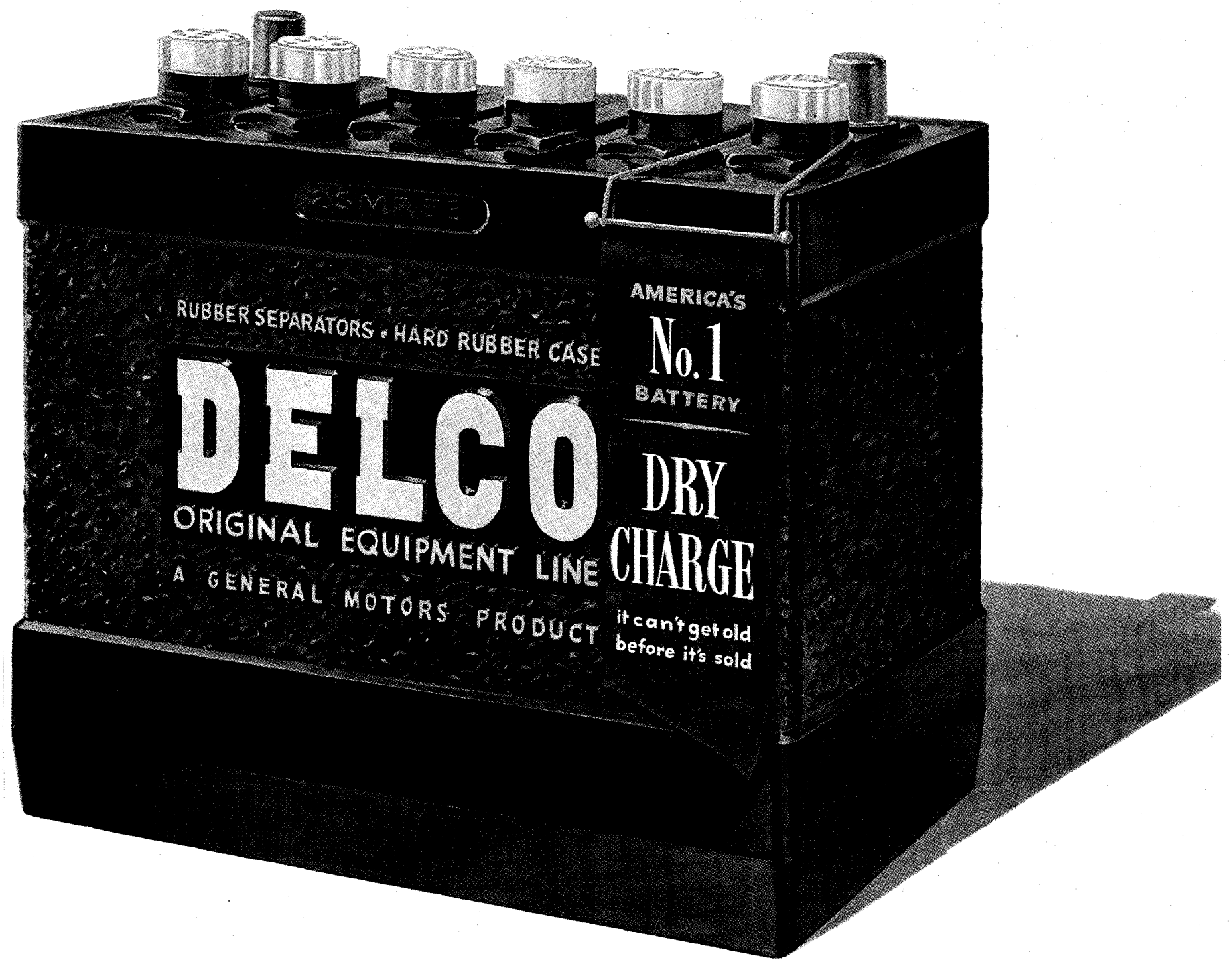

starting with Delco Batteries!

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(Continued from Page 64)

Grade A stuffed shirt. H'm'm! There's a gimmick. Blast it, I won't sleep until I've found it out. Report for work in the morning. And it'll be my personal job to run you ragged."

Henry had been tough, but fair. Several young men who qualified as candidates for Henry's job and his daughter's hand went to work and were given special treatment. They were invited to the Henry mansion to dinner, and to lunch at his club. Russ was not invited, which pleased him. After all, he reasoned, you didn't find the ship's ballast on the quarter-deck. Russ was assigned odd jobs at the branches; then brought back to the main office. Sometimes he donned overalls and worked in the plant while bugs were worked out of a new product; occasionally he did paper work.

There was nothing wrong with his salary, either. The tenth month, Henry called him into a directors' meeting and asked him to state his opinion on a problem. "And don't pull the punches, Baldwin," he admonished. Russ had pulled no punches, and a portion of his suggestions was adopted. Later he submitted an agency plan.

And I straighten out this Hawaiian trouble, he thought moodily, *and go off the deep end. I prided myself on handling my liquor. Fishhouse punch didn't seem to speak with much authority.* He stood up, shaded his eyes and watched Gwen. Another young man had fought through the surf to her side.

"Thinking about buzzing around the queen bee?" Williston asked. He waved toward Gwen.

"Queen bee? I'm afraid I don't follow you, Doctor Williston."

"Merely the observation of an entomologist drawing a comparison between human and insect life," Williston said. "The war between insects and humans is constant. Like the Reds, who are adept at tricking others into fighting for them, we entomologists employ insect against insect. When the Hawaiian sugar cane was threatened with utter destruction, we imported a wasp, pinhead size, which sucks the eggs of the cane's enemy and thus the cane was saved. The queen bee leaves the hive on her virginal flight. She flies upward, with the drones—the males—in pursuit. The weaker drones gradually fade from the race. Only the strongest overtakes her. Of course, he dies, but he does have his brief triumph."

"And only the strongest lads make it through the surf to Gwen, who is Olympic-team swim material," Russ commented. "I'm not sure I like the comparison. In fact, I don't like it," he added with a show of temper.

"Like it or not, I find startling similarity between human and insect life," Williston said. "The Reds employing other humans in war; we arraying insect against insect in our efforts to survive; the great buildings sending forth their millions to labor at sunrise as the ants and bees ——"

"I'll buy the theory," Russ growled, "because the facts are basic and because one Hank Vance, who should be at the main plant on the mainland, has just plunged into the surf and is heading for Gwen. And if that guy can make it through, I can."

Russ started for the breakers, but paused when he was knee-deep, turned and glowered at Williston. Williston's expression was that of a man terribly disappointed after examining an insect through a powerful microscope. Russ stalked over to a Hawaiian selling trips through the surf in an outrigger canoe.

"What's the tariff?" he asked, while Williston hugged himself gleefully.

"Dollar and a half."

"Does that include stopover privileges out there?"

The Hawaiian outrigger man was puzzled, then he grinned. "O.K."

He launched the outrigger. Russ, in the bow, manned a paddle. And from time to time the outrigger man sang out, "Change sides." The tourists swinging paddles changed from port to starboard and dug in. Russ was drenched repeatedly, but presently the surf was between the outrigger and the beach.

Russ slipped into the water, swam to Gwen's board and said, "Hi. Room for two?"

"Happy to have you aboard, Russ," she said—and gave the impression she was highly pleased and amused.

Hank Vance paddled over. He was handsome and genial until you looked into his gray eyes, which were rather grim. "Why the outrigger, Russ?" he asked.

"I rate a D-minus surfboarding," Russ admitted. "That about covers it."

"Beautiful morning, if one's eyes are clear and hands are steady," Gwen murmured. "The pink hotel, the waving palms, creamy surf and people having fun."

"Beautiful morning even if a guy's nursing a fishhouse-punch hang-over," he said. A catamaran came through the surf and sailed past doing a neat twelve knots. "I wasn't myself last night, Gwen."

"Oh, but you were, Russ," she insisted. "Nothing like a few stiff slugs to reveal the true man. You shed inhibitions like trees casting off autumn leaves."

"You didn't see the real Russ," he stubbornly insisted.

"I'd hate to think I hadn't," she said. "And I'm confident dad will agree when he hears the details."

"I've an idea you won't report my conduct," he said.

"Sweet, understanding boy," she murmured. "And you're right. But he'll hear, and if the details are too lurid, I'll set him straight."

"I'm told he fires his men in person," Russ ventured.

"He accepts the bitter with the sweet," Gwen said.

A helicopter came in low and dropped a note in a waterproof container. Russ retrieved the container and handed it to Gwen.

"It's a gimmick a news photographer thought up," she said. "A close-up, shot from the air, of me surfboarding."

Hank Vance hooted. "Time to jettison excess cargo, Gwen."

"There's a sign in front of the hotel inviting you to come as you are," Russ said. "How about lunch?"

"I'd love it," Gwen said.

The helicopter returned, hovered, and she nodded. The photographer apparently was ready for movement, black-and-white and color.

"I'll unload," Russ said. "The outrigger will be along soon."

"You stay put, Russ," she said. "If the heavy surf fouls up the script, I might need help from the outrigger."

When the outrigger returned, Russ boarded it and picked up the bow paddle. Gwen moved in, flanked by her surfboard convoy. Without a doubt, Russ thought, Williston was watching all this through glasses and had dubbed the convoy personnel as the flower of drones displaying themselves for the queen bee's edification.

Gwen's shout commanded immediate action. A big wave with a creamy crest was moving in. The outrigger man sang out an order and those aboard began to paddle furiously. "Keep it up!" he bellowed as the wave caught them. The air was filled with spray, and from the pelting against half-closed eyes Russ realized they had caught the wave perfectly and were moving. He turned his head to an exciting and enchanting scene. All but Hank Vance, of Gwen's escort craft, had foundered. Gwen and Hank rode side by side forty feet away. Each was trailing a foot which served as a rudder, and kept their boards at an angle to the wave, increasing their speed.

The cameraman was working expertly, and at times the helicopter descended almost to the wave crest for close-up shots.

"Alice always gives such original dinner parties."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Gwen's sensational, Russ thought and realized it was the understatement of his lifetime. *I kissed her and have no recollection of it. Gad, man, that will haunt you as long as you live. One thing for sure, my pounding heart and racing blood aren't due to a lingering dram of fishhouse punch in my veins.*

Gwen and Hank were smiling at each other as they sped away. "The noblest drone of 'em all," Russ growled. As the outrigger landed, he saw the pair landing down the beach.

Williston was on hand with two mats and Gwen's beach bag. Russ appropriated a mat and spread it out. Williston beamed and spread out Gwen's mat.

"How goes the profound paper on insects and man?" Russ asked. "Being a man, naturally you are on man's side, but there must be times ——"

"There are times," Williston said with feeling, "when I wish I could sprout wings and a lethal stinger, and do a job of selective flitting behind the iron and bamboo curtains."

"Boeing's jet-powered insect will save you the trouble, doctor," Russ suggested. "Well, here come the handsomest pair on Waikiki Beach. Got to hand it to Hank."

"It's rumored in business circles that he's R. J. Henry's anointed," Williston said. "Slated for the Canadian branch, I've heard." The implication was plain. The next step would be R. J. Henry's job. Williston's gaze was that of the entomologist.

"He's the man for the job," Russ said. "He has what it takes."

The pair came up and Russ complimented them on their surfboarding. "Luck rode with me," Gwen said. "I had several narrow escapes—the ham in me insisting I smirk prettily on those close-up shots. Mind if I dry out, Russ, before we have lunch?"

"Good idea," Russ said. Hank made some comment about seeing them later, and Williston managed to lose himself without being obvious.

For a time, Gwen and Russ said little, content with watching the clouds scudding over Diamond Head and dumping rain on the nearby mountains, yet leaving Waikiki Beach sun-drenched. "Dad never stops learning," Gwen said, her eyes on a couple whose sunburn and preoccupation stamped them as mainland honeymooners. "From Doctor Williston he learned the importance of patience. They think nothing of working years—because there's no choice—to solve the insect problems."

"Yes, your dad is quite a guy," Russ said. "I like him."

"With reservations?" The green eyes so close to his were serious, the lips so inviting.

Russ thought a moment, then said, "With reservations, at times. But never for long."

"I'm told the two of you had something of a hassle shortly before he sent you here," she said.

"Yes," he admitted. "He called me into a board meeting and explained to the members I was against his expansion program. 'Now tell 'em why, Baldwin,' he said. 'And don't spare the horses.' I told them a branch in Canada was O.K., but after studying our problems of manufacturing and distribution, I thought the simplest way for a minimum of grief to us, and a maximum of understanding and good will on the part of Central and South American countries was something like this: In some instances we should aid them in forming a company to be controlled entirely by the nationals of the country. We would license them to manufacture and distribute our product within their borders. That would keep us clear of political changes, possible loss of plant and charges that Uncle Sam was running things. Where that was not practical, because of local conditions, we would ship our product to locally controlled assembly plants." (Continued on Page 70)

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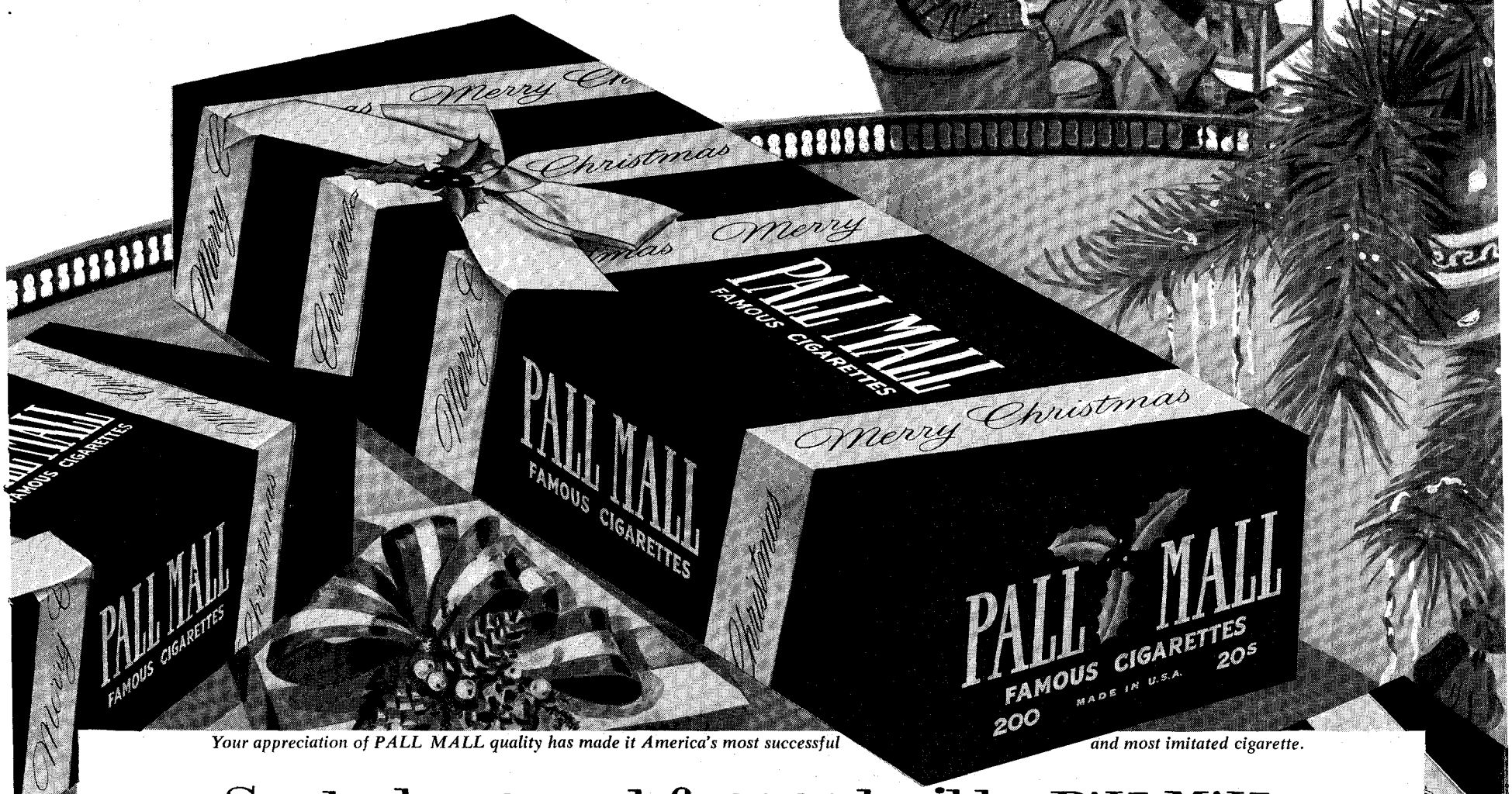

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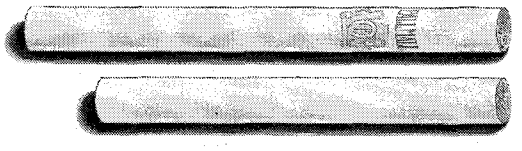

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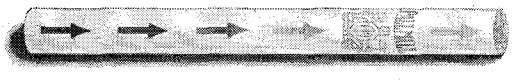

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(Continued from Page 68)

"H'm'm," Gwen said. "Then what happened?"

"He ripped into my arguments," Russ said. "And I told him I was learning the business and problems from the ground up. And that was my opinion. I admitted I was young and had plenty to learn."

"And ——" she asked softly.

"Well," he said, showing signs of temper, "I stuck to my guns. We didn't holler or pound the table, which always seemed to me an indication of a weak argument. We just sort of got white around the mouth and looked each other in the eyes and talked."

"My sainted aunt!" Gwen said. "If dad wasn't table-pounding and yelling he was dying a thousand deaths. He must have hated you for not doing it."

"You'd be surprised how loud you can yell and table-pound with the eyes and lips," Russ said. "Well, it ended up when he said, 'That's all, Baldwin. Straighten out that mess in the Hawaiian Islands; then take two or three weeks' vacation—at company expense—because you've been working too hard.'" He grinned. "A row of asterisks indicates the passage of time; then—fishhouse punch."

"I'm glad you can mention punch without screaming," Gwen said. "I'm parched and am in dire need of a planter's punch."

They found a table near the sea wall and the waiter brought planter's punch with sections of fresh pineapple on the glass rim. They watched the surf riders and beach strollers, and listened to the trade winds, in a lazy mood, stir the palm fronds. Small doves hurried about, picking up crumbs. Russ thought, *Gwen's a good sport. She isn't holding last night's horsing around against me, but her father will lower the boom when he hears what happened.*

Williston paused briefly at their table. "One of the old Hawaiian families is giving a party Friday night. My friends will be welcome. May I pick you up around seven-thirty? Such parties start early and end early."

"I'd love it, doctor," Gwen said quickly.

"And I'll shun fishhouse punch," Russ said.

A press photographer approached and said, "Hold it please, Miss Henry." She complied, and then he turned, caught up with Williston and asked, "Who's the guy with her? He's a new one, but that's routine with her."

"Russ Baldwin," Williston answered; then, after a moment's hesitation, "The dark horse."

The photographer smiled. "I thought you fellows followed insects instead of the nags," he said.

"We're human," Williston answered, "and can become quite interested in the four-legged and two-legged creatures."

Russ spent the next three days on Hawaii—the Big Island, where a volcano was pushing molten lava through a crack in the earth. When he returned he learned through the local branch that R. J. Henry had tried repeatedly to get in touch with him that morning. The swiftness with which Henry responded to Russ' call was proof the boss was camping near the telephone.

"So you aren't interested in my job or daughter?" Henry yelped. "What's this I hear about an engagement?"

"News to me," Russ said.

"Sometimes the man is one of the last to realize it," Henry admitted. "There's a photo in the newspapers of you two having a drink together. It's captioned, Dark Horse! Do you deny getting tight on fishhouse punch, singing with toads, wearing a dish towel and sharks' teeth while you danced and brandished butcher knives?" he asked.

"That's true," Russ admitted.

"Have you reviewed and revised the agency plan you submitted to the board, as I suggested?" Henry sharply demanded.

"I reviewed and revised the plan repeatedly before I submitted it," Russ said. "The acceptance or rejection of it in whole or in part is up to the board."

There was a brief silence; then Henry said, "Don't be surprised, Baldwin, if I show up there full of business."

"Nothing surprises me these days," Russ said. "My biggest surprise was myself."

"Good-by, Baldwin," Henry said.

Russ took a deep breath and telephoned Gwen's hotel. The news was bad. Hank Vance had chartered a six-place plane, which he was piloting, and was flying guests to the Big Island for an air view of the volcano and a motor trip to the quaint City of Refuge. Gwen was a guest.

He was in a low mood when Williston picked him up on Friday. "She probably hasn't returned yet, doctor," he said. "And this is a good time to apologize to you for fouling up the man-insect piece you are writing. I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"I didn't conform—fight my way through the surf with the drones. That classified me as a worker. Workers are shy the biological urge. Now, if you think for one moment ——"

"I don't." Williston grinned. "I saw you with a couple of slugs of fishhouse punch under your belt. Remember?"

"That's the trouble. I don't remember," Russ said.

"And you did conform, or rather confirm, a theory I am kicking around in my paper—that insects and humans move in swarms and frequently follow a comparable pattern, but the superior man says 'The heck with it' and—charters an outrigger canoe or otherwise calls on his native resourcefulness to ——"

"Buttering me up will get you nothing," Russ interrupted happily. He suddenly felt better, almost on the *kini popo* again. Gwen, dressed in an ankle-length muu-muu, was ready and waiting.

She was full of comments on her trip and hadn't quite finished when Williston parked his car and led them to a rambling cottage surrounded by palms and equipped with the usual impudent myna birds. A caged myna leered at Russ and said, "I'm a myna bird. What kind of a bird are you?"

"You'd be surprised, chum," Russ answered.

The host and hostess greeted them as very old friends and introduced them to the others. Highballs immediately appeared and there was fishhouse punch, which wasn't getting much of a play.

Russ saluted the bowl with a grim "Hi."

And later he said, "Nice party. Even the little kids singing and pretending to play ukes—if they can't really play them. They get the feel of party life early down here." He looked around. "Everyone feeling fine. Nobody tight."

"Happy people, really happy people," Williston said. "How about a little snack, Russ?" He waved toward a long table. "I'll identify a number of tasty items typically Hawaiian, though you'll quickly recognize mainland food—baked ham, turkey. Now here's chicken and long rice."

"I'll go for that," Gwen said.

"And the raw squid, raw fish and opihi, which is shellfish, raw?" he asked. "This is a real *luau*, you know."

"Why not? I love raw oysters," she said. "But I can't handle chopsticks. The poi you eat with the fingers." It was in little containers, like individual servings of ice cream, but it was also served, Hawaiian style, in a large wooden poi bowl.

She paused and carefully watched a Hawaiian woman in her late sixties respond to the music. "That's one of the old hulas, Russ," she said. "It may take a bit of doing, but watch the hands. The hands tell the story."

They found chairs on the lanai and ate slowly to the singing in the cottage. When they finished, Russ took her hand and they followed a path to the beach.

"You scorned the fishhouse punch," she said. "Afraid of it?"

"No," he growled. "It did me dirt. I have no recollection of kissing you and—by heaven!"

He drew her into his arms with a rough tenderness, and after a long time, she murmured, "Let's come up for air, darling. After all, we have years and years."

Half seriously, he backed off a safe distance and watched her rearrange her hair. "I feel like singing," he began.

"And not a puddle or bufo in sight," she said. "Russ, darling, you have a wonderful voice, either solo or in bufo chorus." She kissed him tenderly, and then suddenly stopped and sniffed. "Dad's here! I'd recognize his cigar smoke anywhere."

Russ sniffed. "Dad sure has caught up with me," he said.

Then they saw the glow of his cigar. She ran and kissed him.

"I've been waiting a half hour for you two," he said. "Gwen, I'm a doting father, but as you know, when I give you an order, I mean it. Go back to the party. I want a few words with Baldwin."

I'm still Baldwin, Russ thought, as Gwen hurried away.

"So you didn't intend to marry the boss' daughter?" Henry said.

"A man can change," Russ said. "He's a fool if he doesn't. But I had no such intention when I joined the firm."

"And when I told Gwen and her mother a man had showed up who didn't want to be the richest man in the cemetery, they said he was the long-awaited answer to their prayers," Henry said. "They gave me no rest; didn't want me to be the RMITC. It was a slogan."

"And you gave me no rest," Russ said. "And I liked it."

"I had to find out a few things," Henry said. "I found 'em out. But you had us scared. We figured you were a stuffed shirt. Gwen said, 'The guy fascinates me, but I don't want to meet him. I simply don't want to be disillusioned. I'm tired of being a play girl, but Russ isn't the answer.' So we plotted with an old friend, Doctor Williston, whose knowledge of humans and bugs is extensive. He arranged the fishhouse-punch test with Lieutenant Trent's help. And you know the rest."

"Yeah," Russ agreed. "I got right on the *kini popo*."

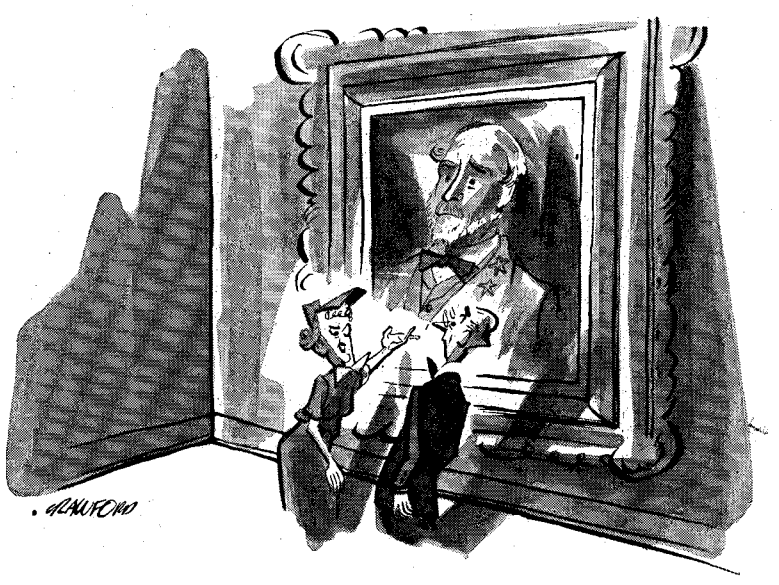
"Russ, my boy, Gwen's mother and I are very happy the way things have turned out. Come up to the party and meet her," Henry said. "Some wonderful years are ahead for Gwen and you. I know, because she's exactly like her mother. She'll yell, 'I never have a thing to wear.' Things like that."

"And what do I answer?"

"'Your old man has more dough than I have and you never had a thing to wear when you were with him,'" Henry answered. "I'll give you other pointers from time to time. You'll have spats, plenty of them, but Gwen will never sulk nor pout."

"Good!" Russ exclaimed as Henry dropped his arm across his shoulder and started up the path to the cottage. "What does Gwen do when she's irked?"

"Throws things," Henry answered. "An amazing marksman!" THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Some residents of my Southern home town delighted in embarrassing newcomers from the North by pointed references to "Yankees." They made a recognized sport of reducing the average Northerner to apologetic discomfort over the Civil War.

One such Northerner happened to be standing beneath a portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee at a parent-teacher meeting in the high school when a local woman said to him with calculated loudness, "I suppose you aren't accustomed to seeing General Lee's picture in a schoolroom, are you?"

"Oh, yes, madam," the Northerner replied civilly. "There was a picture of General Lee in our school. He was with a bearded general in a blue coat, and our teacher told us it meant the war was over."

M. B. Stiles

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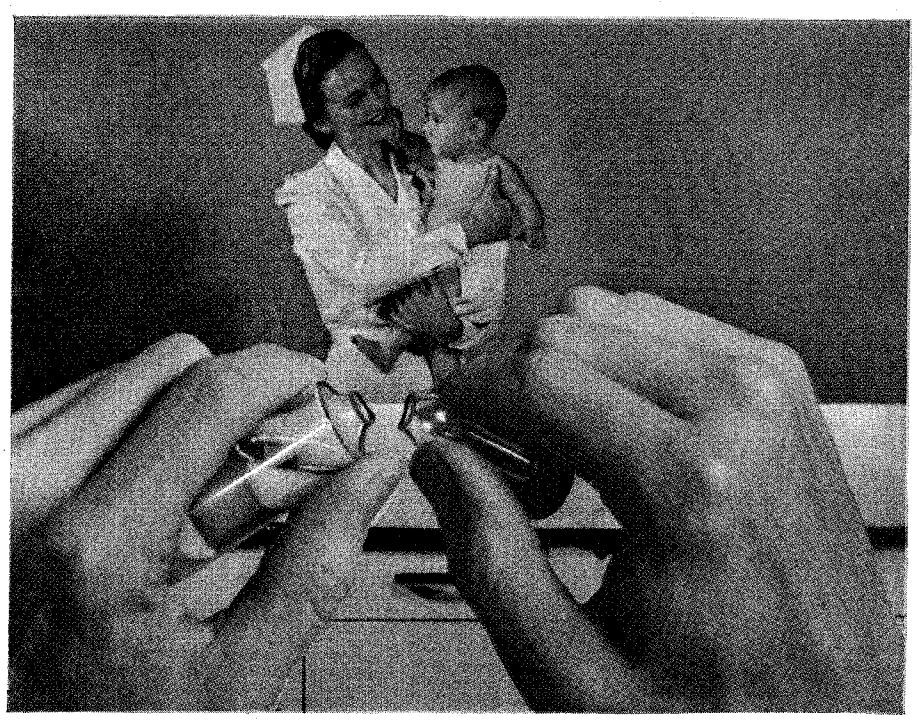
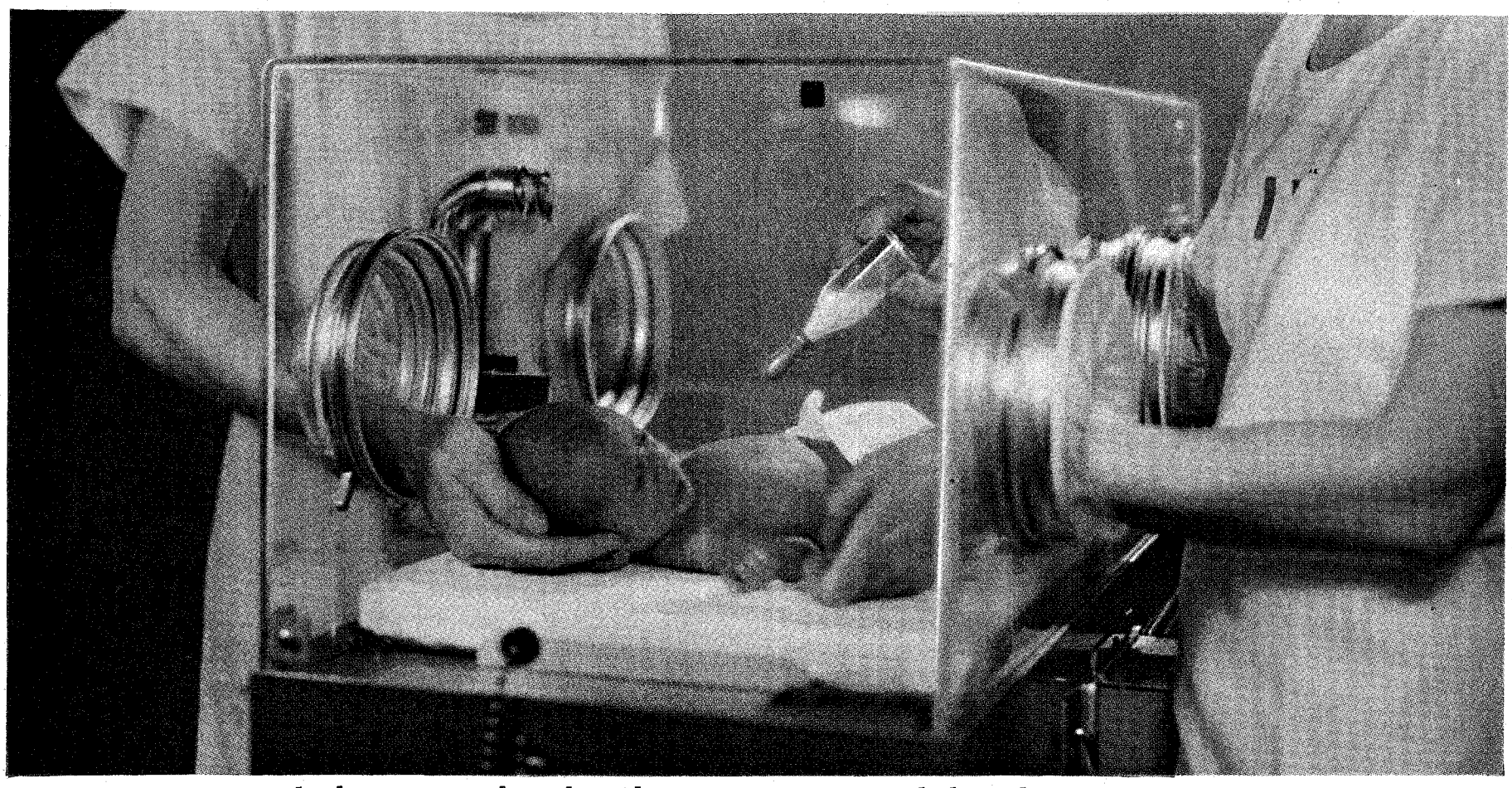


Glass ampuls to protect them



... even a very special **glass nursing bottle** to help premature babies thrive

A *little known* product from Owens-Illinois is the Lundeen nursing bottle for premature infants. As pictured above, this tiny bottle, sold by Glasco Products Company of Chicago, permits the nurse to feed the premature child in his incubator—easily, accurately, under absolute sanitary conditions.

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Old Enough to Drive (Continued from Page 29)

motorcycle—remember? You said that when I was sixteen I could get a car to tinker with. Didn't you, dad?"

David knew when he was whipped.

He nodded. "Yes, Jimmy, I did."

"Yippee!" Jimmy said. "Can I go up and get it now, dad? Can I? Freddy said he'd help me tow it home."

"Now, wait a minute," David said. "Just slow down. I said you could get a car. This—this——"

"Ferritalia," Jimmy said.

"Yes, whatever it is seems a little complicated for a first effort. Couldn't you find a good Model T or something?"

"A Model T!" Molly said. "What's a Model T?"

"It's a perfectly good car," David said. "I remember when I was a boy, we——"

"Holy smokes, dad," Jimmy said. "It has a planetary transmission."

"It has?" David said.

"And even if you could find one in fair condition, which I doubt, you just can't wind them up. They have a splash oiling system."

"Is that so?" David said. He was beginning to be sorry he had mentioned the Model T.

"And this Ferritalia even has a body by Giani."

"I still don't see why we can't have a car that I can use too," Molly said. "I'm two years older, and there's a '48 model over at Cosart's that only costs three hundred and seventy-five dollars. And it runs!"

"So it runs," Jimmy scoffed.

"That's more than your precious Ferritalia does," Molly said.

"You just wait," Jimmy said. "It'll run the wheels off anything around here."

"All right," David said. "You two go upstairs and clean up for dinner. Your mother and I will make a decision about the car."

The children went upstairs, mumbling to each other.

"It's just what you've been preaching to him ever since he was able to understand what you said," Susan said.

"I've been preaching?"

"Buy good things, you always said. Don't throw your money away on junk. Once you've determined what you absolutely need, save your money until you can buy the best in its class. In the long run, the best things you buy are the cheapest."

"I was talking about shoes, about typewriters, about socks and sporting goods, not about automobiles."

"It's the same thing. Jimmy knows more about cars than you'll ever know, David. If he wants this Ferritalia, let him have it. At least it'll keep him busy."

"All right," David said. "Provided you don't say anything to Judith Garber about it. George would laugh his head off if he knew that I let Jimmy buy some old wreck that doesn't even run for four hundred dollars. He'd say that it was typical and he takes a dim view of my lack of mechanical acumen."

The next evening, David Harkness swung into his driveway, started to pull into his garage, and then hit the brake. He turned off his switch and stared out through the windshield, then got out of his car and walked into the garage. Jimmy was supervising three other youngsters, who were wearing coveralls with "Cam Twisters" emblazoned on the back. A chain block had been rigged from a cross beam and a black hunk of metal which David reasoned was an automobile engine, hung from the block. David looked at his four-hundred-dollar purchase and winced. The tires—rotted pieces of rubber—stood in a corner. The car sat on wire wheels red with rust. The top of the car had been removed and it sat in another corner, looking much like a tired tent. The leather upholstery was cracked, and pieces of wire and padding poked out through the cracks.

"Hi, dad," Jimmy said. "Here she is. Isn't she a beaut?"

It was not precisely the word that David would have used to describe the car. Several more pungent adjectives came to mind.

The young fellows in coveralls, all of whom David had seen around the house, worked away, speaking a strange language which David could not begin to translate. Their hands were blackened with grease and they had the air of concentration given only to scientists.

David saw that he wouldn't be able to get his car into the garage for some time, said, "Well, good luck with it," and went into the house.

Susan was making a salad. "Hi," she said.

"Four hundred dollars!" David moaned. He waved his hand toward the garage. "Why, that thing will never run again, if it ever did."

"I must admit that I expected a bit more," Susan said, "but then, you know Jimmy. I haven't a doubt that it will, as he said, run the pants off anything in town."

Molly came into the kitchen. "Well!" she said. "Did you see it?"

"Uh-huh," David said.

"Honestly!" Molly said. "You'd think it was something precious or something. And they're so smug about it. That Harold White!"

"Who's Harold White?" David said.

"The greasiest of those greasy goons out there," Molly said. "Just because they're all covered with grease, they think nobody has a brain. . . . Mother, what is it about a man that makes him some sort of superior being just as soon as he gets greasy?"

"Men," Susan said, "are just little boys at heart. They love to play in dirt."

Molly went into the dining room. They could hear her mumbling to herself about men, and about how she was going to have a career, and that Harold White could just jolly well drown himself in grease, for all she cared.

"What gets me," David said, "is how they're going to get that thing put back together. The thing is spread all over the garage. Four hundred bucks!"

He shook his head, went into the front room and picked up the evening paper.

When Susan called them for dinner, Jimmy came to the table, his hands miraculously flesh-colored, his eyes gleaming. "Boy!" he said. "That thing is built like a watch!" He launched into an involved explanation of timing chains, camshafts, counterbalanced crankshafts and torsion-bar suspension. "And those wheels! Beautiful!"

"Beautiful and rusty," Molly said.

"They're Boroni wheels, lamebrain," Jimmy said. "Knock off that surface rust and rechrome 'em, and you really got something."

"Oh?" Molly said. "And what have you got? It still doesn't run."

"Doesn't run—doesn't run," Jimmy said. "A lot you know."

"Well, does it?"

"You wait," Jimmy said. "You'll be begging for a ride."

"That'll be the day!" Molly said.

"That's enough," David said. "Eat your dinner. We'll reserve judgment for the time being."

After dinner Jimmy went out to the garage, came in an hour and a half later. Susan and David were playing gin rummy. "Mother, where's your big roasting pan?"

"In the cupboard to the right of the stove," Susan said, her mind intent on the game.

Some time later they went out to the kitchen to make coffee. The large roasting pan was on the breakfast-nook table, filled with some sort of fluid in which weird-looking parts were soaking.

David went to the back door and yelled, "Jimmy!"

Jimmy came into the kitchen. "Yes?"

David pointed. "Just what is all this junk doing in the breakfast nook?"

"Gee, dad, that isn't junk. They're carburetors. I have to soak them in that carburetor cleaning fluid. There's no heat in the garage and the light isn't good. They're delicate. I figured on working on them later."

"My roasting pan!" Susan yelped.

"Gee, ma, it was the only thing big enough," Jimmy said reasonably.

In the days that followed, Operation Ferritalia threatened to take over the entire house. The carburetors took over the breakfast nook, roller bearings and nuts and bolts and screws and washers soaked in distillate in Jimmy's room, connecting rods and wrist pins and pistons and rings and gaskets and cylinder head and pan and camshafts took over the basement. Lined up carefully were valves with a printed note: DO NOT TOUCH ON PAIN OF DEATH. Susan opened the oven one day to find a generator and starter inside.

"Drying out," Jimmy explained.

... ...

Bared

By Edward A. Lawrence

There are smiles that,
Underneath,
Seem predominantly
Teeth.

... ...

Getting a car into the garage was an impossibility, so the family sedan sat outside in the fall rains. "My four-thousand-dollar car sits out in that downpour," David screamed, "while that four-hundred-dollar pile of junk sits in the garage!"

The top to the Ferritalia disappeared. "Artie Hansen's uncle is a sailmaker," Jimmy explained. "He's going to put on a new top for just the cost of the material." The wheels followed the top. "We got 'em over at Contrero's Automotive, getting 'em rechromed," Jimmy said.

Their food bills rose alarmingly, since very often three or four of the Cam Twisters stayed for dinner, so they could work on the car right afterward.

Strange boys arrived one Saturday afternoon and loaded the body of the Ferritalia on a truck. "Body men," Jimmy said, waving. "Pee Wee's dad has a body and paint shop. We can use his equipment if we pay for the materials." The body disappeared.

Then one Saturday afternoon the expressman arrived with a heavy package. "Harkness?" he asked.

David admitted it.

"One hundred and twelve sixty-two. Collect."

"What?" David yelled.

"Says right here." The man pointed with a finger. "From Italy."

"Take it back," David said.

"To Italy?"

Jimmy came running out of the garage. "They got here! Hey, fellows!"

The Cam Twisters poured out of the garage, crowded around the deliveryman; one of the boys got the box, and they tore into it. When the contents were laid bare, they looked reverently.

"What are they?" David said.

"Pistons."

"One hundred and twelve sixty-two," the expressman said, "worth of pistons."

"By the Lord Harry," David said, "this is the end! This is the absolute and final end! . . . Jimmy, what in the name of heaven do you mean by ordering one hundred and twelve dollars' worth of pistons from Italy?"

"And sixty-two cents," the man said. "Cash."

"We got it," Jimmy said.

"Where?"

"In the Number One cylinder." Jimmy went into the garage, and came back carrying a handful of greasy bank notes. He counted out one hundred and thirteen dollars. The man gave Jimmy the change, looked at the box of pistons, shook his head and left.

"Come into the house, Jimmy," David said. He went into the kitchen. Jimmy followed him. "Now, kindly explain where you got one hundred and thirteen dollars."

"It's kind of a long story," Jimmy said.

"I have all afternoon," David said grimly.

"Well, you remember you were telling me about how a business gets started when a man doesn't have enough money?"

"No, but go ahead."

"He incorporates, you said. He puts up so much and then he gets some other guys to put up so much, and he gives 'em stock in the company. So I sort of incorporated."

"You incorporated?"

"Sort of. And you said that a man could buy back the stock when he got the money, so he'd own the whole business. So I sold eight shares to the Cam Twisters for twenty-five bucks a share. We had to have the pistons, dad," Jimmy explained.

"And what do the Cam Twisters get out of this momentous transaction?"

"Well, gee, they get the experience, and you said that if people doing the work have shares in the corporation, they work harder, you said. So I figured the fellows wouldn't lose interest if they had shares. So if there's something big on—you know—like a fancy school dance or a picnic, the stockholders can use the car on a rotation basis. See?"

"I think so," David said. "And have you figured out how you're going to buy back two hundred dollars' worth of stock in Operation Ferritalia?"

"Sure," Jimmy said. "I already talked to Mr. Freeman, at the bank. When the car is finished, he said he'd loan me two hundred on it. The payments would be about eighteen a month. You'd have to sign the note, he explained."

"Of course. And how do you figure on meeting the payments?"

"Well, when the car is finished, I can take over that long paper route across the river. They have to use a car out there, and I already talked to Mr. Masterson, of the circulation department. I got it all figured out, dad."

"Great," David said.

"The tires will cost us sixty-four bucks, 'cause we got a buy on them, so that's one seventy-six for tires and pistons, and Mr. Contrero will do the chrome job on the wheels for nothing, 'cause the automotive editor of the paper is going to run a feature story on how we restored the car, and he'll take pictures in front of Contrero's Automotive, and so Mr. Contrero will charge it off to advertising, he said. See?"

"I think so," David said.

The word got around. Monday at luncheon, his boss looked across the table at him and grinned. "David, what's this I hear about you paying four hundred dollars for some white elephant that had to be towed into your garage?" Mr. Garber winked at the others around the luncheon table.

David turned red, and then, not knowing what else to do, assumed a lofty attitude. "Oh, I don't know whether it's such a white elephant."

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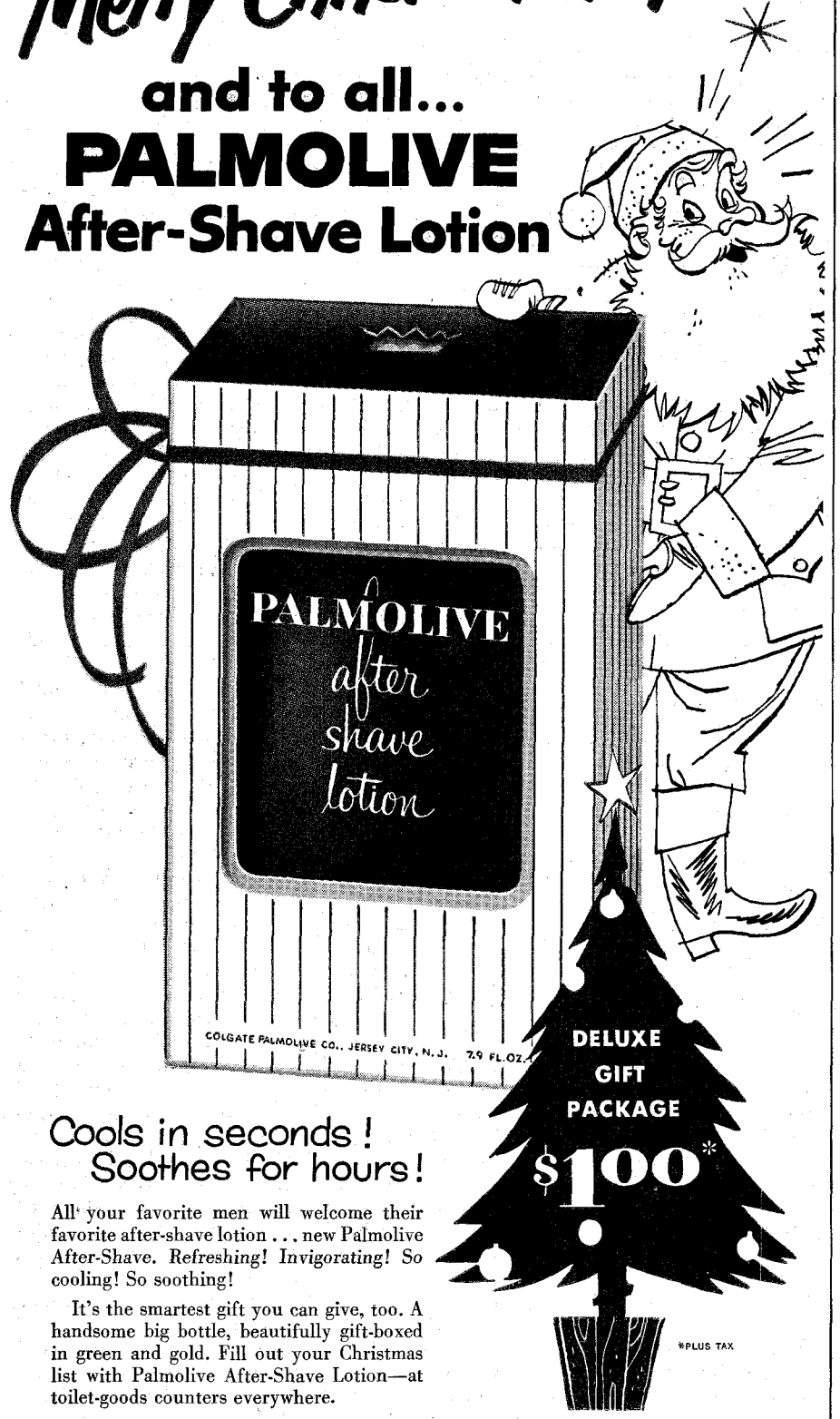

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"The thing didn't even have tires, I understand. Now, David, you do know that a car müst have tires. You know those round rubber things that fit on the wheels." Mr. Garber was really enjoying himself.

"I know this," David said, quoting Jimmy, but not knowing what he was talking about: "this car has a six-cylinder, double overhead cam mill, and the sweetest torsion-bar suspension system you ever saw. Finned brake drums that will haul you down like hitting a brick wall. Boroni wheels, twelve-volt ignition system, and it'll run the pants off anything you characters drive." David got out of his chair. "Well, I have to get back to work."

Mr. Garber, stunned, watched David go out the door, and then he said, "Well, I'll be a striped mongoose!"

Several days later the pans full of parts left the kitchen and the basement. Lights burned late in the Harkness garage and quiet mumblings came from the boys. Jimmy became preoccupied and answered in monosyllables, ate his food in an absent-minded manner and returned to the garage. Once, David asked him what the trouble was.

"No trouble," he said. "Fitting wrist pins."

"Honestly!" Molly said. "They act as if they're delivering a baby or something! They've got the garage door locked and you can't even see what they're doing."

Susan made great plates of sandwiches and poured out milk, and at nine each evening knocked on the garage door and handed the food through the door as if she were feeding prisoners.

"This entire household is revolving around that thing in the garage," David said. "There must be more important things in this world."

"Not to Jimmy," Susan said.

"You saw his report card last week?"

"Yes," Susan said. "I also remember seeing one of yours once."

"Nevertheless," David said, "he's going to finish that project out there and get back to doing his school work or I'll know the reason why."

"I already know the reason why," Susan said. "He's sixteen and a boy."

"Listen!" Molly said.

They listened. There was a backfire, then a muffled roar, and then a low, rumbling sound from the garage.

"It's running!" Molly said, awed.

"Thank heaven!" Susan said.

Half an hour later, Jimmy came into the house, his eyes shining. "Did you hear it? Oh, brother! We just turned it over and off she went. Eddie balanced a glass on the radiator cap, just like a Rolls. The sweetest thing this side of heaven."

"And when," David said, "is the unveiling of this heavenly thing?"

"Saturday afternoon," Jimmy said. "All we have to do is fit the body, the upholstery, the top, and assemble the rear end."

This seemed like a major undertaking to David, but he had learned not to question the workings of genius.

On Saturday afternoon David drove home, pulled into his driveway, put on the brake, stopped and nearly fell out of his car.

There, sitting in the garage, was a long, low car with sloping fenders, the finish a sparkling red. The wire wheels were shining like jewels, the top was almost a stark white, and spotless. David got out of his car. Jimmy and six other boys just stood and looked. Susan was standing to one side, tears in her eyes. Molly stood beside the boy she had called "a greasy goon," her arm linked through his. A gentle muttering came from twin exhaust pipes.

"There she is, dad," Jimmy said.

David looked. "Holy catfish!" he said. Even a man who knew nothing of motor cars could see the purity of design, could not fail to appreciate the knowledge and work involved in transposing an uninspiring hunk of metal which had to be towed, into this shining creation of grace and beauty.

"Twelve coats of lacquer, dad," Jimmy said. "Racing red. And look at this leatherwork." He opened the door. The thick red leather, rich and soft, had been patiently hand-sewn and fitted into the old cushions.

David ran his hand over the leather. He walked around in back. The spare tire had a handmade canvas cover, the same material as the top. A Cam Twister's emblem was bolted just under the license plate.

"When we get the engine run in," Harold White said, "it'll clock over a hundred, easy."

David turned away and went into the house. Susan followed him. "What's the matter, David?"

David rummaged in the cupboard and got a bottle of bourbon. He made two highballs, keeping his face averted. He handed one to Susan. "Let's have a small drink to Operation Ferritalia. Those kids." He shook his head.

"You'd better wipe your eyes," Susan said. "I think Jimmy wants you to take the first ride."

Fifteen minutes later Jimmy came into the kitchen. "Dad, we took a vote. We decided you should have the first ride."

"Thank you," David said. He went outside and got into the car. Jimmy eased the red beauty out of the garage and pulled out into the street. He went through the gears. The engine rumbled a sound of controlled power.

"Where you want to go, dad?"

"Drive," David said, "up Riverside Drive. I would like to stop at George Garber's place."

David's boss was out in his yard, putting sawdust around his plants. When he saw the Ferritalia pull up in front of his home and stop, he turned around, his expression that of a man who had just seen little green men climbing out of a flying saucer. He walked over to the car, walked around it, muttering to himself. He stopped beside David.

"A Ferritalia!" he breathed. "A 1937 Ferritalia."

"A pile of junk," David said. "A white elephant for four hundred bucks."

"Where in the world did you get it?" Mr. Garber said. "Why, I've been looking for one for ten years."

"In a barn," Jimmy said.

"We had to put tires on it," David said. "You know those round things that go on wheels?"

Mr. Garber stared at the car. He nearly drooled. "I don't suppose you'd want to sell it?" he asked plaintively.

"Afraid not," Jimmy said. "Dad and I worked too hard getting her in shape to want to sell her now."

Mr. Garber squinted at David. "You young squirt," he said, "leading me on, letting me think you didn't know a camshaft from a carburetor. Why, I ought to tie the can to you."

David grinned, sure of himself now. "If you do," he said, "we'll never give you a ride."

"Blackmail," Mr. Garber grunted. "I suppose if I made you second vice-president you'd even let me drive it."

"We'll think it over," David said. . . . "Let's go, Jimmy."

"You drive home, dad," Jimmy said. He got out from behind the wheel and went around the car.

David slid behind the wheel, put the car in gear and started rolling. The twin exhausts barked defiance at Mr. George Garber. David stared straight ahead as people watched them pass. Finally he turned to his son. "Pretty hot little mill," he said, "for a white elephant." THE END

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Racial Crisis in the Deep South

(Continued from Page 26)

finish," says Ellis W. Wright, president of the Citizens Council in Jackson, the state capital.

Here is the Mississippi president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People commenting on his state organization's demands for integration.

"We just gave them the courtesy title of petitions, but they were more in the nature of ultimatums," says Dr. A. H. McCoy, Negro dentist, warning that if violence will follow, "some white blood will flow too."

And now Bem Price, an able and objective roving correspondent of the Associated Press, who recently wrote a penetrating series on the South since the Supreme Court's integration decision. Commented Price, after noting that there is some movement toward desegregation in border and Southwestern states:

"Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Alabama and Florida, however, are ranging themselves in the anti-integration columns. But nowhere have race tensions reached the same peak as in Mississippi. Both sides in Mississippi have made clear publicly that this is a no-quarter battle. Each has ruled out compromise."

Two years ago, even a year and a half ago, I would have challenged these statements. We were making notable headway in Mississippi in the matter of living together; perhaps not so fast nor in so many directions as impatient people might want, but undeniably we were getting ahead. New schools, hospitals and recreational facilities were reducing the material inequalities between Negro and white. Adding to the Negro's status as a citizen were a five-year record of no lynchings, a tendency—however grudging—to give the Negro the vote, and a continuous insistence from the judicial benches, the pulpits and the newspapers of Mississippi upon equal justice.

And we Mississippians, who are usually more sensitive than most people to the opinions of others, even while denying the validity of such opinions, were finding ourselves praised beyond our borders for what we were doing in agricultural development, in industrial growth, in human relationships and even in social legislation.

But now has come a foreboding interruption of our purposefulness and growing amity. It dates from the decision of the United States Supreme Court, a year and a half ago, which held that segregated public schools were unconstitutional. This is not the time to argue the merits or demerits of that decision. Say simply that the decision was inevitable. But let me add that it hasn't meant anything in those Southern areas where the Negro's numbers are the highest in proportion to the white population. Especially this hasn't meant anything in Mississippi. That is, it hasn't meant anything good.

White Mississippi's universal refusal to accept the court's decision is determined and angry. That should have been expected. What is much more dangerous is the retrogression at every point of racial contact, and the innumerable bits of evidence that relations between the two races in Mississippi are steadily worsening.

Let's look at some of them:

(1) In Lincoln County, Mississippi, a Negro who was politically active in behalf of one white candidate in a contest for a county office was shot to death in daytime before a considerable number of witnesses, almost in the shadow of the courthouse last summer. Three white men were arrested as his slayers. But they could not be indicted because the state could not find a single witness, white or Negro, who would testify before the grand jury.

(2) A few weeks before the Till murder, a white man was found guilty in one Mississippi county of the rape of a Negro girl. In another county a Negro man was found guilty of the rape of a white woman. The Negro received the death sentence. The white man got two years.

(3) Last spring in Belzoni, Mississippi, a Negro minister was shot to death while driving in his automobile after dark. He had been a leader in Negro efforts in the county to gain the vote and was a member of the NAACP.

(4) Elsewhere in the state two other Negro ministers who sought the ballot for fellow Negroes were beaten.

(5) The number of Negro voters in Mississippi, out of a Negro population of more than 900,000, has dropped from an estimated 20,000 five years ago to less than 9000; and the total will hardly increase, thanks in part to an amendment to the state's constitution which requires that registrants must be able to read, write and interpret any portion of the constitution which is given them to read. No Negroes vote in Tallahatchie County, where the Till boy's body was found.

And more significant than any of these examples of violence and tension is the story of what has happened to two white men in Holmes County, Mississippi, where the Negro population is 73 per cent of the total. They have been "advised" to leave the county. They have not yet decided whether they will leave or stay.

One of these men is Dr. D. R. Minter, a forty-three-year-old physician, a native of North Carolina, the son of one Presbyterian minister and brother of another, a missionary-minded idealist, who, upon his return as a lieutenant colonel from three years of service in the Pacific, began medical practice at an obscure co-operative plantation, Providence community, in a remote section of Holmes County.

His associate in this venture is A. E. Cox, a native Texan, a graduate of Texas Christian University and associate of Sherwood Eddy. Cox has been operating the plantation for thirteen years, and has maintained a federally chartered credit union which makes loans to small Negro farmers and tenants. Both men are married. Each is the father of three young children. Mrs. Cox, a registered nurse, works with Doctor Minter in the community's clinic. Mrs. Minter is secretary and receptionist for the clinic.

Because of the co-operative nature of the farm and the pair's unfathomable ministry to Negroes, they have for a long time been looked upon with suspicion. Animosities came to a head about a year ago when Doctor Minter testified for the defense in the libel trial of an aggressive young newspaper editor in the county, Mrs. Hazel Brannon Smith, who had accused the sheriff of unnecessarily shooting a Negro while dispersing a Saturday-night gathering. Doctor Minter treated the Negro. The sheriff denied that the boy was even shot. Mrs. Smith was found guilty in Circuit Court of libel to the tune of $10,000. In November the Mississippi Supreme Court unanimously reversed the verdict in a decision which contained a forthright rebuke to jury and sheriff.

There were also other reasons for animosity. All of them were lumped together as "proof" that the two men were communists. In the summer of 1955 rumors began to be circulated in the county that there was mixed swimming in the plantation's small pool and that unsegregated gatherings of an unspecified nature were being held. The climax came in September at a mass meeting of 400 to 500 white citizens of the county, with the two men present. The gathering heard a two-hour recording of statements made by six Negroes who were questioned about an unrelated incident—the use of obscene language to a white girl by one of them—in which the Negroes, in response to leading questions, said in brief that the men had advocated and practiced racial integration. The accused men, both Southerners, insisted, amid heckling and audible threats, that they had not violated Southern racial taboos. But they have been subjected to anonymous phone calls and threatening letters. They lived for ten nights under intermittent guard of highway policemen and sheriff's deputies.

The mass meeting was presided over by a newly elected member of the State Legislature and head of the Tchula chapter of the Citizens Councils. John Herbers, the United Press' bureau chief in Jackson, reported in an uncontradicted signed story that the meeting was held under the auspices—unofficial, as is usual—of the county's Citizens Councils, branches of the white vigilante organizations which were born in the nearby county of Sunflower almost coincidentally with the Supreme Court's decision. The recorded interrogation was directed by the county attorney, head of the Lexington chapter, and participated in by a half-dozen citizens—also council members—who held no law-enforcement positions.

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The ideal children's game is one that doesn't always end up in a fight.

DAN BENNETT

●

Those incidents and others are taking place to a drumfire accompaniment of angry speeches, denunciation of outside interference and a deluge of inflammatory letters to editors of Mississippi newspapers and to the adjoining Louisiana and New Orleans metropolitan dailies. On every hand one hears, "It's going to get worse before it gets better." We listen to tales of the disappearance from hardware stores of all available arms and ammunition and rumors of secret meetings of men of both races.

Individual Negroes and Negro groups, in and outside of Mississippi, are also guilty of adding fuel to the fire.

(1) Near Memphis, just over the Mississippi line, only a few days after the Till trial, six young Negroes, two of them barely older than Till himself, beat a white man, kidnaped his woman companion and raped her repeatedly. Both the man and woman testified that when the Negroes saw them in a parked car, one of her assailants shouted, "There's a white woman! Let's get her!" When they forced the man from his car, they told him to get going because "One of our boys was killed down in Mississippi the other day and we're liable to kill you."

(2) Negro ministers and political leaders in Memphis, planning a church campaign to register "at least 60,000 voting Negroes" before the city election on November tenth, heard one of their principal spokesmen say, "This is no time to talk loud and wave an empty gun," an appeal which was not taken in adjoining Mississippi in the symbolic way in which it was undoubtedly meant, and which since it implied bloc voting, was provocative enough.

(3) At a New York mass meeting, Dr. T. R. M. Howard, the most militant of the Mississippi Negro leaders, boasted of how he was protected night and day by two armed bodyguards, a display of precaution which, however well it might be received elsewhere, is considered downright revolutionary in Mississippi. At the same mass meeting, angered Negroes, listening to a principal spokesman of the NAACP, began a chant of "March! March! March!"

(4) In Chicago, Till's body was laid out in state for three days while highly wrought-up Negroes and other citizens milled around the body, many of them promising violent vengeance. The prolonged wake was not designed either to improve relations in Mississippi or to provide any solution of Mississippi's crisis.

(5) In the weeks immediately following the Till trial there were a number of reports by motorists along Mississippi highways of bricks being thrown through their car windows, allegedly by lurking Negroes. Mississippi tourists in the Midwest report being cursed by Negroes.

(6) A planter in Washington County reported to my newspaper that during his absence from his plantation a group of Negroes in an automobile bearing an Illinois license plate and described by tenants as being from Chicago, assertedly tried to persuade tenants to leave his place and come to Chicago, where "they could be free."

(7) In Chicago and elsewhere, Negro political leaders and chapters of NAACP have resoundingly demanded such absurdities as the sending of Federal troops to Mississippi, the disenfranchisement of all its citizens and the same kind of economic retaliation it denounces in the Citizens Councils.

On each side of the color line the growing ill will is rooted in fear—fear on the Negro's part that the white man is again determined to destroy or negate his civil rights and return him to an old bondage; fear among the white people that the Negro is bent on retaliation and political domination; and, far worse, a fear that is sexual in its nature—namely, that the intimacy of public-school association will in time lead to the most complete human intimacy with miscegenation as the end result.

This sexual alarm may help explain the failure to convict the men accused of slaying Emmett Till. His behavior, however trivial, was sexually offensive. Nor is this reaction racially one-sided. The editor of the Negro paper in my city, while editorially condemning the misbehavior of Negro men toward white women, wrote that "in the meantime the white people of our communities should stop their white men from meddling and chasing Negro women on the streets. White people who have the leadership of our communities must see to it that elements in their group who are guilty of such conduct should be punished just as a Negro is punished for his conduct."

White Mississippians answer their critics with counterquestions. Why wasn't the Memphis rape played up in the Northern press, they ask, as was the Till case? Or the rape-murder that so horrified the citizens of Houston, Texas? Or the wanton shooting down of a Mississippi storekeeper and his wife by a Negro motorist from Illinois when the pair protested the behavior of the group of which he was a member in front of their store?

Why, they ask, doesn't the Northern observer make anything out of the fact that, both North and South, the Negro, numbering only 10 per cent of the national population, commits proportionately far more crimes of violence against the white majority and against his own fellows as well than do the whites against the Negro? Why do so many non-Southern newspapers refuse to identify the Negro wrongdoer as such, while identifying by race the outstanding Negro and by region the offending Southern white? Why do some national publications make blanket accusations against an entire state for the failure of twelve men to punish the alleged offenders? Why did they describe the Till murder as a lynching? And why, in order to prove their point, do they place halos above Negro victims, who,

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whatever else they may be, were certainly not angels? Why is all of Mississippi blamed for such crimes, with reputable Northern newspapers declaring that the character of the Till murder trial showed how abysmally set in the dark ages Mississippians in general are? Does not the conduct of the Till-case judge and prosecutors, the protests by Mississippi's newspapers and the general public's revulsion contradict such a blanket indictment? Is all Illinois guilty because three boys were horribly murdered there? Does not the NAACP use political and economic pressures? So ask Mississippians.

The non-Southerner may say that this reaction indicates a hypersensitivity to just criticism, a guilt complex, an unhealthy preoccupation with race. Perhaps, but none the less real or threatening for all that.

I know that probably a majority of the white people in Mississippi feel that ours is a beleaguered state, a surrounded island in a sea of compromise or surrender to integration. North and south and east and west of Mississippi, the state universities of Tennessee, Louisiana, Arkansas and Alabama have opened or are about to open their doors to Negro students. Mississippians read in their papers that 134,000 Negro students are attending integrated schools in eight formerly segregated states and the District of Columbia; and they stare apprehensively at Hoxie, Arkansas, not far from Mississippi's western border, where the enrollment of a handful of Negro children among 500 white students has made of the drab little village a near battleground. They read the warning literature of the Citizens Councils and the sex-ridden pamphlets and leaflets of psychopathic hatemongers, and the gleeful text and pictures in Negro national publications, all dwelling upon the threat or the reality of racial intermarriage, and they grow no less afraid. They listen as political leaders, from governors and United States senators to city councilmen, counsel disobedience, evasion and educational anarchy. They hear the injunctions to the Negro to use the ballot as his weapon, and they look at the state's heavily Negro counties, where no or almost no Negroes now vote; and they vow to keep things that way. They inspect the Air Force bases in Mississippi, and see there the workings of nonsegregation on the training fields and in the barracks and swimming pools and clubs, and their fear moves them to swear that such things won't happen beyond the borders of the bases, no matter what it takes to prevent them. All the time they are conscious that time itself is running out on them.

And they nourish their hate and fears upon a passionate antagonism against the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the organization which comes out ahead of the Communist Party—with which they emotionally identify it—as the fountainhead of all evil and woe.

This wrath is understandable in human terms. It has been the NAACP which has bested the traditional South in every legal battle from the Negro's right to Democratic Party membership to the school-integration decision. It is the NAACP which comes to the aid of the Southern Negro accused of violent crime; which has called incendiary mass meetings throughout the North; which has mocked Southern attitudes with impunity, refused any compromise and employed the tools of ridicule, reverse racism and unending belligerence which the Southerner would resent from any source and especially from members of the racial group which in Mississippi generally keeps its collective mouth shut. It is the NAACP which, in full-page ads in Eastern newspapers, calls for an end to "racial tyranny in Mississippi," urging Americans to contribute to its war chest in order "literally to help save the American way of life." And the fact that much of the NAACP's bill of particulars would stand up in court doesn't help make its accusations any more acceptable. The hatred that is concentrated upon the NAACP surpasses in its intensity any emotional reaction that I have witnessed in my Southern lifetime. And it may be added that the hatred for the white South among NAACP members may well match it.

So what now?

I am trying to write measuredly. During the past summer I was absent from Mississippi and the South for some three months. Possibly because of this absence, I was not prepared for the deterioration which I found when I came home at September's end. From every person of both races to whom I have talked since—and they number many scores—I have had almost identical comment: "There's going to be worse trouble," they say, or "It's going to get worse before it gets better."

Save for a detestable handful, these dismayed yet determined people are not professional rabble-rousers or demagogues or chronic pessimists. Among them are ministers and priests and businessmen, large-scale planters, small farmers and embittered poor whites, Negro tenants, lifelong Southerners and newcomers. They have one common denominator, their common infection with a sense of tragedy.

It is not reassuring to have a sober-minded friend say that he has put a curfew on his wife and daughters for fear of racially motivated violence. Or to have a farmer, angry beyond reason, enter my office and reveal that he and his fellows had planned to give me a going-over, and would have, except that they didn't want to "give the NAACP an incident." Or to have a citizen whose people have lived in this river country for four generations say that if it weren't for the complexity and size and obligations of his holdings, he would move to a more relaxed land. Or to be berated incessantly because we wanted the Till boy's murderers to be punished. Or to discover the names of respected fellow citizens among the announced leadership of the chapter of the Citizens Councils which at long last was recently organized in our city.

Yet those white Mississippians who fear, and other Americans, white and black, who believe that there is any chance for significant or even token integration in the black-belt schools need neither fear nor hope. There is no chance within the ascertainable future. Negro parents may continue to sign petitions, even though their jobs become immediately forfeit, but—and of this I am sure, after talking to numbers of them—the same parents aren't going to follow through with any meaningful attempt actually to enroll their children in the dominantly Negro counties.

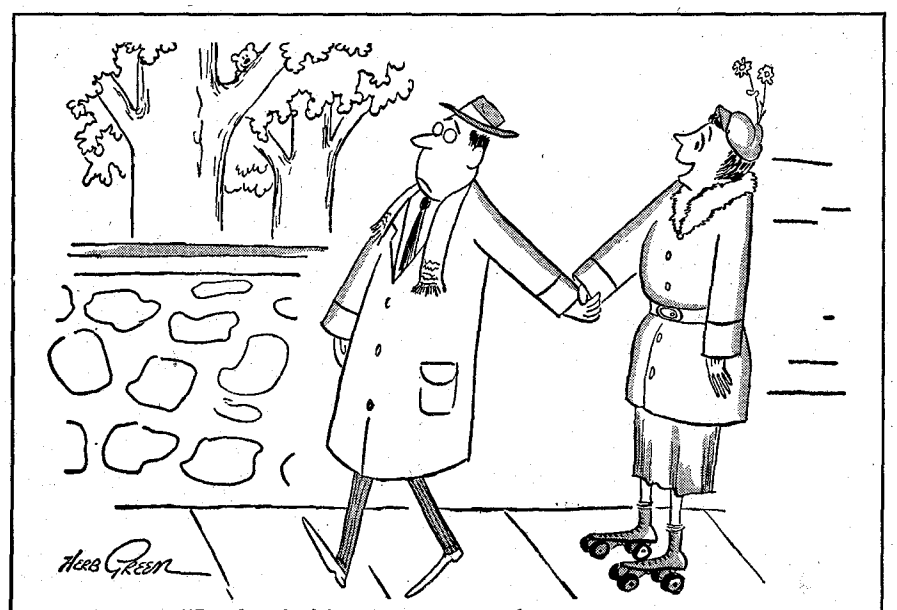
I am not prophesying what is going to happen in other Southern regions. But integration is not going to become a reality in the black belts of Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, Louisiana and Georgia or in many areas in other Southern states until and unless the white people of those states change their minds—which isn't likely for a long time to come.

Nor in my state is there much likelihood of widespread assertion by the Negro citizen of his right to the ballot. An amendment to the state constitution, as previously noted, permits virtual disenfranchisement of any citizens by any registrar who wishes to exercise the right of challenge which it grants him. The economic club, which hangs over the counties with Negro majorities, will take care of most would-be voters anyway.

And to judge from the record to date, those who shudder at the possibility of equal justice for all men in Mississippi also have nothing to fear. That record indicates that there will continue to be almost no possibility for a white man, found guilty of a crime against a Negro, to receive a penalty as severe as is meted out to a Negro for the same offense against a white.

Why is all this so? Let's talk in percentages, the factor which our critics elsewhere most often overlook. Mississippi has still the highest proportion of Negroes to whites in the United States, and the pressure of numbers remains the principal gauge of tolerance everywhere. The percentage is decreasing radically. Nevertheless, in more than half of Mississippi's counties, Negroes form a majority of from anywhere from 55 to almost 80 per cent. In these same counties the percentage of educated Negroes is the lowest in the state and by far the lowest in the South and the nation. More Negro Mississippians work as farm and plantation laborers, proportionately, than in any other state; and the classic relation of landowner to plantation worker is not conducive to mutual respect. Mississippi has almost the highest percentage of rural to urban dwellers, another factor unhelpful to moderation of attitudes. According to a recent news story, 65 out of 100 Mississippi college graduates go elsewhere to seek their fortunes, which has an obvious meaning if education itself has meaning. Percentage-wise, as has been already pointed out, Mississippi has the lowest per-capita income and nearly the highest rate of illiteracy in the nation. The cultural lag between the two races in Mississippi is wider than that between any other sizable racial groups in the nation.

And over and above all these factors and others is the emotional conviction of a majority of Mississippians that ours is a misunderstood and abused state.



"Look at it this way—now you have company on your long walks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But there are hopeful signs too. Newspapers thrive upon the startling, the dramatic, the tragic, the violent and the challenging. They generally tend to play down the good side of the everyday news. I would like to illustrate this by listing a few happenings in Mississippi which took place at about the same time as the Till trial. They are limited in number because they are taken entirely from the files of my own small paper.

Within this short period a white girl risked her life to rescue a Negro child from the river in which Emmett Till's body was found. . . . Our town raised sufficient funds, amounting to more than $2000, donated by both races, to send our Negro high-school band to New York—the only band invited from the state of Mississippi—to participate in the Negro Elks Convention parade. . . . Our school board authorized the construction of the third Negro school to be built in our little city since World War II. . . . A second Negro staff physician was appointed to the state mental hospital. . . . A new Negro assistant county agent reported for duty in our county, and our newspaper published his picture and an account of his background, which includes service in Korea. . . . We published also a three-column picture and story about a former Negro sharecropper in our county who is grossing $200 a day with a mechanical cottonpicker which he bought in used condition for $3000.

There are other forces at work in Mississippi which can temper and may eventually end this conflict.

Normal human revulsion against unfairness may be one such force. In the wake of the mass meeting in Mississippi's Holmes County, at which the doctor and plantation manager were told to leave the state, there came reports that at least a minority of those citizens present at the meeting were ashamed. There is also the very human difficulty to remain incensed and combative when no real enemy presents itself.

Two other forces may become more effective in time. One is economic, the other spiritual. Many successful, business-minded Mississippians know that the present situation can be greatly harmful to our state's worth-while and intelligently conceived program to balance our agricultural economy with industry. Already Mississippi has attracted since World War II nearly 100 major industries, some of them with branch plants and others which have completely rooted themselves in Mississippi. They have come for a number of reasons: a plentiful and willing labor supply, availability of raw materials, new markets, a co-operative plant-building program, and so on. In many instances they have come in search of peace, for behind them were the memories and the realities of labor turmoil. These newcomers do not want to exchange one sort of strife for another. I think that our more responsible leaders are becoming aware of this.

And there is a second, and potentially the most important factor, the spiritual force about which one speaks gingerly and even self-consciously. The South has a reputation for being religious. In the black-belt counties some of the clergy, especially the younger clergy, may be skeptical as to the depth and breadth of the South's religious impulses, for many of them have either been silenced or simply exiled because they have spoken for man's unity. But this spiritual reservoir, nevertheless exists. The Christian world knows that it will endure, despite the silencing or banishment of clergymen.

Meanwhile, ours is a besieged state, but one not inclined to surrender. No one should expect that a decision of a Supreme Court can soon or conclusively change a whole people's thinking. That must be understood. THE END

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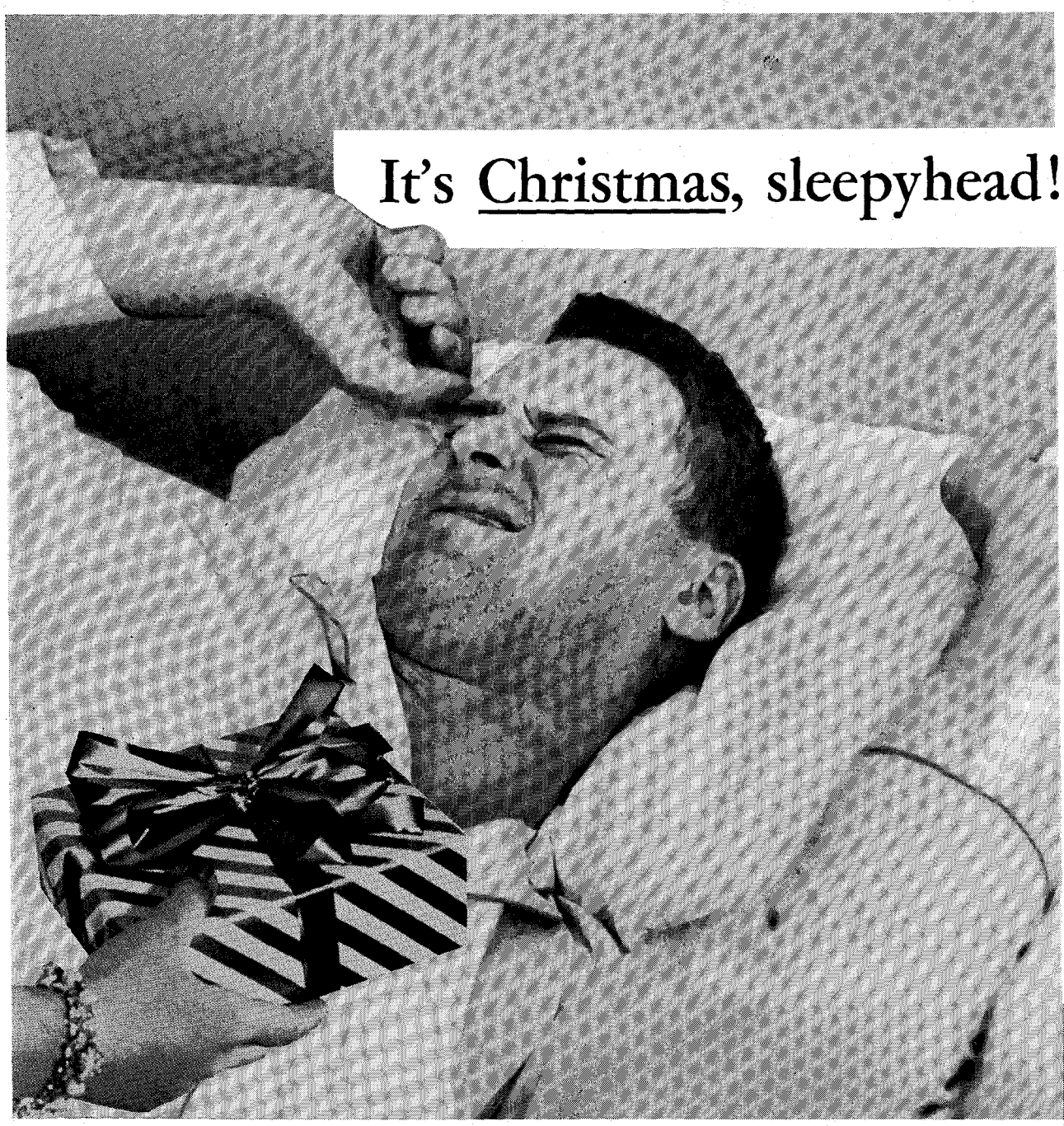
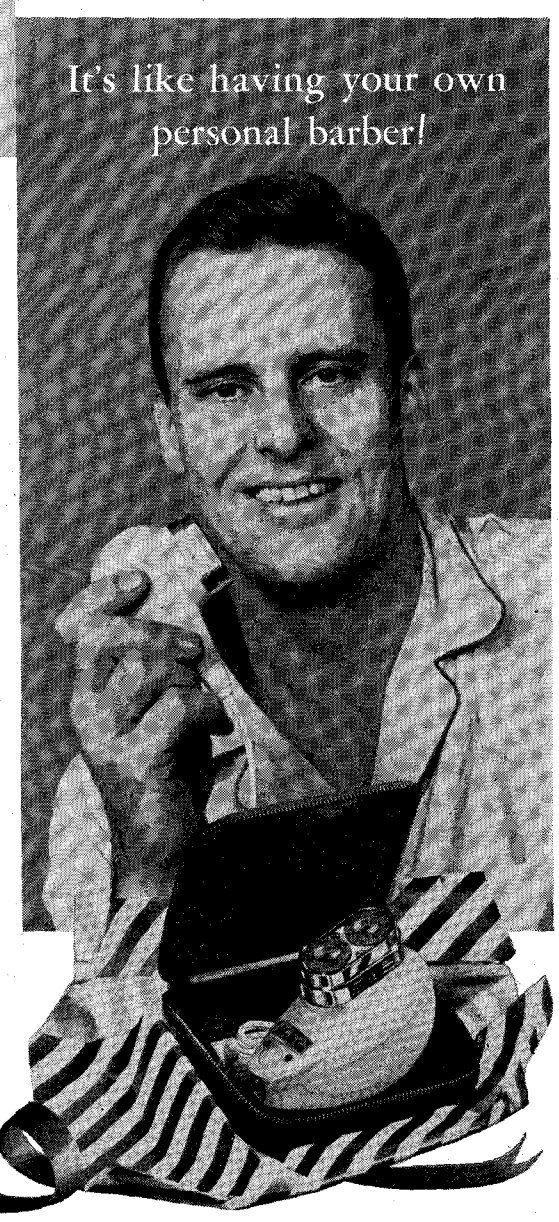


It's Christmas, sleepyhead!... Wake up

to electric shaving's first basic improvement in 21 years!

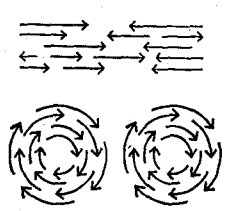


Give your sleepyhead his greatest shaves ever

with NORELCO'S ROTARY BLADE ACTION

1. Built to shave according to your beard's natural growth—makes clumps and whorls disappear first time over.
2. No whisker pull. Norelco's 12 revolving blades shave off whiskers with the same stroke as a barber's blade.
3. No skin irritation, no painful nicks, no matter how heavy your shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel blades g-i-v-e as you bear down.
4. Face needs no break-in period. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker, gives you great shaves from the very first.
5. No repair-shop blues. Lubricated for life. Self-sharpening blades. Self-starting brush motor.
6. Easiest shaver to live with. Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. Designed to fit the hand. Cleans in a jiffy.

Here's why *Rotary Blade Action* has made *Norelco the *largest-selling electric shaver in the world—fastest-growing shaver in the U. S.***



All other electric shavers shave you like this—as if your whiskers grew in rows, like corn.

Only NORELCO shaves you like this—the way your whiskers *really grow*.

15 day FREE home trial. Offered by most dealers. Christmas gift trial period starts December 26.

$24.95 AC/DC
Model SC 7759
with travel case

For feminine grooming—the Lady Norelco electric razor (Model SC 7767).

For outdoor men—the Norelco Sportsman battery electric shaver (Model SC 7750).

Norelco®
Rotary Electric Shavers

***Known as PHILISHAVE in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world**

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This is My Story (Continued from Page 25)

television each week sounds like a heavy schedule, and it is, but the only part of it that is really hard work for me is the Wednesday-night show. That's one solid hour of pure television and, like all the other big nighttime television shows, it's hard, hard work.

The rest of my shows are comparatively easy. The hour and a half I do every morning, for instance, is a virtual breeze. It's kind of like sitting down and chatting with some nice people on the front steps. The only preparation I, personally, ever do for it is to read the papers and magazines and select some interesting letters the girls cull out of the fan mail. I used to have a staff of writers digging up material for my shows, but I think we have more fun this way. Occasionally I take time to run over a song or two with the boys in the band myself. Every now and then I'm seized with an uncontrollable desire to sing a song on the air, thereby placing the entire program in jeopardy. A playback of the tape is usually enough to discourage me for another three months.

The Talent Scouts show on Monday night requires absolutely no effort on my part other than the thirty minutes the show is on the air. I usually arrive at the studio about 8:25 P.M., leaving Margot, my make-up girl, just barely enough time to paint out the bags under my eyes. I have insisted since the beginning that the talent be professional in quality and experience and that the talent scouts be bona fide friends, relatives or acquaintances of the talent they represent. I won't stand for any "rigged" scouts or any phony publicity stunts. I never see either the scouts or the talent until I meet them on the air, and while there is a "script," prepared by Millie Holloway, it merely gives me the names and origins of the participants and a few items of vital information about each which I can refer to when necessary if a scout doesn't respond to early questioning.

The talent is auditioned, screened and selected by Esther Stoll and the producers. Burt Farber, the conductor, supervises the musical arrangements. The show is all produced and rehearsed and ready for the air without my having spent a minute on it—except once every couple of years, when I may step in for a week or two to supervise the operation personally. And, of course, I do have a weekly half hour or so with the advertising-agency people involved, to be sure I understand their sales problems. The show is fun to do because I love to meet and talk with people, and every now and then the program comes up with an outstanding act, which is always a big thrill—the McGuire Sisters, for instance, or Carmel Quinn.

Yet those eight hours on the air every week are a strain. I have to be on my toes every second, and when I'm through each day, I know I've done a day's work, even before I start the "paper work" in the office. But it is that additional hour, the Wednesday-night television show, that is the real killer. Actually, we start preparing each Wednesday night's show at 9:05 P.M. the preceding Wednesday. Five minutes after we get off the air, I am sitting in my dressing room with my assistants, Bob Bleyer, Fred Hendrickson, Harry Rogue, Ben Wampler, Burt Farber, Snooks O'Brien and their assistants, discussing the theme of next week's show. We usually try to give Ben Wampler, the scenery man, a general idea of what the background should be—whether outdoors or indoors, formal or informal, and so on—and leave the details up to him.

I try very hard to do that with everybody. I like to give every man carte blanche in his particular department. I want him to use his own initiative and come up with whatever he thinks best. Later we make changes if we have to. This plan seems to work out pretty well. Bob Bleyer, an excellent TV camera director, is particularly good for my programs, because he is fast on his feet and seldom fails to get the camera on the point of interest if something totally unrehearsed and unpredicted happens—as it usually does. Harry Rogue is a competent, tireless choreographer with a wealth of initiative and artistic, creative ideas, and he often steps in front of the camera to do a handy step or two himself. Freddie Hendrickson, an old-time audio engineer and one of the best, is my special representative and assistant producer, and works closely with Burt and Bobbie and Harry and Snooks in putting the show on its feet. Snooks O'Brien is, I think, the best stage manager in television today. In fact, all these associates are highly competent people and we couldn't have our Wednesday-night shows without them.

By the time we split up on Wednesday night at ten or ten-thirty, we know, for instance, that next Wednesday we're going to do a farm show. Ben Wampler will design a barnyard scene. Freddie Hendrickson and Bobbie Bleyer will rent some farm animals from nearby farmers in New Jersey and Long Island. We'll know that the costumes will be calico dresses for the girls and dungarees for the men. Freddie and Burt will think up appropriate songs. I will have decided who will appear in the show. Maybe I'll have the Vagabonds in from Miami, if they can make it, or the Topnotchers or Dick Phillips, the wizard of the strings. Maybe somebody will have come up with a trick bull that can sing I Love You Truly while standing on his prongs—or some other equally silly thing.

> Although the most serene marriage is a 50–50 proposition, couples should marry much younger if possible.
>
> KENNETH L. KRICHBAUM

Now the arrangers go to work on the music, the scenery men start building and painting, Snooks O'Brien starts collecting his props, and Harry Rogue dreams up routines. I usually don't hear much from all these people over the weekend, but right after my morning show on Monday, Freddie starts coming in with the problems that have arisen. This musical number we wanted to do, which seems like such a good idea, now obviously doesn't fit at all. So we throw that out. The McGuire Sisters are not happy with their number and they'd like to change it. Janette Davis is a little worried about a new routine she has worked out with Harry Rogue and the Toppers, and would I please come and have a look? Burt Farber thinks Frank Parker's solo should have more strings. May he hire four extra fiddles? We can't get a singing bull, but we have a goat that wears boxing gloves and stands up and fights you like a man, and so on and on and on.

The cast members work all afternoon on Monday on their routines and usually by Tuesday afternoon they have got something together that begins to look like a show. I go to the theater and we run it down. We throw out this and we embellish that and we cut the other until seven or eight or nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, and then we do the same thing on Wednesday up to the time we go on the air. During the last ten or fifteen minutes before the theater doors open and the audience starts filing in, we begin to consider what I am going to do on the air. Frequently, I walk on the stage on Wednesday nights without having the slightest idea what my first words are going to be, and, usually, just before I make my entrance, I am so literally sick from sheer exhaustion that I think I'm never going to make it.

You, as a viewer, watching a television program on your set at home, want to be entertained. You think of a show going on, on a stage, with a theater audience watching exactly what you are seeing at home. What you probably don't realize is that most of the people in the theater don't see half of what you see. On the other hand, you don't see half of what they see—a huge battery of cameras, microphones and teleprompters and the rear half of a bunch of hefty operators. The only people who see everything are those in the balcony, and they're looking down on things, and that's for the birds.

Ninety-eight per cent of the audience in the TV theater is composed of sincerely interested people who came to see how it's done and watch their favorites in person. The other 2 per cent is sometimes pretty troublesome. For example, it is possible in New York, where everything is possible, to scalp tickets even for a free-admission television show. There are shops where one can get tickets printed, for a fee, that are exact duplicates of the bona fide tickets, and impossible to detect. Ambitious, if slightly unscrupulous, performers have been known to employ a portable claque instructed to demonstrate in behalf of their man and harass the rest of the performers. That rarely happens on our shows—but it has! Hecklers are usually removed, quietly and promptly, from the premises.

Our Wednesday-night show wrings me out, but I wouldn't be so tired if my hip sockets hadn't been smashed in that auto accident. I went through plenty of emotional and mental stress—in addition to physical agony—before I decided upon corrective surgery. My left leg was an inch shorter than the right and my right hip was locked so that I couldn't lean forward. I couldn't reach my right foot, except by bending my leg up behind me. I couldn't even put my shoes on without help.

The automobile crash had driven my left femur backward and upward into the socket, dislocating it permanently, and it gave me constant pain. I had become accustomed to the pain, but it had begun to get worse, and all the things I love—riding, skating, swimming—hurt too much. And there were fighter airplanes I couldn't get into because my leg was locked so stiffly into its awkward position. For years I'd been asking doctors, "What can be done?"

"You can't do anything," they told me. "Leave it alone."

Then, in the spring of 1953, our family physician, Tom Jackson—Dr. James T. Jackson, of Leesburg, Virginia—finally told me, "There's a man in Boston who's worked out a very successful technique of orthoplasty. His name is Dr. Marius N. Smythe-Peterson, but they call him Doctor Smith-Pete. Why not give him a chance?"

I went to see him. Doctor Smith-Pete was a quiet, kindly little man. He won my confidence immediately. Hip orthoplasty had been his specialty since his postgraduate days. Now he was using vitallium cups as hip sockets. He'd started with glass, then he'd tried Pyrex, but glass and Pyrex shattered. He'd put them in and they'd work fine for a while; then his patient would put his foot down on a curb too hard or bump against something, and the glass cracked, and Doctor Smith-Pete would have to go back into that hip and fish out the splinters. Then he'd tried various metals, but vitallium seemed to be the best, because it doesn't irritate body tissues or react to body juices. Doctor Smith-Pete had a case history of one hip socket he'd put in fifteen years back that was still good.

"I can fix you, too, Arthur," he said. "We've done fifteen hundred of them. There are very few surprises left for us."

What usually leads up to an operation of this kind is arthritis. Sometimes it's tuberculosis of the joint. You take a man seventy years old, crippled with arthritic pain, and give him this operation, and afterward he usually can sit in a chair with no pain. I said to Doctor Smith-Pete, "I want to skate, and I want to ride, and I want to tie my shoes."

"This is May," he said. "By January I'll have you skating."

He wanted to do both my hips. At first I agreed, and he did one—the right hip. The operation took four hours. Afterward, I went into shock a couple of times and he almost lost me. Dr. Tom Jackson, who witnessed the operation, said he thought I was gone for sure. They had to give me many transfusions. My wife, Mary, was in the room with me, and even now when she talks about it she bursts into tears. Finally, after a period of convalescence, they picked my right leg up and moved it around. They could bend my knee up against my chin. They could swing it out away from my other leg. Doctor Smith-Pete said, "That's marvelous! We'll shave the other leg and do it tomorrow."

"No," I said. "I've decided to wait and see how this one works before we do the other one. The leg you've operated on doesn't feel like it's attached to me any more. I don't want two legs like that."

Two or three days later Doctor Smith-Pete died of a coronary attack, feeling, I'm sure, that he had given me a good hip. He never knew that despite the remarkable range of motion, the hip is so unstable as to be practically useless for walking. Ten steps without the cane, and the pain becomes almost unbearable. But Mother Nature is marvelous. The left leg—the leg they didn't touch—is twenty times better now than it was before. It's carrying the load my right leg used to take. Before the operation my right leg was the stronger. It did all the work. Now the work load is reversed. If you could see the X ray of my left hip you'd wonder how it functions at all. It's a mess—yet it does all the work. The doctors predict it will break down someday and have to be fixed, but we'll scratch that itch when we come to it.

I can ride a horse with much less pain than before, and I can swim, and I can sit in a chair without much discomfort. I can skate a little, but it's all done on my left leg—I have to drag the right one around. If that right hip is ever going to bear my weight, it'll have to be operated on a second time. But I can't make up my mind whether to take another crack at it. You'd be surprised to find how far you can get without walking, and the battering that major surgery gives your nervous system and your emotional outlook is something to think about.

After people get to know me well, they usually ask, "I've been watching you; are you in constant pain?" I do have pain, but if you live with pain long enough you learn to ignore it, unless it's severe. Sometimes it is and wakes me up in the night. When you see me walking around a television stage, I'm making a special effort to walk normally. If I'm not too tired I can get by with it, but I can't do it very long. Watch carefully the next time you see me do a dance with Frank Parker or Jan Davis. I do it all on one foot.

The next question usually put to me is: "If you hurt, why don't you quit? You must be well fixed financially."

Well, I keep telling myself that one day I am going to quit the Wednesday-night show, but not for a while yet, because I still have a big job to do, about which I'll tell

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you later. Also, I have some fine "blue-chip" sponsors on that Wednesday-night show—Pillsbury, CBS Television, Kellogg and Toni, who have to set aside millions of dollars in advertising appropriations six months to a year in advance. I am very proud of my association with sponsors of that caliber, and it's also a source of pride to me to know that I have been able to stimulate the urge to buy my sponsors' wares in a satisfactorily large number of the thirty-five million people who watch that show.

I feel pretty good right now, as we go to press, and I'm hoping that a new wrinkle I'm trying out this year will help me avoid that dragged-out feeling that usually hits me along about January or February. This past fall I have been taking a week off every five or six weeks, instead of waiting until summer, and I think it may be the recipe I need. Some of my friends will smile at this, because they know that during these weeks off I am always doing something else. But, as I said before, that's the way I am. That's how I relax.

Perhaps you have gathered by now that there is a lot more to this job than meets the eye. I have fifteen clients, for instance, each one of whom spends upwards of $1,000,000 each year to participate in the sponsorship of my programs. Some of them—particularly those who sponsor both the morning and Wednesday-night shows—spend as much as $3,500,000 annually. My programs, therefore, bring into the Columbia coffers about $22,600,000 per year. Last spring, the Publishers Information Bureau reported the gross 1954 network sales of Columbia Broadcasting System at $200,000,000; of National Broadcasting, $160,000,000; of American Broadcasting, $63,000,000; of Dumont, $13,000,000. Hence my own sales are more than a third as big as the entire American Broadcasting Company and more than half again as large as the whole Dumont network.

My operation differs from most in that usually a sponsor buys a show built around a star who's strictly an artist—a big-name performer who has nothing whatever to do with the sponsor's problems. He's not supposed to have. All he has to do is entertain the audience and keep a decent rating. The advertising agency hires other people to do the commercials at the beginning and the end of the show. Of course, if, despite a big rating and a large audience, the sponsor's sales curve doesn't show a reasonable return for the money invested, the star soon finds himself looking for another sponsor.

My operation is handled a little differently from most. The CBS Network Sales Organization handles the sale of the network time to the clients through their advertising agencies. Before negotiations go very far, however, the sales department is required to check with me, as I am very fussy about the products I advertise. I would rather go off the air than represent a product I don't believe in. If the product is an old, well-known staple such as Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pet Milk, Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pillsbury Flour, I don't hesitate a moment. Those names are acknowledged leaders, and the integrity of the firms and the men behind them is unquestioned.

If, however, the sales force comes up with something relatively new, such as Toni Products—as happened six or seven years ago—I have a problem. What do I know about shampoos or fancy rinses or cleansing creams or lipsticks? In that case, I investigated the company and the men behind it, and I also made a little survey among the girls in the cast, the girls in my office, my wife, my daughter and our neighbors. Everything I found out pointed to a solid, energetic young company with excellent products, and Toni became one of my sponsors.

Having once decided that the product is all right, now I want to know all about it. I study it and the sales problems connected with it, so that I can get up there in front of that microphone or the camera and talk about it intelligently without having to read a script prepared by an advertising man. The only time you'll ever see me using commercial copy is when there is some special offer, the details of which I must pass on to you accurately. With the exception, therefore, of the little thirty-second "cow catchers" and "hitch-hikes," which are usually bits of film or recordings placed at either end of the program, I do all of the commercials personally.

I'd like to give you one more example of the way the commercial end of my operations is handled—because it is such an unusual and regrettable little story—and then I'll move on to other things.

You may recall that I told you, earlier in these memoirs, about my first association with Chesterfield Cigarettes—how I was given the heave-ho from that account without any explanation. That was back in 1934, during the years I was trying desperately to get a foothold in New York. Some twelve years later, late in 1946 or early 1947, the Chesterfield people approached me again. They had become interested in my programs, and there was some thought that they would want to sponsor me exclusively. This I quickly refused, as I have always felt that it is far better to have a number of sponsors.

Moreover, I was far from sure that I wanted anything to do with Chesterfield. Ordinarily, I am not a vindictive character, but that 1934 deal still rankled. I said as much to the emissary from Chesterfield, but later, after I had had a talk with Ben Few, at that time vice-president and now president of Liggett & Myers, I decided I'd better be realistic. After all, the top hierarchy of the company had long since changed, and I did like and admire Ben Few a lot. There was, however, one other obstacle. I was conditioned to another cigarette and didn't like the taste of Chesterfields. "And you know how I am," I said to Mr. Few. "I can't sell anything I don't like myself."

He chuckled. "Well," he countered, "how about taking a carton home this weekend and giving them a real try—both you and your wife. Don't smoke anything else for a few days and then tell me what you think."

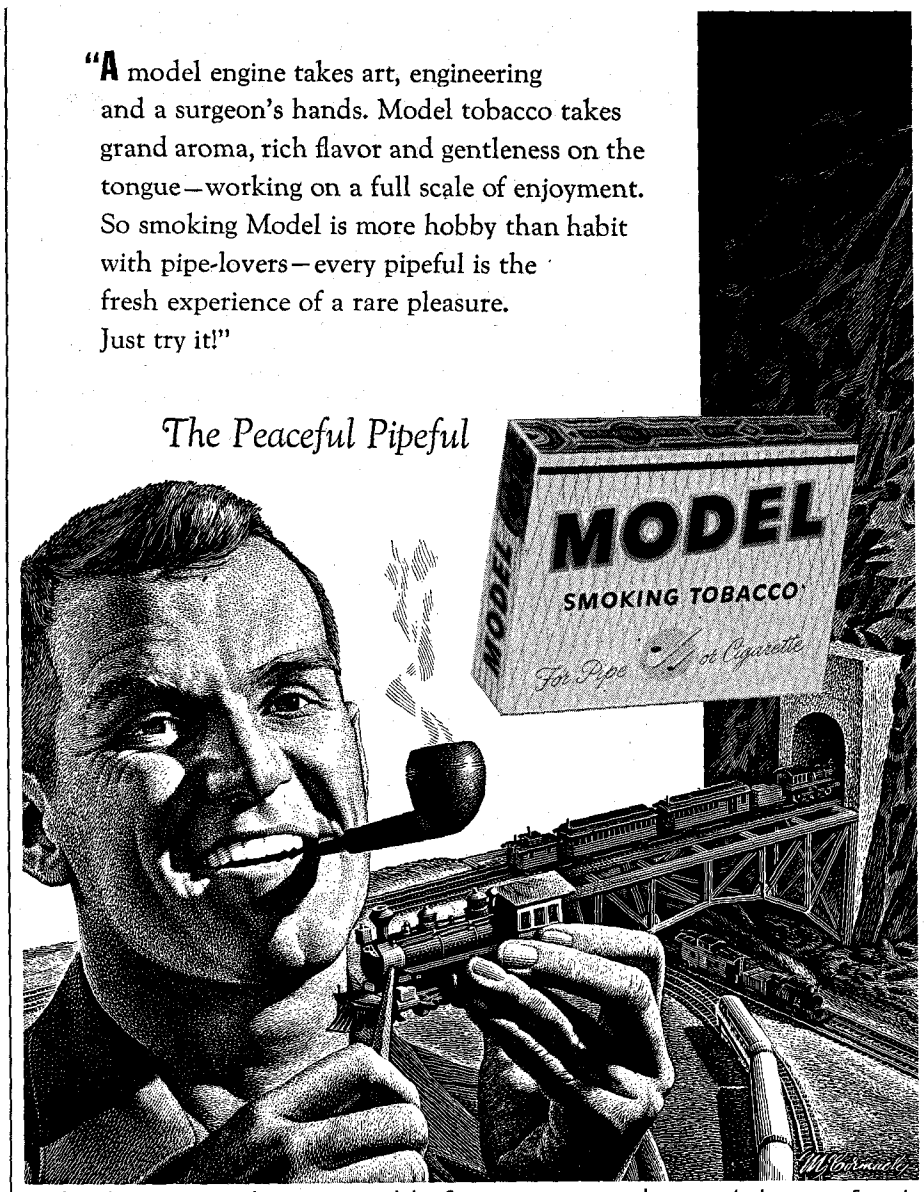
I did as he suggested, and both Mary and I were won over. So in the spring of 1947 Chesterfield signed up as the first sponsor of my morning network show, and I have never had a happier commercial association than I did with Liggett & Myers. It lasted for nearly seven years.

Then an odd thing happened. I developed a strange and violent morning sickness; if I were a woman, I'd have sworn I was permanently pregnant. The malady was finally traced to cigarettes—not just Chesterfields, but any cigarette—due to inhalation. Its occurrence is so rare that probably not one person in a thousand has ever heard of it. Anyway, I switched to a pipe and cigars, which don't bother me, but, of course, that left me with an insoluble problem on the air. How could I now stand up and tell my audience how much I enjoyed Chesterfields? Obviously, I couldn't; so I gave up my representation of Chesterfields, voluntarily and with deep regret. I still think Liggett & Myers is a swell company and that their product is everything I said it was all those years on the air waves. Being a self-appointed champion of integrity in broadcasting sometimes has its headaches.

My routine during the days I am in New York is normally pretty hectic. I usually eat my lunch at my desk while dictating letters or discussing production problems with as-

"A model engine takes art, engineering and a surgeon's hands. Model tobacco takes grand aroma, rich flavor and gentleness on the tongue—working on a full scale of enjoyment. So smoking Model is more hobby than habit with pipe-lovers—every pipeful is the fresh experience of a rare pleasure. Just try it!"

The Peaceful Pipeful



Fold-down pouch opens wide for easy use—keeps tobacco fresh

WHY GENTLEMEN PREFER AMITY BILLFOLDS

for Christmas

The "DIRECTOR"
America's most popular billfold, in Black or Brown Smooth Cowhide. Thin, yet has plenty of room for passes, photos, cards. Secret currency pocket. $5.00 plus tax

Contains spare-key holders to prevent lockouts.

Excellent styling and quality that wears well

All the convenient features a man appreciates

Permanent registration against loss

OTHER MODELS TO $25.00

AMITY

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS COMPANY, WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

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sistants. Somewhere in there, Margot does my nails once a week at my desk and Joseph cuts my hair. Once a month I go to the dentist to get my teeth cleaned. Believe it or not, as easy as that morning program is and as lost as I'd be without it, it takes a great deal out of me, and for the first fifteen or twenty minutes after I come upstairs to my office at 11:30, I usually just slump in my chair and puff on a cigar while I listen to my secretary tell me about the morning's mail and telephone calls.

I try to see everybody directly connected with my organization first, and the girls make the other appointments for me for the early afternoon hours. Some years ago I learned the trick of lying down on the couch in my office for a half hour at 2:30 or 3:00 o'clock. Fortunately, I'm able to drop off to sleep immediately and wake up raring to go again. What with people to see, correspondence to read and reply to, telephone calls and one thing or another, I rarely get away from my desk before 6:00 P.M. Usually it's 6:30 or 7:00 on Mondays. Then, of course, I rush to the apartment, have something to eat and go to the studio to do the Talent Scouts show. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays I try to leave my office by midafternoon to rehearse the Wednesday-night show. I rarely get my dinner before 8:00 P.M. on Tuesday, and I don't eat until 10:30 or 11:00 on Wednesdays.

So you can see that during the first three days of the week I haven't much time for the carousing and other extracurricular activities I get credit for. Once in a great while I get through rehearsal early enough on Tuesdays to grab a sandwich and take in a Broadway show. Now and then, my attorney and business manager, Leo DeOrsey, comes to town, and, after we get through with all the business he usually has in his brief case, we may tear off a wild game of gin rummy from midnight to 2:00 A.M. And the lack of sleep knocks me out for the next two days.

Occasionally I get real soft in the head and accept an invitation to make a speech some place on aviation or act as toastmaster for a banquet given to raise money for some worthy cause. I am always honored, of course, when asked to do these things, but actually I shouldn't accept, because there just isn't time. Sometimes, during the fall and winter, I get mad and just shut off everything for thirty minutes and go over to Madison Square Garden to ice skate with Fritz Dietl, the greatest instructor in the sport. Skating, I think, is the best exercise in the world for a man who can't get outdoors. Skating cleans all of the slag out of the head. It's good for you even if you have two good legs, but when you try to do it on two bad ones, believe me, you are not thinking of anything else. The most important thing in the world while I am out on those skates is not to fall on my behind. If I can sneak in a half hour on the ice at noon on a Monday or Tuesday, it does me more good than lunch.

I have a fine bunch of people in my offices, headed by Mary Ann Van, my confidential secretary; Doreen Partin, my office manager; and Joan Zacher, my stenographer. Actually, during the past year Doreen has been very ably doubling up—doing her job and pinch-hitting for Mary Ann, who has been away due to illness since last January. We're all looking forward to her return. There are also five girls who devote the greater part of their day to looking after the mail from our listeners. We try to answer every letter because I've always considered so-called fan mail as a very important source of material. Actually, it is the only contact I have with our listeners. It gives us an insight into what people like and what they don't like. My mail averages about 6000 letters a week, and some of the letters are very funny—you've heard me read them on the air. Some of them are quite educational; if I make a misstatement on the air, I hear about it in the mail, pronto.

The girls bring me all the letters that contain humor or human-interest stories every day and I comb through them. For instance:

Dear Mr. Godfrey: Enclosed are some jokes. I hope you like them. I will send you some more jokes. I don't know whether I gave you this joke or not, but here it is:

CARL: What kind of a dog is that?
JIM: He's a police dog.
CARL: He doesn't look like one.
JIM: He's in the secret service.

In the same batch was a little daisy from C. F. Keeling, of Peoria, Illinois.

This reminds me of John, who was called to the bedside of his dying wife. She began giving him instructions about how he should carry on after her death. She wanted him to ride to the funeral with her mother. John thought for a minute and said, "O.K., I'll do it, but it'll ruin my whole day."

It's hard to believe I really used the next one, but I did.

What is a bigamist?
ANSWER: A bigamist is fog over Italy.

●

There's nothing wrong with the old-fashioned girl—and that's probably what makes her old-fashioned.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

●

And then there was the telegram from Mrs. Wildeboer, of Troy Hills, New Jersey.

ARTHUR GODFREY, CBS, NEW YORK CITY. THE PAIR OF STOCKINGS I GOT ON YOUR PROGRAM SIX WEEKS AGO I WAS GOING UP THE CHURCH STAIRS THIS AFTERNOON FOR ASHES AND HIT MY KNEE AND I DIDN'T EVEN GET A RUN IN MY STOCKING.

When I acknowledged that on the air, I said, "Thanks for the testimonial, Mrs. Wildeboer. Either we're giving out very strong stockings or you have very soft knees."

I go for small-fry humor in a big way—such as: "Mother, to finicky child at the table: 'Eat it, dear. Pretend it's mud.'" And I like homely bits of philosophy such as this one I quoted from a New England magazine, The White Mountain Echoes: "You can't make dollars by depositing your quarters in an easy chair."

I guess you could call this a cross section of the humor I put on my shows. You can see why I don't claim to be a comedian. I share laughs with my audiences, but I'm no funnyman. I claim to be a salesman who has fun—but first of all a salesman. If I ever stop being that I'm cooked.

In addition to the average mail of 6000 telegrams and letters every week, I receive many unusual packages and gifts. Once I got an electric toothbrush. I reported that I had burned my hand while frying bacon, and 300 potholders flooded my office. One time a batch of live bunny rabbits came in dyed green, blue and pink. The Bronx Zoo wouldn't take them—perhaps they hurt the zoo-keeper's eyes—so I flew them down to my farm before they overflowed into Central Park. Eleanor Ungar, one of the girls who "helps open stuff," explains it this way: "We get a lot of things you don't know what they are." She couldn't have put it more succinctly, as the man says.

Sometimes I get threats too. Once a wack from upstate swore he was going to shoot me on sight because he thought I owed him $18,000. He claimed he had won that sum from a group of my TV entertainers in a crap game; that I had taken the money and put it into a trust fund for him. He vowed that I had told him, "When you are older you can have it," and he thought he was older. The police thought he needed a little aging—so they put him away.

I once received a live rattlesnake in a box marked, "From the Oklahoma Snake Hunt." Evidently the Snake Hunt was determined to put on a publicity stunt. As we didn't know exactly what was in the lumpy burlap sack inside the box, my secretary called the zoo, and the man came with a stick and poked around. A nasty hissing came out of the sack, and he said, "That's a snake all right. I'll take it back to the zoo." The next morning he phoned my secretary and said, "You have a Western diamondback rattlesnake on your hands, sister. Its fangs haven't been removed and it was raring to go." Doreen's reaction was a heartfelt "Glonk!"

Once I got a porcupine in a box from some outfit which was having a shindig out West. It was a cruel stunt, as the animal had had no food or water en route. On the box was printed COME TO (wherever it was). GET THE POINT? This poor porcupine had to be parched and starved for that. I gave the characters who'd used that poor animal for a publicity stunt a sandblasting on the air.

Some of the letters and gifts are touching. A couple of years ago, when I had my operation, people sent me crutches and canes which glowed in the dark or were equipped with lights for use at night. I got so many crutches that I sent them to an outfit which supplies handicapped people. I get sad letters asking me to please show on TV the picture of a missing relative. It's amazing—and heartbreaking—to know how many people are missing from home.

Some of the mail comes from people who want advice. Women have written to ask me, "Should I have another baby?" After my operation there were loads of requests for medical advice from people who thought that having an operation made me an authority on medicine and surgery. Some people listed page after page of their symptoms and gave intimate details about their anatomical peculiarities.

Following my operation, the volume of mail was tremendous. I got bales of letters of encouragement—I mean that "bales" literally—and holy medals and notes to tell me that Masses and prayers were being said for me. I was deeply touched. After the word got around that my operation hadn't worked out as successfully as I'd hoped, I got letters insisting that I consult the writer's favorite doctor. I even got a letter recommending "Mrs. Jones down the street, who's worked wonders on every bad hip in our town by a simple laying on of her hands."

In addition to the thoughtful folks who write nice letters, we have our share of nuts and cranks, like everyone else in this business. Sometimes the girls have to cope with some honeys. One day about 11:30, Jean Eger, the pretty little receptionist in my office in the CBS building, told Doreen, "I've got a man out here I can't get rid of. How about you talking to him? I don't think he's quite right."

"Bring him into my office," Doreen said. The man who stalked in was so tall he had to stoop to get through the door, and he was lugging two gigantic brief cases stuffed with papers.

"I am the second Messiah," he said. "I died twice. Once on 52nd Street and once in Bellevue Hospital."

When my secretary got her breath back, she tried to find out what he wanted to do. It was simple. He wanted to go on any of my Wednesday-night shows.

"I'll stand up," he said, "raise my hands and say, 'There will be no airplane accidents for thirty days.'"

"Then what?" she asked.

"Then there won't be any accidents," he told her.

Doreen was fascinated. "What are you going to do after that?" she wanted to know.

"I'll come back in thirty days and perform a second miracle," he said.

She wasn't fascinated any more, and never found out what the second miracle was to be.

A nice little old lady came up to our floor one day. She said that at one time she'd been an artist, but at the moment she was faint from hunger and what she needed was money. Miss Partin is a goodhearted girl, but she has to be cautious, so she asked, "Can't you go to the welfare organization or to the Red Cross?"

"Having been an artist and an actress, I couldn't possibly go to places where the average person goes," the N.L.O.L. said.

Well, Doreen thought, it would be worth while to get her out of here even if we had to give her five or ten bucks out of petty cash to buy a meal. "We don't want you to go hungry," Doreen said. "How much do you need?"

The woman brightened up. "I really want two thousand," she said crisply, "but I'll take five hundred right now, so I can go up to Canada. I like the climate."

In addition to mail and visitors and telephone calls, the girls also handle innumerable packages that are received containing all manner of things: foods, toys, clothing, gadgets, plants and animals. We give away anything that's usable to deserving people we know of, but lots of times all we can do is just send the package back. Also a great percentage of time and energy is spent on returning manuscripts and music to people who have the mistaken idea that we can use them. Everybody and his brother has at least one song in his soul, and he sends it to me to publish for him and make him a million dollars.

What people don't understand is that I have absolutely no way of being of any assistance in these matters. As a matter of fact, I have written a couple of pretty decent songs myself and, to date, I have received exactly $13.65 for my pains. So, if you who read this ever get seized with an uncontrollable desire to write a song, please don't send it to me. Mail it direct to any good publisher, enclosing sufficient postage *and let him send it back to you.* And while I'm on the subject, please don't send anything to us by registered mail. We are forced to refuse all registered and/or insured mail, because there are around this country certain parties who love to send manuscripts, songs and other things by registered mail and then later threaten suit if by any chance we lose or fail to return them.

Also, you'll get faster service if, when desiring to visit our radio and TV shows, you will address your requests for tickets to the Ticket Division, CBS, New York, or directly to the sponsors of the show. We have no tickets available in our office. Rerouting the request to the Ticket Division only causes more delay, and they're already one whole year behind.

Sometimes people mistakenly think letters addressed to me at my farm in Virginia or to my hotel in New York will receive faster attention. Actually, such mail is collected by the girls about once a week—thereby delaying acknowledgment even more. You'll help whomever you write to in show business to expedite a reply, if you'll always address your letters to his office where facilities exist for handling vast quantities of mail. My address is CBS, New York.

The concluding installment of Arthur Godfrey's autobiography will appear in next week's Post. The Editors.

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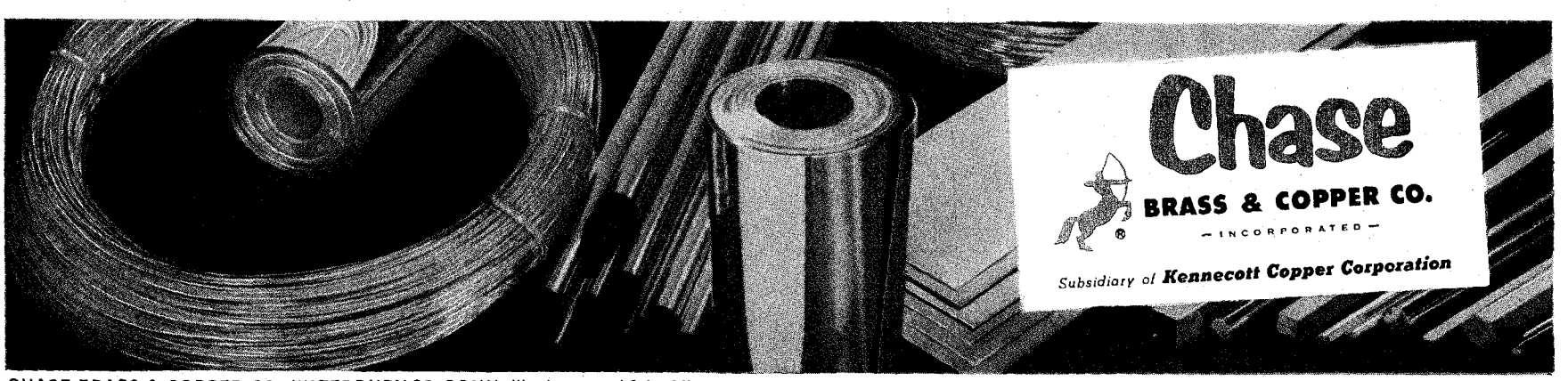

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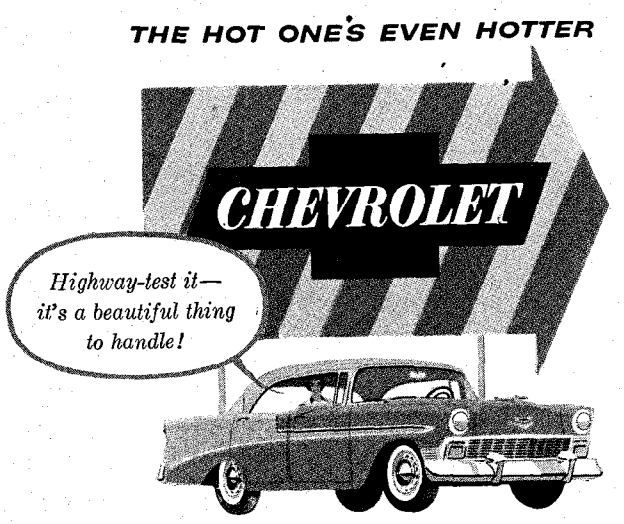
The new Bel Air Sport Sedan (one of two new 4-door hardtops) shown on the Pikes Peak road where Chevrolet broke the record.

Nothing without wings

climbs like a '56 Chevrolet!



This new Chevrolet handles hills like they aren't even there! Aim it up a steep grade—and you'll see why it's the Pikes Peak record breaker.

Ever level off a mountain with your foot? Nothing to it. Just point this new '56 Chevy uphill and ease down on the gas.

In the merest fraction of a second you sense that big bore V8 lengthening out its stride. And up you go with a silken rush of power that makes a mountain seem as flat as a roadmap!

For nothing without wings climbs like a '56 Chevrolet! This is the car, you know, that broke the Pikes Peak record. The car that proved its performance on towering grades in the thin air of altitudes up to 14,110 feet. The car that proved its cat-footed cornering ability and nailed-down stability on Pikes Peak's vicious switchback turns. And *all* these qualities that make the new Chevrolet a record breaker mean more driving safety and fun for you.

You'll see that when you *drive* the new Chevrolet. You've 19 frisky new models to choose from, with new, higher horsepower—ranging up to a top of 205! Borrow the key to one at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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Magic Music Man (Continued from Page 24)

and before Henry could recollect himself and get on down the trail, it was dusking. If the mongrel at Long's Ford hadn't barked him out he would have walked right into the river.

The storekeeper at the ford wore a butternut shirt buttoned high at the neck, so his black split beard showed the neck button. He had a pair of black hawk-wing brows drawn tight over sternful eyes that threw a sharp glance at the guitar strung across Henry's back. Abednego Abel was his name. His mouth looked like his very teeth tasted bitter, and Henry knew him at first glance for what he was. Hard-Shell—with the Song of Songs tore out of the Book.

But Henry was a poor pilgrim. Abednego knew his duty. He set a bountiful table. Henry didn't notice the daughter until she brought him a plate heaped high with venison, stewed corn, snap beans and hot biscuits. Abednego made them known with poor grace. Abigail. She sat herself with the sweep of a young hawk lighting on a pine scrag.

Abednego's grace offering tended toward cold vittles and Henry had to swallow twice before Amen and his eye was wandering to the neat part in Abigail's bowed head.

Henry was taken by the girl. Her eyes were like wet spots in a piece of black velvet. She was small. Small, with a sweet rounding to her that went with her smallness. Her hair was black as the inside of a rifle barrel, and for now she kept her mouth closed and prissed up. But Henry ran a surmise that her prissed mouth might be Abednego's raising. Henry couldn't recall when he'd seen a more womanly rounded girl. The vittles were such that he knew for sure she wasn't one of those who threw things into the skillet and hotted them. She was a cook.

Abednego was a man tended to get things right out in the open. He wiped his beard, sucked at the sourness in his teeth and scraped his chair around. "She's bespoke, Mr. Whitlaw. Bespoke to Mr. John Farrington, down to the Forks. John Farrington is a good man, but tended toward frolics. I pray he'll fight that weakness. I raised her strict since her maw passed on. A widower man likes to pass on his only girl to a man with roots and set serious in his ways."

Henry swallowed. Abigail had just brought in bowls of steaming Indian pudding with clotted cream and Henry's stomach fetched a sigh. The puncheon floor was spotless in spite of the mongrel dreaming at the fire and Abednego's shirt was neatly patched. It was too bad she wasn't a widow woman and rich, with a cherry-wood bed, land cleared and all. Henry tried to put her from his mind.

Abednego commenced sermonizing right away. He glanced mean at the guitar. And even while he was talking Henry saw through him. When Abednego's chilled-steel gaze hit that guitar standing in the corner—why, it softened to summer butter. For all his preachments, Henry knew for certain that Abednego either wailed through a comb wrapped in paper or played a bent saw with a nail when there was nobody about.

"A young feller would do better for himself toting a plow over the gap than one of them sinful frolic boxes."

Henry bowed his head to his elders. "It don't have to be used for purposes of the devil."

"Can you play it or are you toting it for show?"

Henry knew about modesty, so he said, "I can chord her a little, sir."

Henry Whitlaw, not bound by his manners, allowed himself to be the smartiest guitar player in the mountains. Even when he was down-talking himself he knew himself to be prime equal with the best, church or ballad, frolic stomp or psalm.

"I can chord a little to church-type songs," he said, looking poor-mouthed at Abigail. Her own mouth was still prissed up, but in those black-velvet eyes of hers he could see curiosity and interest as plain as a squirrel on a stump in a clearing.

He felt an obligation. Abednego had welcomed him and fed him. Henry felt he should pleasure him best he could.

He started on Beulah Land. It was safe. It was church house, but it had a roll to it. He had a honey-sweet baritone without too much power, but true and smooth, and in a parlor it was at its best.

He put a lot into his playing, and Abigail's mouth got unprissed and sweet as a new run of sorghum. Her eyes commenced shining like a pair of black bone buttons in a flour sack. Abednego, his brows drawn tight over his eyes, couldn't keep his foot from tapping. He hated himself when he caught himself at it, but was just too purely sinful weak to tell Henry to stop.

Henry sat there and played and sang until the fire was low and Abednego felt so sin-borne staying up so late that his conscience finally drove them all to bed. Abigail left her mouth unprissed and turned to Henry. Her teeth were milk-white between lips that looked berry-stained. Henry was shaken.

"You've pleasured me, Mr. Whitlaw." She said it demurely.

"Then I reckon I did what I set out to do, Miss Abigail."

Abednego snorted and clumped off to his bed, catching it mean from his oversize conscience. He lay under the weight of it and it was almost eleven of the clock before he finally began to snore in a troubled way.

Henry shoved the mongrel aside at the hearth and tossed on his throw-down pallet, trying to make it plain to himself that a lazy boy just purely couldn't afford courting thoughts. He tried to argue a little, but it was weak and he knew it.

Go to sleep, now, Henry Whitlaw, he finally ordered himself roughly. He took it with bad grace.

Next morning Henry beat the sun up. When Abigail came to the kitchen she found him singing his Lazy Boy song, a big blaze going for her in the stove and the coffee ground. She gave him a real friendly glance and a soft good morning. Henry hardly noticed the walk to the spring with the water buckets. While she was cooking he fell to chopping a double armload of wood, stove size.

Henry, he said to himself severely, *stop driving yourself up Fool's Hill. Didn't you hear the man say she was bespoke?* He was shocked to hear himself reply smartly, *Bespoke ain't wed, Henry Whitlaw.*

Behind him he heard a gasp, and looked around, and there was Abigail with her hand clapped over her mouth. He felt like an idiot boy, and so he did a fool thing.

"Well, it's true, Miss Abigail. Bespoke ain't wed."

Her mouth and eyes softened and he could see he'd touched her. She looked at the chopped wood.

"For a lazy boy you sure are a help around the place."

"It's poor payment for what pleasure you gave me, Miss Abigail."

"If a man truly wanted, it seems he could whip out his lazy."

He opened his mouth and sang a verse from his Lazy Boy song. The part about the widow and the cherry-wood bed. When he finished the part about widows growing high upon the vine, Abigail let her mouth open into a soft O and said gently that single maids might be found dangling from the lower limbs, if a man wasn't too lazy to look.

Henry spoke stiffly, his color a persimmon pink, "You're bespoke, ma'am."

She mock-drolled his surly tone, "Bespoke ain't wed, Mr. Whitlaw," and then ran for the kitchen.

She was brazen and a tormentor. She'd be a chore for some man. But he caught himself looking at the soft, maidenly way her skirts swirled as she ran. She would take a strong hand at the bridle. He wondered about this John Farrington—the one she was bespoke to. Most likely a pale, clerkish one with no iron in him. He'd be henpecked and abused beyond all compare.

Abednego came in from the chores and they sat down to breakfast. Abednego's grace was long again. He didn't come right out and ask, but he was hinting strong for the Lord to give him the strength to fight off temptation. He combed his beard with a hard hand and looked sadly at Henry swinging on his guitar and back bundle.

"Mr. Whitlaw, fitten thing for a young feller is to put down some roots. Stay in one place and settle. Leave off traipsing and fly-by-nighting across the mountains. Ever clerk any?"

"Nope, Mr. Abel, I never clerked." He said it pridefully, thinking of that poor John Farrington at the Forks.

"Might teach you."

Henry looked at Abigail. She looked right back at him, her eyes half smiling, half mocking.

"I'm obliged, Mr. Abel. But clerking's a thing a man must needs be born to, it seems to me. Besides, I'm so lazy you'd never be able to suffer my shiftless ways."

Abednego's Adam's apple moved dryly under his beard. His sad gaze crawled over the guitar and his voice was sour and self-hating, "Could give you five and found." He strangled it out.

Behind him Henry heard Abigail's breath driven from her by shock. But Abednego was beyond the plaints of his women. He was a man in the grip of something, and he was right out in the open, caressing that guitar with his gaze. Henry was appalled. He'd never seen a man punish himself so.

"Why, I sure am beholden, Mr. Abel. I'm not worth even my found. I'd most likely spend more time singing and banging on this guitar than I would working."

Abednego nodded sadly. "I know, Mr. Whitlaw." He brightened a little. "Now, Mr. Whitlaw, you'll be passing the Forks. On Saturday this week there'll be a social at the Forks. Abigail and me'll most likely be going on down for the meeting. But there'll be singing and instrument playing and the like. Might be you could stay over for it. Besides, you could pass Abigail's regards to John Farrington."

Abigail drew herself up smart.

"I'll send my own regards, father. If it pleases me." Henry's sudden, foolish pleasure must have shown, for Abigail said pertly, "But please do so, Mr. Whitlaw, if it wouldn't put out your lazy."

Henry turned slowly, wheeling so Abednego could look full and fair at the guitar, swept Abigail up and down with his gray eyes and swung off, splashing, across the ford. As he came out dripping at the far side, he looked back.

He wished he hadn't. Even at that distance he couldn't remember ever having seen a female of such womanly roundness. Pity she was so forward and file-tongued. Long before he reached the Forks, he had managed to work up a fair country hate for that whey-faced clerk, Farrington.

Long before he sighted the settlement at the Forks he heard the voice. It soared into the peaks like an eagle and bounced around up there like a playful child. It was a barrel bass singing The Turtle Dove, and it went from high to low like as if the man had a big brass trumpet tucked in his throat. When the voice hit a middle note where the singer could turn on the power, Henry felt the trees vibrate around him.

He swung on down into the settlement and the first thing he saw was a blacksmith shop. Inside was an oak of a man swinging a sledge with one hand and that voice pouring out of him. The man's chest was streaked with sweat and it took about three gallons of moisture to put a decent damp on the stretch of it. The arm that swung the sledge was big as a five-gallon churn and knotted and bumped like a bull snake just out of a hen's nest.

Henry caught the last verse of Turtle Dove, standing in the doorway hitting strong bass chords to go with that voice.

"I wonder if you'd do the lodge a favor, sir. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When the smith went to the last chorus, Henry joined him, grace noting and playing a counterstrain on the guitar. They finished high, holding it and milking it.

They just stood there for a while, grinning with childish delight, feeling that warm and friendly sap-stirring joy that comes when two singers blend true and sweet above the chords.

"Like berries and sweet cream!" the giant boomed softly. "Can you do The Pesky Sarpint?"

Henry grinned, and as he ticked them off the smith's grin grew wider and his brown eyes crinkled up in sheer delight.

". . . sixty-eight verses of Barbary Allen, all of The Snake-Bit Boy, Tobacco's But an Indian Weed, The Little Mohee, and Mr. Froggie and the Mouse."

The smith's laugh was as big as his voice. He threw back his head of black curls and stretched his mighty chest.

"Then you surely know The Escape of Old John Webb, and likewise The Riddle Song."

It was something. They stood looking at each other and grinning and clicking their tongues.

"Now hear me, music man, if you're planning to go on down the trail—why, tarry a year or so. We can have us a time."

"I hear tell you're having a social time here Saturday. I'll stay at least till after that. When I find a bass like you—why, I camp till I wear it out."

"Well, start now. You lead out on Lord Randall and see who wears out who."

Henry hit a chord.

"Me lead out? With this squeak of mine? You lead."

By the time they got Lord Randall all laid down—why, their heads were close together and the smith's giant arm was around Henry, and there was a warmth between them to last a life.

"I'm Henry Whitlaw." Recollecting his manners.

"John Farrington, my friend."

Henry's ears heard him plain, but his brain fair refused to register such base betrayal.

"I stayed the night at the ford," Henry said, testing.

Farrington sighed.

"Then you know Abigail and Abednego. Abigail is my bespoke. At least she is now, but she's changeable. If I don't get her wedded soon, some soft-talking no-good will carry her away." The great brown chest swelled with hopelessness. "She wants courting. That's the ailing of her. I've tried to sweet-talk her, but when I'm alongside her—why, my brain muddles and my tongue tangles with my teeth."

Henry felt a powerful urge to get away. He'd promised to have supper with Farrington, but he had to get away for a while. He wandered down to the river and talked harder-mouthed to himself than he ever before had done.

It was true that Abigail touched him. She could rouse the man in a scarecrow.

"But answer square and fair, Henry Whitlaw. How many girls along the trail have done the same to you? How many? Henry Whitlaw, the truth told and the devil shamed, you're fickler and less constant than a banty rooster."

Henry faced the truth of it and hung his head. And seeing it, he pressed himself, but took a little of the bitter gall out of it.

"Oh, sure, Henry, it's true that you could tell her a tale to fetch her to you like a scared child out of the frighty woods. But answer two questions, Henry Whitlaw, and hew to the white line of truth. First, have you ever heard a bass equal to that smith's? Second, have you ever seen a right arm like that? Henry, could you hold up your pride knowing you'd made that voice fit for naught but chanting funeral psalms? Henry, can you feel that right hand squeezing your neck? Show some sense."

There was more. All of it true. He was mightily moved by the picture he painted. When he went up to Farrington's cabin his mind was made up. The tragedy of it made his lanky body droop and the nobility of it made his eyes shadow and his nostrils white.

What with this plus the fact that Farrington was no more than a poor-to-middling skillet cook, Henry didn't feel up to singing more than a few songs like Wayfaring Stranger and Old Blue.

He edged into it sideways and gentle. "Man loves to sing like you, John, probably has made up a lot of songs."

Farrington laughed. "Never even tried. I'm a smith."

"I was thinking, John. A female loves a song. Especially when it's a song that was made up about her."

Arabella

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Arabella,
the beautiful cat,
Has four white paws
and a pointed chin.
Do you think Arabella
is proud of that?
Pride is foolishness,
pride is a sin.

But Arabella
has self-respect.
Self-respect
to a marked degree.
She washes her paws
till they twinkle like stars,
She smooths her chin with
complacency.

Her smile is calm,
and her stare is wide;
White-pawed and soft,
Arabella goes.
She is a cat
too proud to be proud,
But her station in life
a good cat knows.

"You ever made up any songs, Henry?"

"Here's one I whipped up while I was coming down the mountain. I call it my Lazy Boy song."

He sang it clear through, and John Farrington fetched Henry such a slap on the back he nearly knocked him into the fire.

"Boy, you can build up a song. Tune and all."

"Land, John, it's nothing. Anybody could do it."

"No! Pshaw, I couldn't ever."

"You could, John; you could. Now, let's take the first line."

Near the whole of the night, then, was put to the hardest task ever faced by Henry Whitlaw. It was hint and rhyme, devise and contrive, urge and plead, placing rare and shining words in the smith's dumb mouth until Henry could scarcely abide it. No man longs to lose the one he's drawn to, and so at first Henry's heart was not in the thing entire. It was a task to stump Solomon, though, and Henry warmed to it. The smith could never devise a song of his own making if he had till Gabriel's Day to strive. And it had to be that the smith thought himself to be the rhymer and the word worker or the whole thing was for nought.

It took all of Henry's mother wit and Jobical patience to mold a song, hard as that is, full of sweet and gentle turnings to show the softly shimmering things that must needs go into a heartling song; the shy redbud and the dogwood clumps and the tastings and yearnings of a lonely man on a star-sweet night, and the clutching needfulness of a soul alone; to show all that and still to make it appear to the smith that it was he putting together a thing so gentle and wholly of womanly wanting as was that song.

To have a woman hear it, and to have her know it was wrought for her out of the humble things of the world, but rendered wondrous by a man's yearning love—why, it would twist a witch's heart to love. And seeing the song shapen, Henry ached within, for he knew that the song was like as he never again would contrive, for he tore much of it from in him deep where he had been shy-saving against his own day of need. It would bring Abigail, fretting to flower beneath Abednego's bitter and rock-hard care, to take her trusting love and place herself in the clumsy hands of the smith, and tuck him beneath her heart for all her life.

And when Henry finished the song and wove in the sweet, sad shuttle of the chords, the smith was fair beside himself with wonder at the thing he'd wrought, and Henry was pale and wrung out within as a clump of swamp moss after a big wind. There was a taste of brass beneath his tongue, but a lifting goodness in him, too, for the making of a song may sap a man, but there's reward in it.

"Henry Whitlaw," he whispered to himself after the smith had sung it through, bringing out each phrase and turn reverently, "you've made a song!"

And it hurt a little. For the song would never be sung for people to exclaim in wonder. It was a marriage boon to Abigail and the smith, and would only be sung between them. It would be the sweet binding to uphold them through the tragical turnings of their life, to heal their hurts and quell their quarrelings.

The smith was gone when Henry awakened, late. A bait of venison and a half dozen hen's eggs knocked the edge off his hunger and he went to wander the settlement. He followed a footpath by the noisy little creek, came into a clearing and ran into a commotion. Chickens were squawking, there was a great hissing and some delicate, feminine type of swearing.

Behind the cabin he came on a great gray gander back up in a corner and set to defy the woman in front of him. She had a short stick and was making feminine threat gestures and the gander knew her heart wasn't in it. He held the knobby joints of his wings at the ready and was hissing at her contemptuously.

"Hang you! You great gray goblin! I'll have your neck under the ax and you in the pot one of these days!"

She was a peach-cobbler type of woman, short, ample, and all pinks and yellows. Her hair was thick and the yellow of fading forsythia, and her eyes were oversize and blue. She turned, skirt swirling, and saw Henry. She fell into a pretty confusion, smiling, murmuring, coloring and patting her hair.

"I swear by the holies that creature will be the death of me."

Henry bowed, smiled at her, handed her his guitar to hold, and went in to quell that goose with a flourish. And that treacherous creature started to hiss gently and stroke its long neck against Henry's arm. Henry put him grumbling in his pen and turned back to the woman. She drew in her breath with admiration and flapped her lashes.

"I swear and declare, the things a man can do that a poor woman can't. A poor, weak woman alone is no more than a tiny broke-winged bird, when she's had done for her all her life. Sometimes I wonder we shouldn't be just put out of our misery."

She conjured up a picture so touching that Henry found his hand patting her plump shoulder before he was rightly aware of it.

"Now, here I am carrying on like a poor scatterbrained being and forgetting my manners. Do come in and set and have a cup of coffee and a smidgin of my cake. Folks do say I bake a good cake, most likely pitying a poor widow woman. But laws, when I have a man around it pleasures me so to see him eat that I spend night and day with my head in the oven, and my face over the stove."

On and on. Henry just had to nod once in a while. It was comforting. He sat under the talk like it was a soft rain, and it refreshed him. Only half listening, he looked out and could see the clearing. It was a big one, growing up to weeds and rambler vines now, but good land, backed up against the creek. A brace of sleek brindle cows grazed over next to the woods. The kitchen was clean and comfortable.

Henry drew in a deep breath and it hit him. It was only yesterday he'd sat down and made up that Lazy Boy song. The handsome widow and the cherry-wood bed. He looked at her, and she was handsome. Henry pivoted his head slow, breath held, glimpsing the sleeping room. He let out his breath slow. He could only see part of it, but it was there. One big sleek poster sticking toward the ceiling and a couple of feet of carved headboard, but she had a cherry-wood bed.

Henry smiled deeply at her, his eyes flashing his interest, and she fell into another confusion and patted her hair some more. Henry got his guitar and pleasured her with The Froggie and the Mouse, and then made her cry with the story of Lord Randall. She was a soft, womanly creature, he could see, and he knew that it would not take much to have his acres, his cherry-wood bed and his widow.

Before he left, he chopped up a lot of firewood, emptied the ash pit in the stove and got a full look at that granddaddy of all cherry-wood beds. It was piled high with comforts, patchworks and feather beds. It was enough to make three men comfortable. Henry knew when he was bested.

He sat down by the creek and spent the whole afternoon contriving a song to win that widow. It wasn't a patch on the song he'd done the night before for Abigail and the smith, but it was a good job.

Over the smith's poor vittles Henry asked Farrington about her.

"She's Abednego's cross," the smith chuckled. "He's widowed and she's without a man. Abigail would never tolerate another woman in the house, but it wouldn't have done any good, even if she had. The widow has told in the settlement that to wed Abednego would be like setting in meeting all the time. A body should do something once in a while to feel the need of going to meeting."

Henry was complacent. If Abednego was his competition, it didn't seem it could be much of a race.

Saturday, Farrington didn't go to his forge. He and Henry spent the whole morning brushing their social clothes, blacking their boots and catching quick glimpses into the scaly-looking glass when the other wasn't looking. By noon the mountain folk had started hitting the settlement. The women came bearing their cakes, pies and fancy bakings, casting anxious looks at what the others had brought. There was a continual flurry of exclamations and a never-ending moaning, down-talking their own results and blaming it on the oven, the wood, the flour or the rising.

"I'm purely humiliated to bring this old excuse for an angel food. My oven wouldn't

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hot and the miller ground coarse again, and then the boy dumped an armload of wood on the floor and it more than half fell. Sometimes I think I'll stick to hoecake."

Each was full convinced that no other cake could hold a candle to her own, and each would die before she'd admit it.

Abednego and Abigail came, and went right on down to the gathering place by the creek. Abigail kept glancing over at Henry and Farrington where they sat whittling against the meetinghouse wall.

"Won't you go greet her?" Henry asked the smith.

"Law, Henry, I can't, front of all these people. I'll wait, get her alone and sing my song after night."

There was a shoat in the pit, lemonade cooling in the creek since dawn, and all those pies and cakes. There was to be music, and a bunch of rag-tail mountain fiddlers came, each knowing he could play Turkey in the Straw faster than any other, and scandalizing some of the steadier ones by nipping mountain corn to fortify themselves. There was a bone player and a small sparrow of a man with a pair of silver spoons on which to make some kind of racket. But there was not a guitar man among them, and Farrington and Henry allowed they'd sing something if they were pressed. It was Henry's plan to sing his widow song right out in front of everyone and get his circle drawed around her that very night.

She made an entrance. Squealing a little, talking light and carrying on like a flighty widow should. She thanked Henry right out for chopping her enough wood to bake her pies and cakes, and the ladies hid a few sly smiles. A mountain minstrel like Henry wouldn't be a catch, but he was tall and good-looking, and the widow flighted so you could see she was taken with him.

Abednego sidled up to her like she was a bitey mule and bowed and scraped and conducted himself generally like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Henry had to laugh.

After dark they moved to the meetinghouse and the entertainment began. The hoedown mountain fiddlers tried to best each other, and the bones man competed with the spoon man. They all got applause. Then they were pushing Henry and Farrington up front, and they did My Father's House Has Many Mansions, and they brought down the house.

Henry saw Farrington go down before the clapping had died and lead Abigail out, and Henry didn't doubt that when they came back in there would be a date set.

Henry stayed up front banging a few chords on his guitar, getting himself tuned and ready for his widow-catching song, when he saw Abednego, the steel all gone from his eye, looking cow-eyed at the widow.

All in a flash Henry fell to thinking about the size of that clearing. It would be a chore to ready it and to plow it, overgrown like it was. Those two cows had to be milked morning and night. Cooking like the widow did would take a sight of wood. Henry got a sudden catch in his back.

He opened his mouth, called for squares and started to beat out the Surang Hornpipe. It was a rowdy hoedown stomp, heavy on the bass, and he blistered the walls with his calls while he wove in feet-tickling variations on the high strings. They swarmed out onto the floor and Henry started to play like he'd never played before. He might have been playing for his life. He called on that guitar for sound, and that instrument knew it was bested and bossed, and Henry made that Surang Hornpipe go way down crying for mercy. Abednego's sternful eye was eager now, glued to the widow's whirling form, his foot fair caught in the mesh of the melody, tapping true, skirting frenzy, and Henry made his last effort. He made the guitar bow its fretted neck and put out muted strums and called:

Fourth lady, swing the gent so blue!
Now the one that ate the glue!
Now the one that's stuck on you!
Now, Now! Abednego!—the dude of the ballroom!

And with that, Abednego gave a whoop, bounded out onto the ballroom floor, and his leaps and shines would have put a young goat to shame.

The widow dropped all holds and stood mouth gaped with wonder and a growing light in her eyes. They came together in the middle of a wild whirl. The way those two shined, pranced, sashayed and teeto-tummed, without taking their eyes off each other—why, it left no doubt.

Henry witnessed it all and eased down on his playing until what there was of it was lost in the wild bow scraping of the fiddlers.

On down the trail Henry shucked his back bundle and looked up at the moon. He slung the guitar around right-side-to and hit a full and happy handful of chords.

"Henry Whitlaw," he said, "you're a chancy one. It was close, though."

Another verse to his Lazy Boy song just came out of him like it was waiting. About the dangers of a lazy boy trying to keep survived, and how hard it was for a handsome boy to keep himself unwived.

He played it through three times. Once to the smiling moon, once to a hooty owl soaring spread-winged over the woods, and then once just to pleasure his own self.

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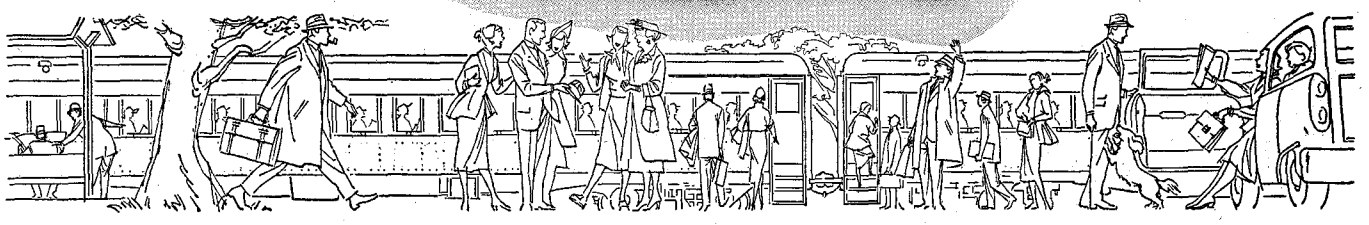

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The Burning Hills (Continued from Page 43)

and a low wind moaned in the scattered clumps of brush. They rode in silence, knowing there was no returning now. Another Sutton had died and made another mark against them.

The Sierra de San Luis pointed a rocky finger into the wastelands south of the border. It was Apache country, and it was the desert, and the desert can kill. This was the land that time and again had defeated armies of the United States. This was the land of the peccary and coyote, the land of the rattler and the scorpion, of the prickly pear and the cholla.

In the moonlight even more than by day the desert is a place of weird and strange beauty. One can live in the desert. There are plants that provide food; there are plants and places that provide water. But if one does not conform to the desert's pattern, one can die in the desert.

They did not talk. When the first light of dawn came, he saw how her face was bruised and swollen, and for the first time Trace Jordan was glad that he had killed a man. Yet she did not complain, she sat her horse well, and rode straight on into the awful wilderness to the south. He looked back, but saw nothing. No riders, no dust, no movement.

Sweat trickled down his face and down his body under his shirt. Twice within three hours great canyons split the desert floor. They descended into them, and they emerged from them. And when he looked back a second time there was a dust cloud. There were two dust clouds.

This was wilderness, raw, untamed. There were no villages and no ranches. It was the land of the Apache, the most dreaded guerrilla fighter the world has yet known. When it was almost noon he drew up and they dismounted, sponging out the mouths and nostrils of their horses. And then they walked.

Dust settled on their faces and necks. Jordan felt his neck growing raw from the chafing of his collar, stiffened as it was by sweat and dust. His head ached, his mouth was dry, yet they pushed on and the heat waves moved in closer around them, blotting out the distance, leaving only a vast, shimmering waste. Twice, for short times, they rested. Each time the dust clouds seemed closer.

"You know this country?" he asked.

"Down here? No."

"There is a place, the Canyon de los Embudos," he said. "Do you know it?"

"It is an Apache place."

"There is water," he said, "and a place to hide."

The country became increasingly broken, and again they mounted. Yet before many miles had passed, Sutton's horse began to stumble. The big red horse that Jordan rode had rested well and fed well. The distance seemed as nothing to him. They dismounted again and walked on, but Sutton's horse fell and lay there in the sun.

"Take the food and the rifle," Jordan said. "We'll leave him."

"He will die?"

"No. After the sun goes down, he'll get up. He will find water then or join them when they come up."

So they walked on, but his strength had not returned and after a while the horizon began to weave and dance before him and the mountains became like liquid, and he went to his knees. He got up at once and started on, tearing his collar wider. The gun belts and pistols chafed his thighs.

They looked back and there were no dust clouds. He looked ahead, and three Apaches on ragged ponies stared stone-faced into their eyes. It was too late for the rifle, and he did not know if his hand was strong enough to hold a gun. From under his black hat brim he looked at them. Three tough men of the desert, their finely muscled bodies shaped like the land itself, of rock and sinew. Being Apaches, they would have seen the dust clouds, and they would be wondering about them.

Jordan gestured at their back trail. "Enemy," he said, then indicated Maria Cristina's battered face and touched his gun.

They were impassive, their black eyes studying him. He was sun-burned, and as dark as any of them; only his eyes were gray. Maria Cristina looked at them, but said nothing. Her man was talking, and this was man's business.

"*Indio?*" An Apache pointed at her.

Jordan gave the sign for half, then indicated himself with the same sign. This last was not true, but he had the features and could have been, and the idea might help.

The Apache with the red head band turned and pointed. "Embudos," he said.

"*Sí,*" Jordan replied, and when the Apaches drew aside, they went on, walking slowly. Neither of them spoke, neither made a sound until they were hidden in an arroyo. Then he swung quickly to the saddle and, with Maria Cristina behind him, rode rapidly until several miles were behind them. . . .

Hours later, his feet aching and his body utterly exhausted, he was still moving on. Yet now the terrain had changed. They had entered a weird jungle of Spanish dagger, cholla and Joshua, all broken by the remains of an ancient lava flow. The spaces between the cacti and the fallen black chunks of lava were crowded with brittle bush.

For what must have been six or seven miles they inched their way through this barrier; at times at a loss as to how to go forward; then, mounting a hill amid a thick forest of cholla, they suddenly looked into a ravine that was startlingly and incredibly lovely. Below them was water. Not a little water, but a large clear pool surrounded by jutting lava. Shading the pool were sycamore, ash, willow and buckthorn. And down near the edge of the pool were several small open places where they could see the remains of old fires.

Dismounting, Jordan led the way down the steep path to the water's edge. Following along the shore under an overhang of lava, they came to a small clearing among the trees, completely shaded and masked from view by a curtain of willows. Here they stopped. With almost the last of his strength Jordan stripped the saddle from the red horse and put him on a picket rope. Then, without a word, he stretched out and went immediately to sleep, a sleep through which horses raced and guns barked, and where he was endlessly falling over blocks of lava into acres of cholla.

When he awakened it was dark and cold, but a blanket had been thrown over him. Faintly, he smelled a wood fire. He rolled over and sat up.

"There is food." Maria Cristina spoke from the shadows. "By the fire."

He stumbled to the edge of the pool and bathed himself, mopping his face and body dry with his shirt. Wrapping himself in a blanket, he went to the fire.

There was a pot of stew, and he ate hungrily; then ate from a stack of tortillas. Then he sat down, looking at the moonlight's reflection on the dark water, listening to the night sounds, and drinking coffee.

"S'pose Lantz knows this place?" he asked.

"Who knows?"

She was silent for a time. "He is a devil, but not so bad as the rest."

They needed rest, the horse needed rest. To go on in the night was out of the question. They must take a chance. They must stay.

"My father—he knew of this place. It is a place of the *Indios*, of the Apaches. They come here to make talk, but not often, I think."

He got up stiffly, every muscle complaining, and going to his saddle, he got his bedroll. He spread out his blankets and took off his boots.

When he had stretched out, he said, "I am sorry about your face."

"It is nothing."

"The man I killed?"

"*Sí.* Jack Sutton."

He drew the blanket about his shoulders and settled to rest. Once, lifting his head, he glanced around. She sat unmoved and unmoving, her profile etched sharply against the sky beyond the lake. He started to speak, then changed his mind and lay down. In a moment he was breathing deeply and steadily.

Maria Cristina hunched the blanket around her shoulders and looked at the water. She said nothing, she thought nothing; she was at this moment an Indian, at one with her world.

Fifteen miles back, huddled under an escarpment of sandstone, Hindeman and his men made dry camp. It had been a day of defeat, of heat, dust and cacti.

At dawn they had found Jack Sutton. He had been shot dead, and it had been good shooting. His gun, unfired, lay near his hand. Looking down at the body, Buck Bayless felt a moment of shock, of near terror. What kind of a man was Jordan?

Wounded unto death, he escaped. Days later he came from hiding and left not a ghost of a trail, and now he had slain Jack Sutton. Buck Bayless felt his courage draining from him. He felt sick and whipped.

Wes Parker touched his tongue to his lips and stole a careful look at Hindeman. Yet he knew Hindeman would go on. It was a trait of Hindeman's that he had admired. Now he cursed it.

Ben Hindeman could feel no remorse. Sooner or later, he would have had to kill Jack Sutton himself or be killed. Now the man was dead, finished.

"Woman-crazy," he said aloud. "If he'd left her alone, he'd be alive."

"She's a curse," Buck Bayless said resentfully. "She'll be the death of us all. Let her go, I say, and good riddance."

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Freddie attended the Blotz Novelty Company's Christmas party with his fellow employees at noon the day before Christmas. After much good cheer, the company distributed hams. Freddie tucked his under his arm, started home, promptly fell downstairs and broke his leg. Later he demanded the workman's-compensation benefits usually paid to employees injured on the job. Filing suit, he argued:

"As all employees are expected to attend the company's Christmas party, I was as much on the job as if I had been doing my regular work. I was still on company premises when injured, so pay me."

"The company never ordered its employees to attend the party, it simply invited them," the company lawyer replied. "Freddie could have gone home at noon if he had wished. After that hour, he was no more on the job than if he was at a Christmas party at a friend's house. He was not hurt at work or while leaving work, hence he is not entitled to compensation."

If you were the judge, would you award Freddie compensation?

• •

Freddie won. The court said he was still technically "at work" in attending the party. Attendance at such functions, though not compulsory, is in effect a part of an employee's job, it continued, as the real purpose of a common party is to promote better employer-employee relations and thereby further the company's interests.

Based upon a 1954 New Jersey decision.

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Ben Hindeman was angrily impatient. "We can let her go," he said, "but we can't let him go. If one man can wipe his feet on the Sutton-Bayless outfit, we won't last out the year. We kill him or we all go." He swung a wide arm at the country. "There's fifty outfits in Arizona and New Mexico who want our graze. There's two or three mighty near strong enough to do it. Like John Slaughter. That's why I kept Jack an' Mort from going that way."

They were still there when Mort Bayless came in with four men. These were the tough ones, the men with a reason to want Trace Jordan dead. Mort Bayless had used an argument they could understand. "We got him runnin'," he said. "You think he'll let up if we quit? Not by a damn sight! He'll bide his time an' he'll come back. Folks will talk; he'll know who got his horses. He'll hunt down every man jack of us, you'll see!"

He knew their fears because he knew his own. This was a danger they understood. Jordan was a tough man, and they had been fools to listen to Jack Sutton. Beside the fire they hunkered down and made war talk.

"Where'll they go?" Hindeman asked Lantz.

The old man spat into the fire. "No tellin'. With the Mex gal we could figure some, but Jordan's takin' the lead now, an' he knows where he's goin'. This here desert is out of my knowin'. Might be a sight of places around if a body knew 'em." He took a pull at the coffee. "You been thinkin', Ben? This here's 'Pache country. We get caught down here an' we're in genu-ine trouble."

"No matter. We'll find him."

"Worse'n huntin' a needle in a haystack," Buck Bayless complained. "We'd have to hunt up ever' canyon. Take us ten year."

"Hadn't better," Ben Hindeman replied dryly. "Your wife will forget you in that time."

Wes Parker lifted himself to an elbow. "I'm goin' back. I'm catchin' me that Mex kid. If that gal knows a hideout down here, that kid should know."

Ben Hindeman considered that. He did not like to have anyone abused, but the situation was getting out of hand. They were losing time and the ranch needed them. All had work that needed doing. Moreover, for the first time he was finding an element of doubt. The increased caution of Lantz was part of it.

"All right, Wes. Take Buck with you. Maybe he'll be better huntin' a kid than a man."

"Aw, Ben!" Buck protested plaintively. "That ain't no ——"

"Shut up!" Ben was exasperated. . . . "Jake, you do some thinking about where they might go. Meanwhile, we'll get some sleep."

Lantz spat out his chewing. "Better set guards," he said; "them bronco Apaches might want to collect some horses."

Buck Bayless retired to his blankets vastly satisfied. What he wanted was less alkali and more beer. To hell with Jordan!

Before daybreak Trace Jordan crawled from his blankets into the predawn chill. He slung his gun belts around his hips, then pulled on his boots. The fire had died to thin gray ashes, so he gathered a few dried leaves from under the trees and some dried-out branches of the curl-leaf, which makes no smoke.

Maria Cristina lay huddled in her blankets where he had last seen her, so he broke sticks quietly and fed them into the flames. He dipped water from the pool and placed it on a stone by the fire to grow hot. The battered coffeepot, veteran of many trail camps, was black and dented.

This place was well hidden. It was surrounded by a jungle of cholla, sometimes called jumping cactus, one of the most vicious of all the desert's plants. There was catclaw, organ pipe and a few barrel cacti. Finding a way through the maze would not be easy. He had stumbled upon it himself, and even that trail had been difficult to follow.

When breakfast was ready, he went to her and bent over to awaken her; yet even as he stooped, her eyes opened suddenly, dark and beautiful, ringed with black lashes. Her expression was, at that moment, unreadable. He started to reach for her, then drew back.

"Got some coffee ready," he said.

Their eyes held for a long moment, and then, "All right," she said. "I come."

Birds whistled and talked in the brush, and the morning air was fresh and cool. He could smell the faint scent of ironwood in bloom, but doubted his senses, for the season was late. Yet many desert plants bloomed according to rainfall and with small regard for seasons.

Maria Cristina came to the fire and accepted coffee from him. Her face was somber, and she stood, feet apart, holding the cup in both hands. "It is quiet," she said suddenly.

"Yes. I like it here."

She drank her coffee, then ate. He gathered more firewood and then walked back up the trail to study the approaches by daylight. Only two or three places offered access to the water, and all were in full view of their camp site.

From the top of the knoll he studied the surroundings. There was a nearby mesa that offered danger, but few approaches through the cactus barrier. At the top of the knoll, in a place he could work without being seen, he assembled a few rocks into a low barrier. There was grass for the horse and they had food for several days. They could wait.

Maria Cristina had washed their few dishes and had hot water on when he returned. She was putting creosote leaves into the water, and when they had steeped for some time, she bathed her bruised face in the water.

All day long they rested, sleeping much of the time. Occasionally, from the top of the knoll, Jordan made a reconnaissance of the country around, always keeping himself under cover. He could see but a short distance, and in that distance there was nothing alive but the birds, which seemed very busy among the cacti. Without doubt, the Sutton-Bayless riders were somewhere around. By this time they should be closing in. The thought increased his restlessness, but there would be nowhere that would offer them more than they had at present.

Maria Cristina bathed her bruised face several times, and in the late afternoon went into the thickets to find herbs that could be eaten to fill out their slender supply of food.

At dusk, Trace Jordan took his Winchester and worked his way to the top of the mesa, where he sat for a long time, studying the country. From there he could see for miles in all directions, yet it was not until he started to get up to return that he caught sight of the distant spot of red.

Far beyond the limits of the cholla forest, it was without doubt a campfire. And it would be ten or twelve miles away. Catching the last of the fading light, he worked his way back down the mesa to the oasis.

"They're out there," he said.

"We stay?"

"If we don't move we won't make tracks."

They did not have to worry about their own fire. He knew the distance a blaze can be seen at night, but their own camp was so deep in the canyon and so well surrounded by trees and brush that it could not be seen fifty yards off. Their best chance was to sit tight.

She sat close by the fire, its light touching her somber face. Some of the swelling had gone, and the bruises were changing color. Yet now she looked remote, lonely.

"What will you do?" he asked suddenly. "You cannot go back."

She shrugged.

"Stay with me."

She looked up, her eyes flashing, almost angry. "With you? For why? Why I go with you?"

"You're my woman, Maria Cristina."

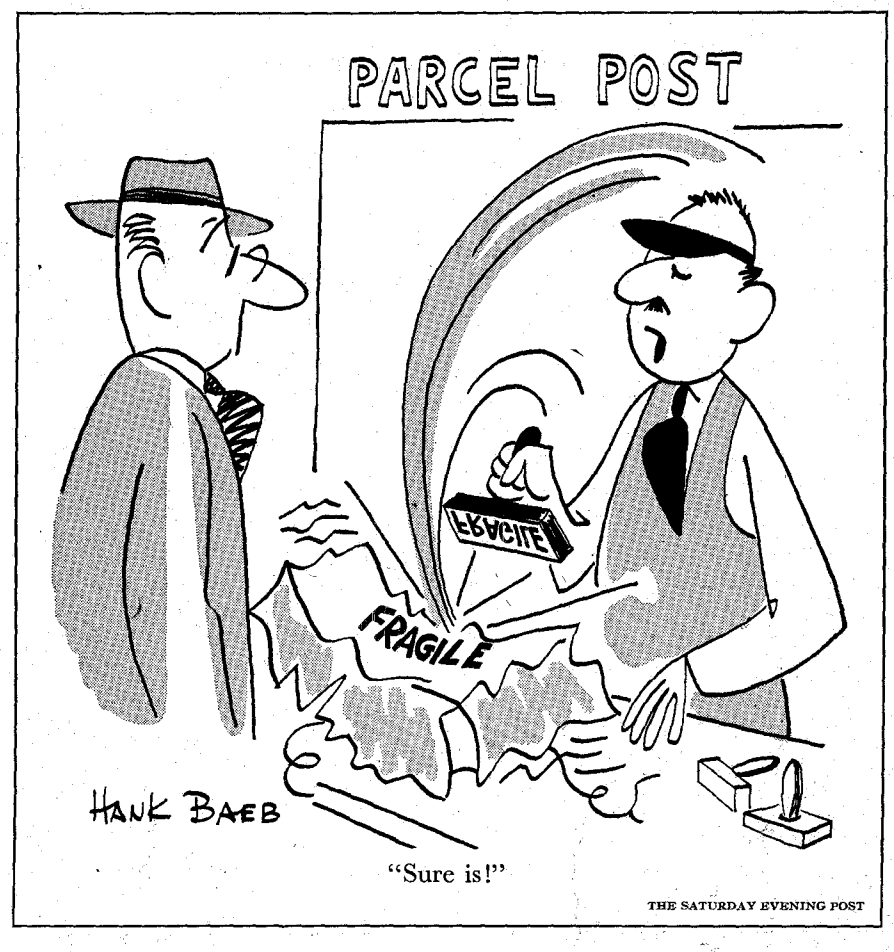
"I am nobody's woman."

"You're my woman. Get used to the idea."

She glared at him, then said contemptuously, "For why am I your woman? Because I help you? I do it for a dog. All right. I am in trouble. They hate me. I hate them too."

"I'm not going to let you go, Maria."

"You have nothing to say if I go or stay."



"Sure is!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He got his bedroll and opened it out near the fire. He stretched out, leaning on one elbow. He fed small sticks into the fire and tried to find words to say what was in his mind.

She could never go back now, and because of him. Because of him, she was lost to her family, and yet he knew it was no sense of obligation that made him feel as he did. It had been a long time since he had talked to women, and words did not come easily to him, and yet he knew, desperately, that he must find words to reach this woman. He must make her realize that he loved her, that he really wanted her. He thought of many things to say, but they found no shape on his lips. They all seemed empty and meaningless. He was learning that to speak of love is not easy when the feeling is deep and strong.

She lifted her eyes suddenly and looked across the small fire at him. "You think because I come here with you that I am your woman? Well, I am not."

"I need you, Maria."

"You need me? You need a woman—any woman. Then you ride on. Maybe sometime again you need a woman, you find one again." She looked at him with a taunt in her eyes. "Anyway, I don't think you need a woman very often."

He ignored the comment and relaxed. "Trouble is," he mused, "I let you ride that horse. I should have made you walk—all the way." He sat up and began to roll a smoke. "And I should have made you carry the pack too."

She glared at him. He took a stick from the fire and lighted his cigarette.

"A good woman needs to work," he said; "they're unhappy if they aren't working. Keep 'em busy, that's what I say."

"You!" she said witheringly. "What do you know?"

"Sure," he went on; "my mistake was letting you ride. If you had followed behind with a pack on your back you'd be happy now. Next time we move, you walk."

"You think you strong!"

The moon had risen beyond the mesa, and the cholla needles were like white flowers in the strange light, a beautiful white like a garden of flowers—a garden of death. A bat dipped and darted through the air, and out across the pool something splashed in the water.

He rolled up on his elbow again. "Always figured to get myself a ranch. Just a few cows and some horses. Mostly horses. Nothing real big, just a place that's mine. I want my own home. I always wanted a place with a view. One where I can see all the way into tomorrow—a place with a long trail leading to it, with my house at the end of the road. I want to see my own horses feeding in my own meadow. I want to see some youngsters growing up."

He smoked the cigarette down to a butt, then nursed the last few drags before tossing it into the flames. "Been a long time since I had a home. Take me a while to get halter-broke again, but I could do it."

A coyote spoke the moon, his shrill cries mounting in crescendo, then dying away in echoes against the mesa wall.

"A man can't make it alone. Needs him a woman. These here city women, they look mighty nice, but a man out here needs a woman who can walk beside him, not behind him."

Maria Cristina said nothing. Her eyes were a little softer, perhaps, her hands relaxed. Some of the tenseness seemed to have gone out of her.

"You an' me, we could make it. I'm a hand with horses, and I know where there's some pretty good wild stock. Buy us a stallion maybe, good blood. Might get a Morgan. Man can do a lot worse than raise horses. This is horse country, an' down here they'll always have a need for horse stock. With a Morgan

(Continued on Page 90)

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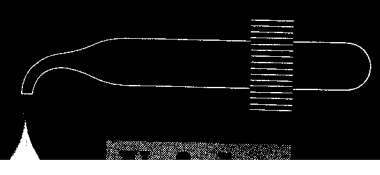

Medicine...Designed for health

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(Continued from Page 88) stallion a man could breed some fair stuff in a few years. First year or two might not be easy. Reckon I couldn't offer you much—not right off. Nothin' much but work and a home."

"I have always work." She did not look at him, but she spoke. He glanced across the fire at her, but she did not meet his eyes, and then suddenly she got up and started away.

"A man should stick to what he knows," he said, to her departing back. "I know horses. Maybe not much about women."

He made no move to follow her. She seemed to wish to be alone, to think, perhaps. Well, it was true of himself. He took his rifle and walked off toward the path, not knowing if she saw him or not.

The forest of cholla lay like a fluffy white cloud when he climbed the mesa, yet a cloud composed of thorns, invisible in the moonlight, but ready to rend and tear. The Indians and the Mexicans thought the bunches of needles would lean toward a hand that came close, would jump at bare flesh. He doubted it, but there were times when it seemed to happen.

Atop of the mesa he looked off into the vast mysterious distances of the desert. He thought of the silent girl beside the pool. He had known few women, and certainly none at all like Maria Cristina. Yet it seemed to him she was like some horses he had handled, shying from a hand that would caress, hungry to be petted, yet afraid to be trapped, to be caught, to be cheated.

He stared out across the desert. Wherever the fire was, it was gone now. . . . No, it was there, winking from time to time across the distance. Around that fire were belted men, tough men, dedicated to hunting him down. Between those men and himself there could be no peace. It was a bloody and desperate fight for survival, a fight that had driven him until soon he would have his back to the wall, where he must stand and fight.

It was a pity that Maria Cristina was involved, yet had she not chosen to involve herself he would be dead. He would have died on that mesa shelf, alone. All the more reason he should protect her now, yet it would be useless to tell her to take the horse and go. She would merely look at him with that haughty contempt and remain right where she was.

So what to do? If they escaped from here, where could they go? Deeper into Mexico? He did not know the trails, although he knew this area of Sonora and much of Chihuahua. And he was sure she did not know the way. Every foot of travel to the south would be dangerous because of marauding Apaches.

To go back across the border at some point distant from the Sutton-Bayless stronghold? Yet with one horse it would be a dangerous trip. Only luck and the strength of the red horse had brought them this far, and neither could last.

After long thought, he got up and went back down the trail to the water. Only the fire glowed; there was no sound and no movement. His bed lay beside the fire where he had unrolled it, but of Maria Cristina there was no sign.

He spoke her name into the silence. Nothing. He said her name again, louder this time, and with rising fear. No sound, nothing.

He ran swiftly to her bed. It was there, but she was not. He called her name loudly, and only the echo replied. He ran to the water's edge. Something caught his eye—a fragment of cloth on a branch of ironwood. A good-sized fragment, as though she had deliberately hooked it over the branch to leave a clue.

There were two paths that way. He ran along the nearest, praying his choice was right. He ran to the crest of the hill and stopped. All was wide and white in the moonlight, and nowhere, anywhere, was there a sign.

And then, faint and far off, quickly stifled, a cry. Faint, lost, until he almost doubted his senses—but the cry of a woman, a cry for help.

Heedless of obstruction or ambush, he plunged down the trail. He darted around turns in the path until he had covered at least a hundred yards; then he slowed to listen.

No sound. But there would not be. This was not a white man, for no white man could have stolen a woman in such a way without noise. It had been an Apache—or, more likely, Apaches. Possibly the three they had met upon the trail, for they knew where Jordan and Maria Cristina were going.

And being Apaches they knew every trick, every device, and they were men trained to desert war from childhood, men who would kill, and kill swiftly, for this was their way of life. Yet they had this woman. . . .

Suddenly, somewhere off in the desert, he heard a sudden rush of horses, a pound of retreating hoofs. He did not stop to swear or even to listen. Immediately he turned and ran back to the pool. Once there he saddled the red horse and loaded his gear. It needed only a minute to roll her bed also, and to fill the canteens. And then he was riding.

This much time he had taken, for upon an Apache trail there was no guessing how far a man would travel until he came up with them. Yet come up with them he would.

When he reached the place where the Indians had left their horses, there was still a smell of dust in the air. The earth showed no tracks in the dim light and he dared not strike a match; yet he circled until he caught again the smell of dust, and then started after them.

Country Year

By R. H. Grenville

By fragrances we knew the country year.
Beginning when the wind came blowing wet
Over plowed earth, with the violet's eye a clear
Blue in the leafing woodland, it would get
Sultry and languorous toward mid-May;
Heavy with bees and sweet with the wild green brier,
Then wholesome, smelling of fruit and the gathered hay,
With every hill ablaze with the maples' fire.
And now that we are prisoned in the white,
Hard core of winter, we may taste the rare
Tang of the cold, like an apple, crisp to bite,
And savor a pine-sweet fragrance on the air,
While the house is a potpourri of good things baking—
The heavenly smell of Christmas in the making.

At any moment they might try an ambush; yet he had doubts of that, for they were a small party, three or four at most. Twice, when well started, he got down to examine the ground. Here the earth was less torn, and he could find the hoofprints. He pushed on until the moon was gone and the risk of losing the trail was too great.

Dismounting, he picketed the horse and settled down to wait. He rolled an endless chain of cigarettes and smoked until only a half a sack of tobacco remained of his store. The last hour before dawn was endless, yet he waited, and when the day became gray and the air was cold with morning, he could see the tracks. Four horses, all unshod. One carried double.

Big Red was rested and eager. He lunged into the trail with that swift, space-eating stride that was only his. And the miles fell behind with the trail's dust, and the sun came up, hot and red. The desert turned to flame, and sweat streaked the dust on the big red's flanks and soaked Jordan's shirt. Twice he dismounted and walked, leading the horse to give him rest.

The trail led on, and he forgot, in the heat of the day's red sun, the men who might be following him, and thought only of the men ahead and of the girl they had. And the tracks grew fresher. He was gaining. The gain was slight, but nevertheless, he gained.

It was hot; no air stirred. He rode through a land that looked like hell with the fires out, a land of great clinkers, burned out, destroyed; a land of great, serrated, rocky spines, of tall spires and broken battlements; a land of deep canyons and washes, where rain sometimes created streams, white now, and dead. Forests of yucca and armies of prickly pear, occasional elephant-wood trees and clustered columns of the organ-pipe cactus.

It was a land unpeopled and still; a Gila monster moved upon a rock, a chaparral cock darted ahead of him. Yet the desert riders pushed on into the wasteland, where the sun was a ball of fire in a sky of molten flame above a red and scarred land where the only sound was the muffled beat of his own horse's hoofs, the creak of his own saddle leather. Down there ahead of him, somewhere in the desert, must be a settlement.

He did not stop for food. He ate from the sack and pushed on. The big red horse labored now, but seemed to understand his rider's urgency. And he was stronger than the small, grass-fed Apache ponies, and he was gaining.

Once, Jordan glanced back, and felt his throat tighten when he did. Behind him was a plume of dust. They had wasted no time in picking up his trail, once he began moving. And there was no time for playing hare to their hounds now, no time for subterfuge. Now he must ride, ride, ride!

Then, far ahead, he saw dust. A whisp of dust, soon vanished. He broke into the open and saw them ahead of him. Three horses, hard running. Three?

Only just in time, he swung his horse. The realization that only three riders rode ahead caused its instant reaction. He swung the horse and a bullet whipped by his skull, missing by inches only. And then he saw the Apache streaking for his horse. With one hand he swung his Winchester and fired a shot.

The bullet spat dust just ahead of the fleeing man, and slamming the big red with the spurs, Jordan went after him, working the lever on the Winchester as he rode. The Apache despaired of reaching his horse, and turning, fired. He shot too quickly and missed, and then the big red horse slammed into him, hitting him with a shoulder and knocking the Indian rolling. Without slowing, Jordan went on, only taking time to start the Apache's pony running.

The Apaches ahead spread out, taking different directions. They must know of the men behind him or they would have stopped to fight, but now they ran. One man carried double, and Jordan went after him. Yet, as he rode, he wondered: would they kill her when he reached them?

Suddenly, Maria Cristina was fighting, and then, with the pony at a dead run, she twisted free and flung herself from the saddle. She hit the sand, bounding like a sack of old clothes, then rolling over. The Apache swung to pursue her, and Jordan came between them. The Apache swung his rifle, but Jordan parried the blow. He knocked the rifle from the Indian's hands, and then they were off their horses and fighting furiously.

The Apache's hand closed over his knife hilt just as Jordan hit him with a long right. The blow knocked him down and Jordan sprang for him with both boots. The Indian rolled over and came up fast, and they closed, struggling fiercely. Then Jordan broke a hand free and struck upward with his fist. The blow knocked the Indian back, and Jordan kicked him in the knee with his boot heel.

The Apache was blocky, powerfully muscled and tough. He went down, but rolled over and palmed his knife for a throw, and Trace Jordan shot him through the body. The Apache fell, tried to get up; then sprawled out. He lay still then, a slim brown body in the hot white sun, and the dust of the fighting sifted over him.

Trace Jordan mopped the sweat from his brow. Of the other Indians there was no sign. He turned slowly and walked toward Maria Cristina. She was on her feet, facing him. Her face was dusty and her hair blew in the wind. It blew across her cheek. Her hands were bound together and her blouse was torn, but she stood, feet apart, waiting for him. He cut free her hands. For an instant they stood together, their eyes holding. He started to take her in his arms, but she stepped back quickly, shrinking, her eyes wide like those of a frightened animal. "No! No!"

He let his hands fall. Turning, he went to where his horse waited and gathered up the reins. Then he rounded up an Apache pony and led it to her. Without comment, she mounted, and as she got into the Indian's blanket saddle he noticed she had taken the Indian's Winchester and ammunition. The cartridge belt was slung across her shoulder.

Behind them the dust was closer. He even believed he could distinguish figures through the dust. They started, but not too fast. The horses behind them had come far, and would be in no shape for a sprint. And his own horse needed rest.

They were riding north now, and his thoughts were going on ahead. This was still Mexico, but the Arizona border was north of them and they would reach the border sixty or seventy miles west of the Sutton-Bayless holdings. If they could reach a town, just any town where there was a sheriff ——

But there was no town. Not close enough to help. Tubac was still farther west, Tucson and Tombstone too far north. Their best chance was the John Slaughter ranch, at San Bernardino Springs. And there was a chance they could reach it in time.

They might then claim sanctuary from John Slaughter, and he was no man with whom to trifle, not even for the Sutton outfit.

He led the way into an arroyo, then doubled back along the canyon to another, then out of it and into a thick forest of yucca and nolina. He used every trick now, riding slower, taking their time, their horses a dozen yards apart to raise less dust. They used the brush for cover, moving together, then apart. Behind them, the riders had (Continued on Page 93)

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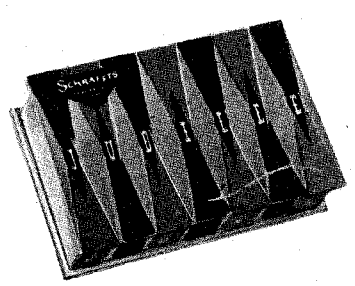

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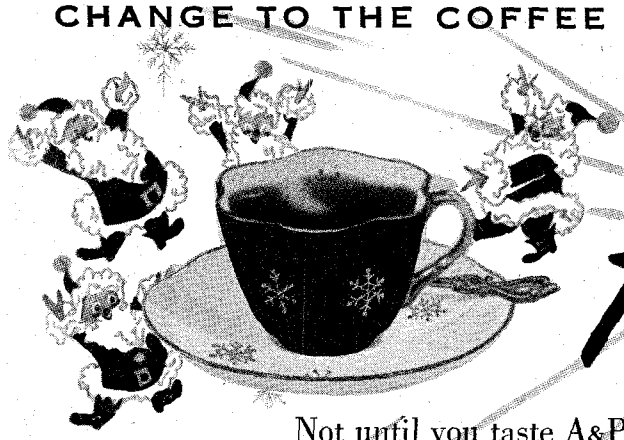

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MORE FLAVOR IS WHY THOUSANDS ARE CHANGING TO A&P COFFEE

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(Continued from Page 90) separated; they had spread out to cover more ground. And they were gaining.

Suddenly, he had an idea. It came to him out of nowhere, so foolish, so risky, so dangerous, that for a moment he doubted his sanity. It was the fact that they were riding spread out that gave them a chance.

He glanced right and left, seeing some fairly thick brush. Lifting a hand for a halt during the few minutes they were out of sight, he slid quickly to the ground and threw his horse. By the time Maria Cristina had come up, he had blindfolded his horse and, seeing what he had done, she slid to the ground and did likewise. Hurriedly, then, they gathered brush to cover both horses. Then they lay down under the edge of the brush themselves. The big red was trembling, but at the calming voices of Jordan and Maria Cristina, both horses quieted, frightened by this sudden darkness in which they found themselves. It was an old trick. Many a time he had seen horses led across rickety bridges in this way or taken from fires. A blindfolded horse lies quiet.

It was very hot. The heat of the earth was frightful. If one of the horses moved at the wrong time—but the sudden darkness held them still. Dust was thick beneath them. Gun in hand, he waited. Sweat ran down his face, and he knew that if one of the riders swung closer and came into this space, their concealment would not be sufficient. There was the smell of the horses, of his own unwashed clothing, and the mingled smells of creosote and crushed thamnosma. And then he heard the horses coming.

He heard two of them at once, and was immediately sure they were too close. He tensed, ready to spring up shooting. If they got him, he figured he could take at least two with him. He would —— He could hear a horse walking. He put a quieting hand on the big red.

A man swore bitterly and he heard brush scrape along his chaps.

The man nearest them yelled, "See anything?"

"No!" The reply was from some distance off to the other side. "Canyon up ahead."

Their concealment was far from adequate. Only their pursuers were not expecting this, and their eyes were looking ahead, always ahead.

The riders went by, and then, as he was about to look, another rider, and closer still. They heard the horse walking, heard a cork pulled from a canteen and the gurgle of water as the rider drank. At the moment he passed them he was plainly within view, only his head was tipped back and he was drinking. Then they heard him rinse his mouth and spit.

Trace Jordan lay still, counting a slow fifty. When he did take a chance and look, he could see but one rider, some distance off. The rest must have gone down into the canyon the rider had mentioned. Swiftly, they got to their feet and ripping off the blindfolds, got the horses to their feet.

Turning at right angles, they headed west, then turned north again, wanting to lose no miles that would carry them closer to safety. Soon they were into the forest of yucca, and, when well into it, were out of sight of anyone behind them.

What they had gained was at best a breathing spell. When Lantz found no more tracks, he would begin searching. They would back-trail until they found the brush and the marks of the bodies. Jordan grinned, picturing the old tracker's disgust. But they had gained an hour, perhaps more.

Several intermittent streams that flowed only during the rains lay between themselves and the border. Some of these flowed into the Rio de San Bernardino and others to the Rio de Bavispe. The canyon of one of these streams might offer some protection for their ride to the border, although most of them ran northeast instead of northwest.

There was no run left in the Apache pony, and little enough in the big red horse. And then they found the canyon they needed, and descending into it, they rode into the shallow water, which flowed much of the distance over shelves of stone, and they rode upstream. For over a mile they rode in water scarcely hock deep; then down to a thin sheet scarcely more than two inches in depth. They dismounted now and walked, liking the feeling of the cool water on their feet, leaving slow miles behind them, and little trail.

Ten miles from the point at which they entered the canyon, they saw a way out, and accepted the chance. Carefully, they mounted the wall. At the rim, Jordan stepped down from the saddle and took a long, slow study of the country. Wherever he looked, the country was wide and barren. There were rocks and much cacti, thickets of mesquite and broken ledges, upthrust from below.

Emerging, they proceeded with care. Exhaustion had drawn his face into haggard lines. Dust lay along the creases in his face. His eyeballs grated in their sockets and he rode in a daze of weariness. Half a length back, slumping in the saddle, Maria Cristina sat a horse that was all but ready to drop. They needed rest, food and a chance to recuperate. They needed fodder for the horses.

When he first saw the scraggly-looking brush he was not impressed. It was like fifty other such vague clumps they had passed. It stretched out over most of an acre, but what caught his attention was a dip in the ground at one edge of the clump. He rode nearer. It was a hollow nestled with brush, and inside, a small clearing. It was a doubtful-looking place, but it offered shelter of an unsuspected kind. In the bottom of the hollow there was a small seep.

They could risk no fire, but there was grass for the horses, and water they could suck from the grass of the seep. Trace Jordan unsaddled the horses and put them on picket ropes, then began making a small pool by pulling clumps of grass in the wettest part of the seep. Maria Cristina returned to the clearing with some green leaves with reddish stems. These she soaked in water and held against a cut on her arm.

"*Yerba mansa*," Jordan said, looking at the leaves.

She looked up, faintly amused. "Well! What d'you know! You know the herbs."

"Some."

"Maybe you do well on your ranch. Maybe you good for something after all."

He chuckled. "You're hard to convince," he said. "I never saw a woman like you."

"What woman? I think you never see a woman. I think all you know is horse. Horse and fight." She looked at him critically. "You fight pretty good."

They divided the little jerky that was left, and two somewhat battered, sandy tortillas. They sat down together, watching the horses browse in the little circle of brush.

"You slow," she said. "What keep you today? I think maybe those Apaches get away with me."

There was the suspicion of a smile at the corners of her eyes and mouth. Deep within him something warm grew and mounted.

What a woman! To have a smile left after this! But it was there—a little grim, but no longer sullen. She reacted to the danger, the hardship and the brutal flight with a wry smile and a touch of humor.

"Wasn't anxious to catch up," he said. "Soon's they found out what they had, they'd have got rid of you. Saved me some trouble."

"Hah? You think I'm no good for something?"

He looked at her, coolly estimating. "I think you're good for plenty," he said. "Sometime I'll show you some of the things you're good for."

She laughed outright, her eyes sparkling, taunting. "You think so? Me, I don' think so. I don' think you ever make it!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

The Case of the Missing Poison

(Continued from Page 35)

"Someone threw a bottle off here," he said, "a small bottle. There are some lead shot in the bottle. I want to find that bottle. How deep is it out there?"

"About ten feet," one of the boys said.

"What kind of a bottom?"

"Sandy."

"Think you can find it?"

"Sure we can find it," one of the boys said, adjusting goggles and putting rubber fins on his feet.

"All right," Mason told them. "Go to it."

The lawyer jumped back to avoid the splash as four youthfully enthusiastic bodies hit the water at almost the same time.

It was on the seventh dive that one of the youngsters emerged from the water to give a triumphant shout. In his hand was a small vial.

"You have it?" Mason asked.

"I have it."

"Bring it in," Mason told him.

The boy swam in to the pier. Mason grabbed the youngster's wet, slippery hand to pull him up on the pier. The other boys, realizing that the quest was over, came swimming in, somewhat dejectedly.

"What's your full name?" Mason asked the boy.

"Arthur Z. Felton."

"How old are you, Arthur?"

"Twelve, going on thirteen."

"Where's your home?"

The boy gestured toward the south.

"Do your folks know you're here?"

"I came up with one of the other boys."

"Do they have a telephone?"

"Yes."

"Where are your clothes?"

"In the other boy's car."

Mason said, "Get your clothes. Get in the car with me. We'll telephone your folks that you're going to be detained for a little while—and oh, by the way, here's your twenty dollars."

The boy looked at him suspiciously. "My folks told me I wasn't to go riding with anyone ——"

Mason said, "I'm Perry Mason, the lawyer. This bottle is evidence in a case."

"You're Perry Mason, the lawyer?"

Mason nodded.

"Gee, I've heard about you."

"And," Mason said, "I think we'd better drive by your house and tell your mother where we're going. I think perhaps that would be better than telephoning."

"O.K., Mr. Mason. Here's your bottle."

"Not my bottle," Mason said; "*your* bottle. Hang on to it, Arthur. Be sure that bottle doesn't leave your possession. I don't want to touch it. I don't want anyone else to touch it. It's yours."

"Why?"

"It's yours," Mason said; "that is, you have it in your custody. It's evidence. Now come on; let's go get your clothes and get into my car."

"Gosh," Arthur Felton protested, "I can't get into your car. I'm all wet."

"That doesn't make any difference," Mason told him. "Just hop in," and then he added enigmatically, "It may be that you aren't the only one who's all wet."

Hermann Korbel, the consulting chemist, wore a black skullcap on his high forehead, beneath which bright, twinkling eyes peered out from behind thick-lensed glasses. His full-moon face beaming with cordiality, he extended a hand in warm greeting to Perry Mason.

"Well, well, well," he said. "It has been a long time since I have done work for you, no?"

"Not so very long," Mason said. "A couple of years."

"Too long. And what is it this time?"

Mason said, "Mr. Korbel, this is Arthur Felton. Arthur Felton has something he found. I'd like to have him tell you in his own words where he found it."

"Yes, yes," Korbel said, leaning forward. "And what have you, my little friend?"

"I and some other boys were swimming up at Twomby's Lake," Arthur said, "and Mr. Mason came along and said somebody had thrown a bottle off the end of the pier and he wanted us to find it. He gave us five dollars apiece to swim out and dive and the one who found it was to get twenty dollars. I dove down the seventh time, found it and got the twenty dollars."

"And where's the bottle?" Mason asked.

"I have it right here."

"You took it out of the water with you?"

"Yes."

"And where has it been ever since that time?"

"Right here in my hand."

"You stopped at your home with me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And dried off and changed your clothes—that is, you got out of your swimming trunks and into your clothes?"

"Yes, sir, that's right."

"During all of that time what did you do with the bottle?"

"I had it right where you told me to keep it."

"Where?"

"Right in my hand, right here."

"That's right. Now I want that bottle fixed so you'll know it again."

Mason glanced at Hermann Korbel. Korbel reached into a drawer, took out a flask of colorless liquid and a small camel's-hair brush.

"Don't get any of this on you," he warned. "Now then, my young friend, this flask has acid in it. Be very careful not to get any on your skin. Just dip the brush in here very carefully, bring it out gently, turn it around against the neck of the flask until you've got most of the acid out—just like that—let the brush smooth itself to a fine point. Now we turn up this glass bottle and you write something on it—on the very bottom of this bottle you mark something—a figure, an initial—something you can remember—right on the bottom of the bottle."

The boy marked the initials A.F. on the bottom of the bottle.

The acid turned the bottom of the bottle a milky white.

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"Now, Korbel," Mason said to the chemist, "if you'll etch your own initials on that bottle so that you can always recognize it, I'd like to have you tell me what's in it."

"One thing I can tell you that's in it—lead shot are in it."

"Exactly," Mason said. "What are the other things?"

"Some kind of white pills."

"Find out what they are."

"How soon?"

"Just as fast as you can."

"And how do I reach you?"

"I'll be telephoning you every hour until we find out."

"In a matter of hours one can't find out."

"Perhaps if one is lucky?"

"If one is very lucky, yes."

"Then," Mason told him, "you'd better be very lucky, because we haven't much time."

Mason drove Arthur Felton back to his home, detoured around the block, making certain no one was following him, then drove to Della Street's apartment.

He rang the doorbell.

Della Street flung the door open. "Any news?" she asked breathlessly.

"Some," Mason said noncommittally.

Doctor Denair got up and came forward. "Perry, these laws of yours—they make me feel like a criminal."

"Not the laws," Mason said; "the police."

Nadine Farr came forward to give Mason her hand. "I've made trouble for all of you, haven't I?"

Mason grinned. "Trouble is my middle name. . . . Della, Doctor Denair and I are going out to your kitchen for a private conference. You sit here with Miss Farr."

Della regarded him anxiously. "Is everything all right?" she asked.

Mason said, "We're making progress, Della—and other people may make progress. At the present time we're one jump ahead."

He motioned to Doctor Denair, led the way into Della Street's kitchenette.

Doctor Denair said, "Mason, this couldn't have happened at a worse time. This girl isn't one to commit murder. She didn't ——"

"You think there was no poison?" Mason interrupted.

"No," Doctor Denair said slowly, "I think there was poison, but there was no murder."

"Explain that more fully," Mason said.

"I have not yet got all of the facts," Doctor Denair said. "In dealing with a patient of this sort it is necessary to proceed slowly. One must win her confidence; then probe gently, gently, gently, but steadily until it all comes out. Now when this girl came to my office today she was ready to talk. Unfortunately this other development made for complications. I had to talk with her in the taxicab. That was the devil of a place for a professional conversation. The information I got was necessarily very sketchy."

"But you got some?" Mason asked.

Doctor Denair nodded.

"O.K.," Mason said, "shoot."

"Nadine Farr was in love with John Locke. In some way that I haven't as yet found out, Mosher Higley put his foot down on that match. He insisted that Nadine Farr must disappear, that she must go away, that she must never again communicate with John Locke."

"He was related to her?"

"She called him her uncle. It was a courtesy title. There was no blood relationship. She was living with him prior to his death, taking care of him, nursing him. He was a sick man."

"How old?" Mason asked.

"In the sixties."

"Any romantic entanglements—I mean with Nadine?"

"Definitely not! They hated each other."

"How long had she been with him?"

"About two years prior to his death."

"All right, what happened?"

"He had some hold on her. I have not, as yet, found out what it was. It may be necessary to examine her once more under the influence of narcotics. I should have followed up the lead that she gave me during that first examination. I would have done so if I had been absolutely confident of my nurse, but I didn't like the expression on her face. She is engaged to be married. Her future husband is a police detective."

"Oh-oh!" Mason exclaimed.

"Exactly," Doctor Denair commented dryly. "Now then, Perry, here's the story: Mosher Higley was cruel, overbearing, obstinate and obdurate. He gave Nadine a deadline. She must disappear and never communicate with John Locke again. The poor girl couldn't take it, and decided to kill herself. She got cyanide tablets."

"Where did she get them?"

"Strangely enough," Doctor Denair said, "she got them from, or, rather through, John Locke, the young man she loved."

"How come?"

"Locke is a chemist. He works in a chemical laboratory. One night shortly before Higley's death she had a date with young Locke. Locke found that he had to work that night. He took her up to the laboratory. He showed her around, as a young man would, and she was interested in where he worked, as a young woman naturally would be under those circumstances.

"At the laboratory, Locke was busy, so he warned her about certain bottles, particularly he warned her about a jar of small white tablets. They contained cyanide of potassium. They were, of course, deadly. He told her, so she wouldn't go lifting lids and smelling. Locke, of course, had no way of knowing that the girl was desperate. Higley had given her a deadline of forty-eight hours, during which time she had to disappear completely, stepping out of Locke's life for good."

Mason said, "Higley must have had terrific power over her. Any idea what it was?"

"Probably she has a past."

"She seems a nice kid," Mason said.

"She probably is a nice girl according to your standards and to mine, but one never knows. Perhaps ——" He broke off and shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, go ahead," Mason said. "Give me the background."

"Mosher Higley was a sick man. He was confined to his room. He had been a very obese man. He was taking off weight rapidly, in accordance with the doctor's orders. He was on a strict diet, but he didn't always adhere to that diet. He cheated when he thought he could get away with it. One of the things he craved was hot chocolate. He had sense enough to know that he couldn't continue drinking hot chocolate while he was trying to take off weight, but he worked out an expedient that seemed to be satisfactory. He used unsweetened chocolate, mixed it with a dried-milk powder and put in several tablets of a chemical sugar substitute. Nadine cooked the stuff for him. She kept this unsweetened chocolate and the sugar substitute concealed in the kitchen underneath certain shelves in an obscure corner.

"Now, Nadine Farr was desperate. She was going to commit suicide. John Locke had shown her the jar of poison tablets. She wanted that poison. She waited for the right opportunity when John was busy in another part of the laboratory, dipped into the poison jar and put a whole handful of those tablets into her handkerchief. She knotted the handkerchief and put it in her coat pocket. When she got home she thought at first she would take the tablets immediately, but Higley had given her a forty-eight-hour deadline. She decided that she would squeeze every ounce of happiness she could out of life, that she would wait until the last minute, that she would see John Locke as frequently as possible during that forty-eight hours.

"So we have the spectacle of this young woman, very much in love, preparing to kill herself. She needed a bottle for the cyanide tablets. She had no bottle, but there was an empty bottle in the kitchen which had contained this sugar substitute. So she took this empty bottle, put the cyanide tablets in it and placed the bottle in her room."

"Then what?" Mason asked, his voice showing some skepticism.

"Then," Doctor Denair said, "she saw John Locke every minute of the time she could. Came the morning of the fatal day. Her time was up at seven o'clock that night. Shortly before noon Higley reminded her of the deadline. He also ordered a cup of chocolate. She went down to the kitchen and prepared it for him.

"She brought the chocolate to him. He drank it, suddenly started to choke. He looked up at her and said, 'You little rat! I should have known it! You've poisoned me!' He tried to shout, but made only an inarticulate gurgling sound. He groped for the electric bell which summoned the nurse. The cup, with the remaining chocolate in it, fell from his hand to the floor and was broken. He clawed for the bell, had a spasm, fell back on the bed; then got back to a sitting position, grabbed the bell.

"By the time the nurse got there, which took a few minutes because Nadine was taking over during the noon hour, Higley was unable to speak. Nadine rushed to the phone and called the doctor. The doctor came, pronounced Higley dead, and signed a death certificate giving the cause of death as coronary thrombosis. The spilled chocolate was mopped up. The broken cup was thrown out. Higley was buried.

"Nadine Farr took the first opportunity to rush to her room and look for the bottle of cyanide tablets. They were gone. In a panic, she hurried down to the kitchen. She found two bottles. The nearly full bottle of sugar substitute was toward the back of the shelf. Another bottle, apparently containing the cyanide tablets she had stolen from the laboratory, had been placed in front of that other bottle. Someone had engineered things very neatly so that she had killed Mosher Higley."

"And so she took the bottle of cyanide tablets and disposed of it?" Mason asked.

"That's right. She slipped the bottle of cyanide into her purse. She felt certain that the doctor was going to find that Mosher Higley had been poisoned. She was on the verge of confessing everything, but fortunately decided to wait because she was afraid it might make trouble for John Locke if she told about the tablets.

"The doctor gave her a sedative and put her to sleep. When she wakened she found the doctor and the nurses all believed Higley had died a natural death. It seemed a heaven-sent opportunity to her. Higley had a gun room. Before he was taken sick he used to do quite a bit of hunting. There were guns hanging in racks on the walls, and shelves containing ammunition. So Nadine went into this room, used a small pair of long-nosed pliers to pull back the wadding on two shotgun shells. She dumped the shot from the shells into the bottle. That afternoon she took the bottle out to Twomby's Lake and threw it out as far as she could throw it.

"But, of course, Nadine Farr was tortured by conscience. Her instinct told her to keep quiet. Her conscience told her to speak. So she built up an internal emotional conflict which had unfortunate repercussions. She couldn't sleep. She became nervous, jittery. She lost her appetite, lost weight, became apprehensive, worried and ill. John Locke insisted that she consult a physician. She consulted a general practitioner, who referred her to me. There you have the story."

"And what a story!" Mason said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Look at it the way a jury would," Mason said. "She has told you that she hated Mosher Higley, that Higley hated her, that she poisoned him and threw the poison in the lake. That was when she was under the influence of drugs in a so-called truth-serum test. Now it appears that Mosher

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94) Higley had the power to wreck her romance. Apparently he possessed information so sinister that she didn't dare to stand up and fight for her rights. He told her she had to disappear, to give up the man she loved. He gave her a deadline of forty-eight hours. Before that deadline was up, Mosher Higley met his death. He was poisoned. He was poisoned by the girl's hand. The poison that was used was cyanide, which she had stolen from the laboratory where her fiancé worked. Higley's dying words accused the girl of poisoning him. She knew what she had done. She took the remnants of the poison, weighted the bottle with shot, drove out to Twomby's Lake and threw the bottle away."

"Well, when you look at it that way it sounds pretty bad," Doctor Denair admitted. "But, hang it, Mason, I'm inclined to believe the girl."

"Unfortunately," Mason told him, "I can't get you on the jury."

"You put it that way and it sounds bad," Doctor Denair repeated.

"It is bad," Mason said. "We may as well face it. Della keeps some Scotch out here. Let's have a drink and then go in and take our medicine."

Doctor Denair said, "I don't know as we have to take any medicine. We were investigating the case and ——"

"I'm afraid," Mason said, "it's a little more of a jam than you may think it is, Bert."

"How come?"

"When I got your telephone call and realized the urgency of the matter, I knew that the whole case would stand or fall upon one thing."

"What was that?" Doctor Denair asked.

"Whether there could be any corroborating evidence. Whether that bottle of poison could be recovered."

"Yes, I suppose so," Doctor Denair said. "They could use divers and ——"

"So," Mason interrupted, "I dashed out to Twomby's Lake. I found some boys swimming out there. I had them explore the sandy bottom out from the boat landing. I felt that if these boys couldn't find any such bottle we would be reasonably safe in assuming the police couldn't find it; then there wouldn't have been any case."

"A splendid idea," Doctor Denair said. "I hand it to you for quick thinking, Mason. After all, that's our best bet. We'll sit tight and ——"

"No, we won't," Mason said. "We found the bottle!"

"The devil!"

"That's right."

"And where is it now?"

Mason said, "I've rushed it in to Hermann Korbel, the consulting chemist."

"He's a good man," Doctor Denair interpolated.

Mason nodded. "One of the best in the profession. I wanted him to find out what was in the bottle. Now then, in view of the story your patient has told you, there isn't much we can do. We now know it's poison."

"Look here," Doctor Denair said, "you found that bottle. Couldn't you simply dispose of it, take it out to the ocean somewhere, toss it in?"

"Not a chance," Mason said. "It's a crime to conceal or destroy significant evidence. Moreover, I had to take precautions to see that the bottle could be identified. Remember I had four kids out there diving for a bottle. When the bottle was recovered I had to disclose my name and identity. I had to take the young fellow who discovered it to Hermann Korbel. In order to get him to go with me, I had to reassure him by taking him to the home of his parents and identifying myself. He changed out of a wet bathing suit into his clothes. I've left a back trail as broad as a boulevard. It was the only thing to do."

"I guess we need that drink all right," Doctor Denair said. "Where's the Scotch?"

Mason said, "She keeps it up here in this cupboard."

The lawyer opened the cupboard door, found a bottle of Scotch and produced two glasses. He took ice cubes from the refrigerator, poured out two drinks, and said, "Well, let's enjoy life while we can. We're going to have some explaining to do."

"Of course," Doctor Denair said. "I was following the course that you suggested. We were simply trying to verify the statement this young woman made."

"Exactly," Mason said, "and now that we have it verified, there's only one thing for me to do."

"What's that?"

"Go to the police, tell them that I uncovered this piece of corroborative evidence, that I placed it in the hands of Hermann Korbel."

"They'll claim that you were intending to suppress the evidence."

"That's where I'll fool them. That's where my leaving a wide back trail is to my advantage."

"Well, let's hope you can get away with it," Doctor Denair said.

"I don't care whether I get away with it or not," Mason said, "as far as the police are concerned. I want to keep my nose clean as far as the grievance committee of the bar association is concerned and as far as a jury in a criminal court is concerned."

"What do I do?" Doctor Denair asked.

"You, Della Street and Nadine Farr wait right here until you hear from me," Mason said. "I'm going up to police headquarters and beat them to the punch."

"I wouldn't like to be in your shoes."

"We have one chance, and only one chance. It's about one in a million."

"What's that?"

"That Hermann Korbel has found out what's in the tablets, and so I can make a grandstand by having him telephone the police telling them that I instructed him to report immediately to the police as soon as he had discovered the nature of the tablets and that I'm on my way to police headquarters."

Mason pulled the telephone on its long cord out into the kitchenette, set it on the drainboard of the sink and dialed Hermann Korbel's number. When he heard the chemist's voice on the phone, he said, "Perry Mason. Any progress yet?"

Korbel was so excited that for a moment he lapsed into German. "*Ja, ja!*" he said.

"Hey, what's the excitement?" Mason asked.

"The police!"

"The police?" Mason echoed, dismay in his voice. "What about the police?"

"They have been here."

"What did they do?"

"They took the bottle."

"Oh-oh!" Mason exclaimed.

"All of the bottle—the pills, the shot, the evidence."

"How did they know anything about it?"

"I think they have gone to the lake. They have learned that you had divers to get a bottle. They found the parents of the boy who had the bottle. They located the boy. They work fast, those police."

"I'll say they work fast," Mason said. "And they took everything away from you?"

"Everything except one small bit of a tablet which already I had crushed. That they don't know about."

"Enough for an analysis?" Mason asked.

"Not for the best analysis, but enough to tell perhaps what the substance is."

"Cyanide?" Mason asked.

"As yet, I do not know what it is. If you think it is cyanide, that I can soon find out. But the police are looking for you."

"Yes, I imagine," Mason said. "O.K., I'll call you back."

Mason hung up the phone and turned to Doctor Denair. "All right, the fat's in the fire," he said. "The police went out to Twomby's Lake. They must have arrived there not too long after I left. They found I had divers looking for the bottle, that we had located it and that I had taken it away. They learned the name of the boy who had found the bottle. They went to his home. His parents told the police about my having been there. Police located the boy, Arthur Felton. He must have told them about Hermann Korbel. Now that police know that I'm involved and that I'm protecting Nadine Farr, they'll know at once that the probabilities are that she's with Della Street. They'll start looking ——"

"You mean they're coming here?"

"Probably they're on their way now," Mason said.

"What do we do?"

Mason said, "We get out. I don't want Nadine Farr to become a fugitive from justice. On the other hand, I don't want her questioned until I've had a chance to talk with her, and I can't waste a second now."

Mason kicked open the swinging door from the kitchenette and said, "We have to leave. Get your things."

"Come," Della Street said to Nadine Farr. . . . "No, you haven't time to powder your nose. This is an emergency."

"What's happened?" she asked, getting to her feet. "Can't we wait and ——"

"We can't wait," Della Street said, pushing her toward the door.

"Where do we go?" Doctor Denair asked.

Mason said, "We want to be certain that there is nothing in what we are doing that indicates flight. . . . Bert, you go out on house calls. Be hard to find, but make certain you're not placed in the position of running away from anything. . . . Della, you and Nadine take your car. Drop Doctor Denair at the first place where you encounter a taxicab. Then you and Nadine drive to the High-Tide Motel at the beach. You get two units. Register under your own names."

"And what about you?" Della Street asked.

"With luck, I'm going to be at police headquarters before they can release any story to the newspapers."

"Wouldn't it be more dignified if they talked with you in your office, Perry?"

"Dignity!" Mason exclaimed. "I'll be lucky to get out of this without an indictment."

At police headquarters Mason walked down the corridor to the door marked HOMICIDE, pushed it open and walked in.

"Lieutenant Tragg around?" Mason asked the orderly on duty.

"I'll see. What name? . . . Hey, it's you!"

"Sure it is," Mason said. "Whom did you expect? An impostor?"

"Wait just a second," the orderly said, and dived through a door.

Within a matter of seconds a plain-clothes officer sauntered through the door, crossed the office and went out of the exit door, but from the shadow on the frosted glass it was apparent he was waiting in the corridor just outside the door, blocking escape.

A moment later the orderly opened the door and said, "Lieutenant Tragg's in there. He wants to see you. Go right on in."

Mason entered Tragg's office.

Lieutenant Tragg, a tall, good-looking individual who seemed somewhat harassed, indicated a chair. "Sit down, Mason."

"How's everything coming, Tragg?" Mason asked.

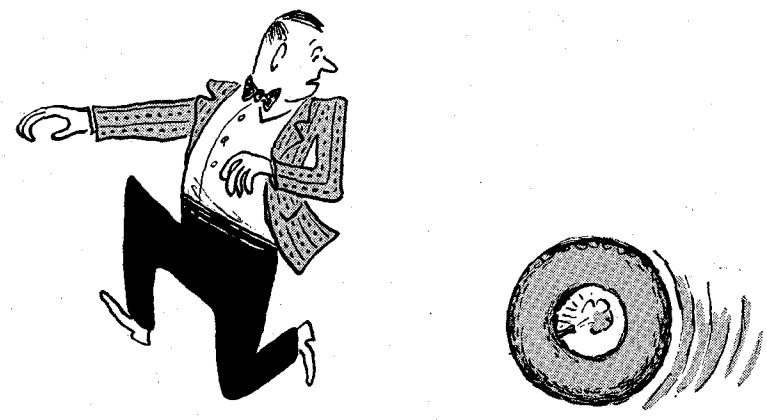
"So-so. I'll be with you in a moment."

Mason sat down.

Tragg said, "Excuse me for a second," opened the door and walked out.

It was a good three minutes before Tragg returned. This time he was accompanied by Hamilton Burger, the big, barrel-chested district attorney, who tried to make it appear that his presence was casual.

"Hello, Mason," he said. "Happened to be in the building. Heard you were here. What the devil's all this about Nadine Farr and that bottle of poison?"



The Perfect Squelch

Joe was a fellow who blew his own horn, loud, clear and constantly. He was especially boastful about his ability to fix anything having to do with an automobile. Whenever he heard of an acquaintance who was stuck for a large auto-repair bill, he took delight in jeering at the unfortunate and telling how he had made similar repairs himself "in an hour or two."

After men started avoiding him, Joe cornered several women guests at a party and pounded home his usual message of self-pride. "Why," he declared, "I can do absolutely anything about a car that needs to be done."

"You must be simply wonderful," one of his lady victims said with seeming innocence, "at inflating tires."

Zoe K. Willhide

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"That," Mason told him, "is what I was trying to find out."

Burger's face darkened. "You led with your chin this time, Mason."

Mason shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not going to institute formal proceedings until we've had an absolute identification," Burger said, "but I'm mighty soon going to have an identification."

"Well, that's interesting," Mason said.

Abruptly the door opened. An officer gently shoved a woman into the room.

"Come in, Mrs. Felton," Lieutenant Tragg said. "I'm going to ask you to take a look at Mr. Mason and tell us ——"

"That's the man," she said.

"Thank you," Tragg said. "That's all."

The officer who had held the door open beckoned to Mrs. Felton. She went out.

A few moments later the door opened again.

The officer ushered Arthur Felton into the room. "Is this the man who gave you the five dollars and then the twenty dollars?"

"That's right," Arthur Felton said.

"Just tell us what happened," Hamilton Burger said, saturating his voice with a benevolent, fatherly kindness which was badly overdone.

"Mr. Mason gave us each five dollars and asked us to dive down and try to find a bottle," Arthur Felton said. "The guy that got it was to get twenty dollars."

"And who finally found it?"

"I did."

"And then what happened?"

"Then he said I was to come with him. I told him my folks didn't want me to go anywhere with strangers, so he told me who he was and drove me home and told my mother he was taking me in to see a chemist and then he'd bring me right back."

"And the bottle?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"He said I was to hang on to that bottle. I kept it in my hand all the time."

"Until when?"

"Until we went to this chemist I was telling you about."

"And what was the chemist's name? Do you remember?"

"A Mr. Korbel."

"You're a bright boy," Hamilton Burger said. "There isn't any question in your mind that this is the man?"

"No. Of course, he's the guy."

Hamilton Burger nodded toward the officer, who put his hand on Arthur Felton's shoulder, turned him around and escorted him from the room.

"Well," Hamilton Burger said to Lieutenant Tragg, "I guess that does it."

"Does what?" Mason asked.

Hamilton Burger made no attempt to conceal the dislike in his voice. "Makes you an accessory after the fact," he said.

"Indeed," Mason said.

"On a murder charge," Burger elucidated.

"Well, well, well," Mason told him, "you interest me. Who was murdered?"

"Mosher Higley, in case you want all of the formal details. You can't say I didn't acquaint you with the specific charge against you. Now I'm telling you, Mason, that you're going to be accused of a crime. You don't need to make any statement unless you want to. In the event you do make any statement, it will be used against you. Now what do you want to say?"

Mason took a deep drag at his cigarette. "I want to say that you're all wet. There wasn't any murder. Mosher Higley died a natural death."

"He was murdered."

"How do you know he was murdered?"

"In case you want to know, we have a tape-recorded confession from the woman who murdered him."

"Very interesting," Mason said. "I think you'll have a little trouble using that as evidence, Burger."

"I suppose you're going to try that old hooey about this being a privileged communication. I have a little law on that that will surprise you."

Mason took the cigarette from his mouth, blew out smoke, stretched, yawned, adjusted himself more comfortably on the chair and said, "When can you use a confession, Burger?"

"As soon as I can get the case into court."

"Of course," Mason said, "I haven't looked it up recently, but, as I remember it, in order to use a confession it is first necessary to prove a little matter known as the corpus delicti."

"All right, I'll prove the corpus delicti," Hamilton Burger said.

"How?" Mason asked.

"I don't have to go into that with you."

"Oh, yes, you do," Mason said. "You can't accuse me of being an accessory after the fact in a murder case until you can prove there was a murder in the first place. You can't prove there was a murder in the first place by using the tape-recorded conversation with Nadine Farr. She was under the influence of drugs when she made that statement and ——"

"That goes to the weight to be given to evidence, not to its admissibility," Burger interrupted.

"Don't be too certain," Mason told him. "The woman was incompetent at the time. She couldn't have been called as a witness. If she had been on the witness stand in that drugged condition the court wouldn't have let her testify. A court isn't going to let words that are on a recorded tape have greater weight than would be given those same words in a courtroom."

"We'll see about that," Burger announced belligerently.

"And then, of course," Mason said, "you have to prove that Mosher Higley didn't die a natural death. The attending physician said he died of coronary thrombosis. Now let's quit making grandstands and get down to brass tacks. Are you going to have a warrant issued for Nadine Farr?"

Hamilton Burger said, "You've already made yourself an accessory after the fact. If Nadine Farr is going to be your client you don't want to weaken your joint case further by having her a fugitive from justice. I'm demanding that you produce her at this time."

"Got a warrant for her?" Mason asked.

Hamilton Burger started to say something, then checked himself.

"Got a warrant?" Mason repeated.

"No."

"Going to get one?"

"I'll handle this case any way I please and without discussing my plans with you, Mason. I told you to produce Nadine Farr."

"Get a warrant for her arrest," Mason said, "and I'll see that she is surrendered."

"I want to question her," Burger said.

"That's fine," Mason told him. "If you want to question her make an appointment at my office. I'll have her there."

"I want to question her in private. I want the answers from her, not from you."

"Then," Mason said, "as I remember my law, Burger, I think you'll have to swear out a warrant charging her with murder, have her arrested and booked—and once that is done I will advise her to make no statement except in the presence of counsel."

Mason got up, stretched, yawned, ground out the cigarette in the ash tray. "Well," he said, "I'll be seeing you."

"You're seeing me right now," Burger shouted.

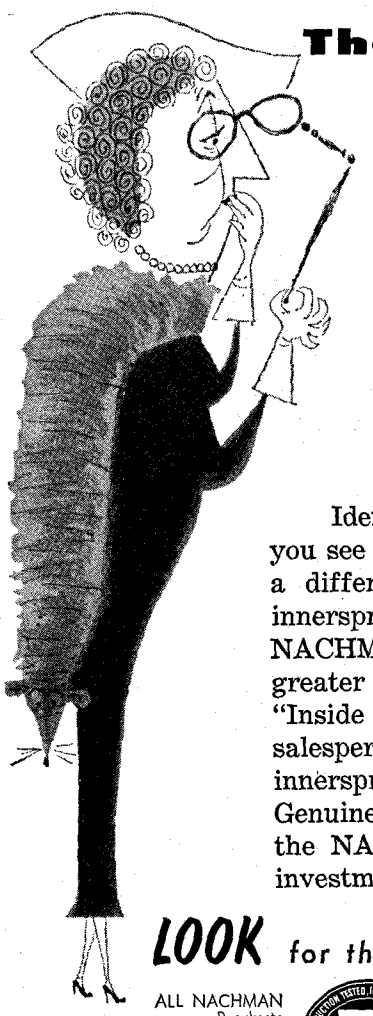
"You mean I can't leave?" Mason asked.

"That's right."

"Why not?"

"You're going to be charged with a crime."

TO BE CONTINUED



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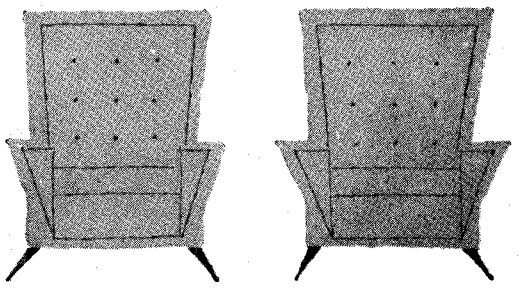

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I Was the Great White Father

(Continued from Page 37)

For two years and eight months, I was in fact pursued by people with something irritating on their minds. Just before Christmas, 1954, I thought I'd have a better chance of acquiring good will toward men if I hid out for two weeks at the Westward Ho Hotel in my home town of Phoenix, Arizona. I paid for the plane tickets for my wife, Barbara, and myself, out of my own pocket, so there would be no question about it being a nonofficial trip. We were anxious to see our son, Orme, Jr., who was at the University of Arizona, and both our mothers, who live in Phoenix.

Well, at 7:30 o'clock on our first morning in the hotel, the telephone rang. The calls came in steadily for the next hour and, although I'd asked the switchboard operator not to accept any out-of-town calls, they were emanating from all over the country. Barbara kept putting them off, but I finally grabbed the phone and said, "Please! I'm home for a rest. I'm so tired I can't wiggle." But the person at the other end of the line, somewhere in Arizona, pleaded that he didn't have enough money to travel to Washington and simply had to see me in Phoenix. At the same moment the switchboard operator was holding a call from a determined man in Seattle, Washington, who had warned that he was ready to fly to Phoenix if I refused to take the call.

How so many people had found out where we were I never knew. All I know is that I gave up. I called in my former secretary in my Phoenix law office and set up a regular schedule for phone calls and appointments. In the next two weeks I was busier than if I had stayed at my desk in Washington.

Five months later I thought I saw a chance to beat this game. I had to go to Geneva, Switzerland, for a so-called GATT (the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) conference. My presence was required because there would be negotiations with the Japanese on tuna tariffs, and the Government's Commercial Fisheries Division happened to be in my bailiwick. I figured I'd go early and work in a little vacationing in some remote spot in Europe before the conference started. Certainly, it seemed to me then, if I could escape from Interior problems anywhere in the world, it would be behind the Iron Curtain.

Everything went according to plan until I was flying from Munich to Vienna—in the "corridor" between East and West. The pilot came back to my seat and suggested that I could get a much better view of the Alps from his compartment. I thanked him and went on up. As soon as I was virtually locked into his seat, he leaned his arms on the back of it and disclosed the real motive behind the seat switch.

"Now, just what is the correct story on this dam they want to build in Dinosaur National Monument?" he asked eagerly in his German-type accent.

I vibrated for just a moment, pulled myself together, glanced away reluctantly from the scenery flowing below, and went on to discuss with him for two hours the merits of the Upper Colorado River Development bill—until it was very nearly too late for him to climb back into his seat and land us at Vienna. I still feel that amateur European conservationist had no right to be intrigued with our Echo Park dam issue, particularly on Lewis' vacation.

On my last days before retiring from the job, I shuddered to think of what my successor, former Republican Rep. Wesley D'Ewart, of Montana, would face during his first few months. I recalled that the endless procession of supplicants had begun to form even before I was offered the post. I had gone to the Eisenhower inauguration as a stand-in for Howard Pyle, who was then governor of Arizona and is now a member of the White House staff. I had been active for a long time in Republican Party politics in Arizona, and, as a partner in a law firm there, I had handled many legal matters involving the Department of the Interior, but I certainly had little expectation of being tapped for public service on that trip to Washington.

As Barbara and I were holding forth in the Arizona box at the Sunday inaugural party, someone introduced me to Col. and Mrs. John T. Coulter. Movie fans will remember Mrs. Coulter better as Constance Bennett. A little later I was told that Mrs. Coulter had wanted to meet me because she was anxious to obtain permission to stage some plays the following summer in Rock Creek Park, and she had been tipped off that I was to be the Assistant Secretary of the Interior who had charge of all the national and capital parks.

Western Christmas

By Betty Isler

Spotlighted by December sun,
Poinsettias block scarlet stains
Across the textile of these hills,
Dyed holly-green by winter rains.
Thus Nature, at her sunny best,
Gift-wraps this season for the West.

This was news to me, but it was confirmed the next day, when McKay asked me if I would take the job. I slept on the offer and then accepted, little dreaming of what I was in for.

So many diverse groups called on me, hat in hand, right from the start, that I had to come to the office seven days a week and do my paper work in the evening, when the Interior Building was closed to visitors.

The first ones in were the Indians. On the very first day, a delegation from a rich tribe in the Northwest presented themselves. They were led by two so-called "strong men," who, I subsequently learned, had led the Bureau of Indian Affairs a merry chase. One of these chiefs informed me that they were a very advanced people who would like nothing better than to get free of the Indian Bureau and sever all ties with the Interior Department. Well, I thought this was splendid, and told them so immediately. I suggested that perhaps their tribal organization might serve as a guinea pig in a study to see whether it should be the first to have the opportunity to be on its own. At this, the chief grabbed my hand and pumped it enthusiastically, and the rest of the band literally whooped and danced for joy.

What was my surprise the next morning to find a hot telegram on my desk, signed by this same chief. It was addressed to McKay but had been routed to me because I had "Indians" under me and, in fact, seemed to be personally involved in the chief's message. The telegram ran five pages and much of it was devoted to a diatribe against Lewis. The general thesis was that I was stupid and had a complete lack of understanding about Indians.

I was bewildered and hurt—this was before I took such incidents in stride. The only thing I could conclude was that this tribe had been selling this story—their freedom—for so long that when it looked as though it might come to pass, they realized they wouldn't have anything left to sell. This attitude of the Indians—and of the Virgin Islanders, later on—explained something to me about the psychology of people who are used to being taken care of by the Government. You furnish a certain service to people and, after a period, that service becomes a possession, even though it was originated as a temporary expedient.

Well, the Indians came and came until I was hemmed in like Gen. George Custer at the Little Bighorn River. They filled up my anteroom and overflowed into the hall. One day my secretary popped her head in the door and quipped, "Aren't any of them left on the reservations?" Some of these Indians simply wanted to shake hands with the new assistant secretary, some obviously were trying to figure out how his mind worked, some were plainly out to ingratiate themselves, and some, I suspected, just needed an excuse for a trip to Washington. The professionals among them wore huge war bonnets and called me "brother."

The Indian problem continued right up until near the end of my term, when I was summoned before a Senate subcommittee which claimed it had uncovered evidence of juvenile delinquency on the reservations, or, as one waggish newspaperman put it, "waywardness in the wigwam." This subject was complicated. Due to a peculiarity in the law, states in many cases cannot enforce law on the reservations, and the Federal Government cannot enforce it except in relation to the ten major crimes. This leaves enforcement of all other laws up to the redmen themselves, and in several instances their policing standards are not noticeably high.

At the subcommittee hearing, the volatile Sen. William Langer began putting me over the ropes about our policy regarding a certain reservation in his own North Dakota. When my first answer was barely half out of my mouth, Langer arose—in the way that only he can arise—and smote the committee table so hard that everything on it jumped and fell with a mighty clatter. He went into a long tirade about how the Indian Bureau was doing a poor job of law enforcement. When he paused for breath, I said quietly, "I agree with you, senator." This remark apparently took him by surprise, for he immediately calmed down. Maybe it was the first time anyone had agreed with him so readily.

My job hooked me into some pretty delicate situations on Capitol Hill. Once, some House Appropriations subcommittee members twitted me because we were attempting to make it possible for a New York firm to start a bra factory in American Samoa. We were asking for an exemption from the minimum-wage law—it was then 75 cents an hour—so that if it set up a Samoan branch the firm could pay the local prevailing wage rates and thus avoid upsetting the local economy. Naturally, the congressmen snickered, and one of them came up with the inevitable question: "What would Samoan girls want with brassières?" I explained that the idea was to use Samoan labor to manufacture bras for American women.

Altogether, my position embroiled me in everything from the deep legislative strategy on the statehood bills all the way down to the teapot-tempest resulting from the fact that three squirrels had been trapped on the White House lawn. The White House, incidentally, comes under the National Capital Park System and thus qualified as one of my more famous "babies."

When the statehood bills were being considered in 1954, a whole platoon of Alaskans descended on me and said they wanted to register their views in person at the White House. The Adminstration was pushing for statehood status for Hawaii, but it did not feel that Alaska was ready for it yet. So I wangled an appointment and took the delegation to meet President Eisenhower. The group was so large that we couldn't sit down, so the President came around and sat in front of his desk, and we stood in a semicircle around him. The spokesman was, like many Alaskans, rugged, forthright and pretty direct in his remarks—more so than protocol commonly dictates in chatting with the chief executive. In fact, he got carried away with himself in informing Mr. Eisenhower why and how he should press for Alaskan statehood.

This went on for so long that Ike obviously began to sense the humor in the scene, but Sherman Adams, the hard-boiled "chief of staff" who was standing next to me, began to fidget. Finally Adams cupped his hand over his mouth and whispered to me in his dry New England way, "Dan'l Webster. Dan'l Webster." The description was so apt I had to bite my tongue to keep from bursting into laughter.

But the Alaskans were easier to placate than the conservationists. One of my first visiting groups was an exceptional collection of seventeen well-known citizens representing the major conservationist organizations. At first, the customary get-acquainted atmosphere prevailed, but it wasn't long before they made it clear that if I had any problems in their field they would be more than glad to help me out. They stressed the size and number of their groups and predicted that we would be seeing a lot of one another. That, I soon discovered, was an understatement.

I learned that, generally, there are two kinds of conservationists. One of the more moderate groups coined the slogan: "Use without abuse." But the extreme conservationist holds that "Use is abuse." As an example of the latter, I cite the man who was in my office one day arguing against some development somebody wanted to put into one of the parks. When he showed me a picture of what it would be like, I pointed my finger and innocently inquired, "Would it do as much damage as the scar caused by that road there?"

"Well, Mr. Lewis!" he exclaimed. "That was the great mistake that was made—allowing the first automobile to go into Yellowstone Park in 1915. It's regrettably past us now, but it's an error that never should have occurred."

The extreme conservationists would protect the parks against everything but the fellow who goes in there the way God equipped him—on his own two feet. Yet, reasonable conservationists like John D. Rockefeller, Jr., believe we should provide the basic accommodations necessary for the tourist who wishes to enjoy the beauties of nature.

Yes, I caught it on the chin dozens of times from the conservationists, although, oddly enough, the Eisenhower Administration policies have been more proconservationist than those of any other administration in a long time. We turned down any number of various mechanical methods for moving people from place to place, including a proposal to run a tramway up to the top of Mt. Rainier and two proposals to run a lift down into the Grand Canyon, so you wouldn't have to ride a mule down there. The trouble is that the other side of the conservationist question has to be decided almost entirely on your own, in the position I held, because there is no organized complementary group to balance the extreme

(Continued on Page 100)

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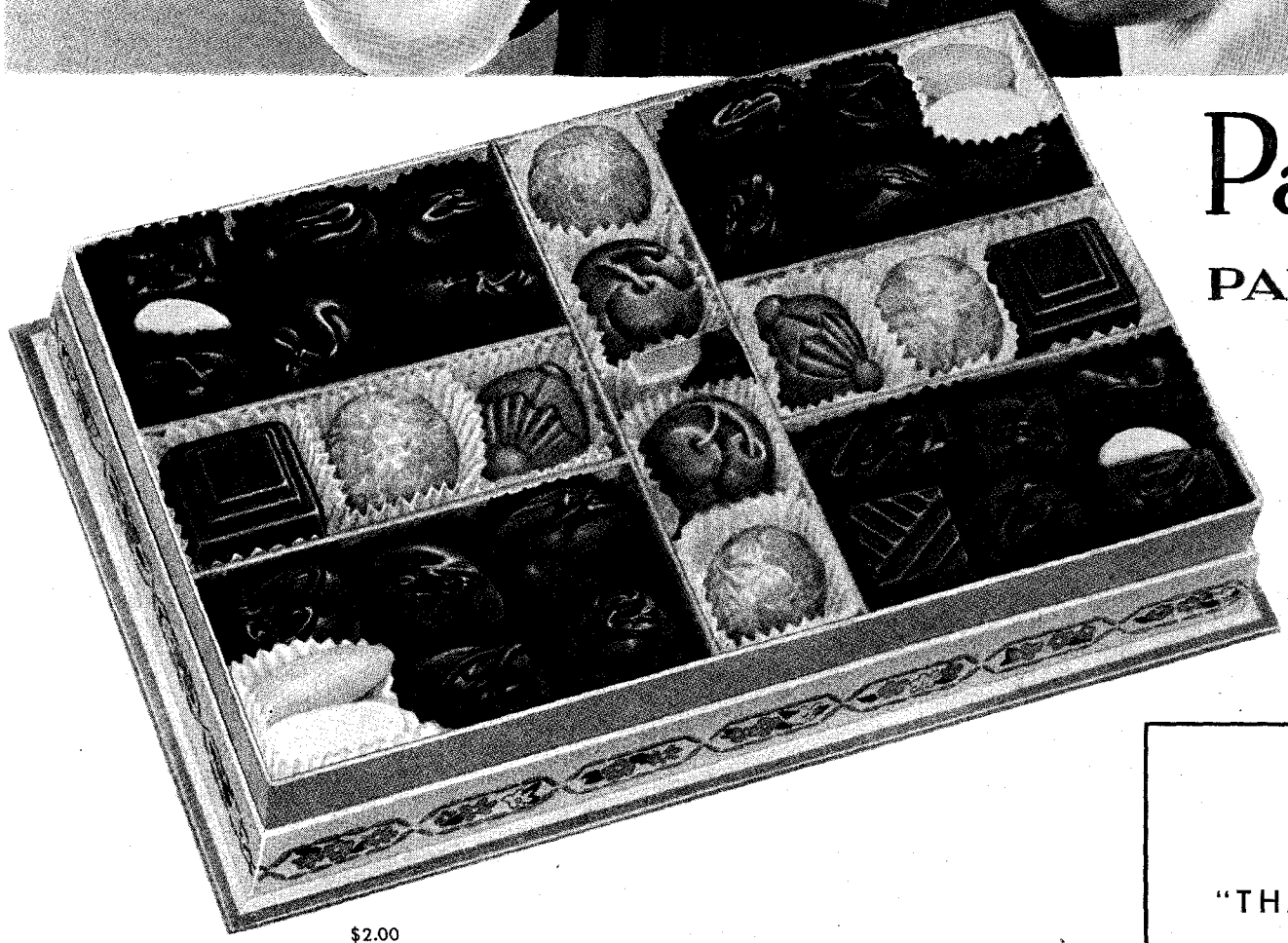

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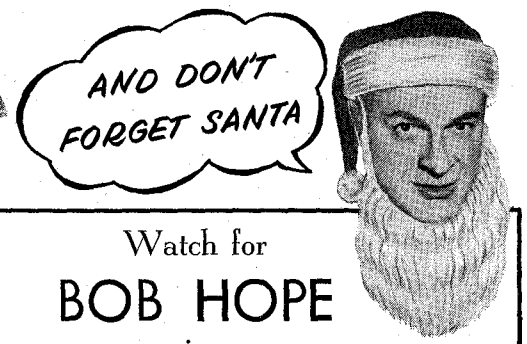

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(Continued from Page 98)

positions many of the conservationists take.

For example, when we were considering the Mt. Rainier tramway and ski slide, I had my technical staff gather pictures and histories of similar structures from all over the world, to find out what the effects were. The attitude of these conservationists toward this and other research is best illustrated by a female dinner partner who gave me a bad time throughout a conservationist meeting in New York City.

"Why are you letting them do that?" she demanded immediately, referring to the tramway proposal. I protested that I hadn't come to any conclusion, but was only considering the request. Her indignant reply was that "of course" I was going to permit the project to go through because I was holding hearings in the state of Washington and letting all sorts of people express themselves either for it or against it.

"You know it's wrong," she cried, shaking a stalk of celery at me, "and if you're going to let all these people talk you must be going to allow it!"

Now that's standard logic of the extreme conservationists, and I found out the hard way that you find yourself hip-deep in trouble if you try to get both sides of a conservationist issue. But at the same time, I don't want to leave the impression that we scoffed at the extreme conservationists. We tried to keep in mind that they are dedicated people who have accomplished some wonderful things in their own way.

Duck hunters are just as uncompromising as conservationists—with whom they are often at odds. I vividly remember one day when an old friend of mine who just happened to be in Washington on business telephoned me angrily about a new regulation on duck hunting that was going through. All he wanted me to do was reverse a recommendation that had been made unanimously by the Flyway Council, the state conservation department of his state, the Interior Department's advisory committee and the Fish and Wildlife Service itself. Of course, I didn't do it.

It takes planned ingenuity to slip between the opposing pressures blown by these extremists. Generally speaking, they have a tendency to wreck things. For example, when I took over, the mining laws, written back in 1872, still permitted unscrupulous prospectors to file a mining claim and then hold on to it indefinitely, while perhaps enjoying it as a timber preserve, a choice homesite or a private sporting grounds. For years, everyone concerned agreed that the law should be amended. But on the one hand were the extremists among the miners who feared that any change in the law might jeopardize what they considered their rights. And on the other hand were our friends, the conservationists, who didn't want anything done unless such changes followed their own recommendations to the letter.

It seemed to me the trick could be turned if we worked quietly. I sat down with the key representatives of the mining industry, the Forest Service and my own Bureau of Land Management, and we sweated right through a day-long secret session until we had drafted a statement of basic agreement. Once this was whipped into legislative form, we "sold" the bill to the appropriate committee chairmen on Capitol Hill and also got the backing of all the conservative conservationists and mining people. The bill was passed in a short time, with only two minor amendments. For the first time in eighty-three years there was a comprehensive revision of the mining statutes, including a method by which false mining claims could be disposed of. President Eisenhower, before signing the act, called it "one of the most important conservationist measures" passed in many years. But the point here is that if the extreme conservationists and the extreme mining interests had got wind of it in the beginning, they would have belabored it, for opposite reasons, to the point where passage would have been impossible.

Of course, everybody envied me my job "because you have all those wonderful parks to visit." That's because none of them had traveled through a national park in the role of an assistant secretary in charge of national parks. Well, let me relate what happened when Barbara and I made a trip to the Grand Tetons and Yellowstone in 1953. We got through in six days, but it was uphill going all the way. We scarcely stopped to breathe.

We took every meal every day with a different group and the rest of the time we were in an auto that was forever stopping and starting. I'm positive we missed nothing visible in either park. We had to be shown the road that needed replacing, the new route planned for that other road over there, the piece of property the Park Service really ought to acquire because somebody was going to subdivide it, this particular view of a mountain peak where more parking space was needed, the spot where they were going to move this town out so it could be brought back to its natural site.

In the evening, when we reached a hotel, we were likely to be told that we just had time to wash up and "meet some people." Barbara would gamely wash her hands, powder over the dust, put a clean dress over her wind-blown head, and help me shake hands with 100 persons or more.

About half of those who rushed us around were Park Service employees and private concessionaires with their own interests to present. But the other half were just trying terribly hard to be nice. They were determined we should have a good time even if it killed us. Well, it didn't kill us, but we were in a state of utter exhaustion when we got back to Salt Lake City. We fell into bed and slept for seventeen hours before catching the plane back to the relatively slow routine in Washington.

The National Park Service also is responsible for all Federal historical monuments, and that's why I happened to get tangled up with George Washington's tent. The tent which Washington slept in through the Revolutionary War was up for sale in the settlement of the Robert E. Lee estate in May, 1954. We raised $6000 through outside donations and began negotiations with the four Lee heirs, who were concerned that the tent might fall into private hands that would commercialize it. But Mrs. Mary Middleton Lee, widow of Robert E. Lee, III, had inherited a one quarter interest in the tent from his estate and she rejected the offer as an insult. She wrote an indignant letter to the President, pointing out that the tent had been appraised at $25,000 and suggested that Park Service funds be used to pay a minimum price of at least $10,000.

I ordered a diplomatic reply to be drafted for the President's signature, but when I read it aloud at a staff conference, William Strand, the department's public-relations chief, burst into incredulous laughter. I quickly agreed with Strand that it would be undignified and inappropriate for Mr. Eisenhower to enter into bargaining with the Lee heirs and trying to beat them down to $6000. Instead, an answer went out under the name of Col. Andrew Goodpaster, the President's staff secretary, informing Mrs. Lee that Park Service funds cannot be used for such purchases, and tactfully omitting any mention of the tent's disputed value. But the good Southern lady refused to yield and we finally had to dig up enough other donations to pay the $10,000 price. The tent will be on display in 1956 in a museum now being erected in Colonial National Historical Park, at Yorktown, Virginia.

Probably my most unexpected experience in government was being guarded against possible assassination. When the Puerto Rican terrorists shot up the House of Representatives and wounded five congressmen, Park Service policemen were immediately assigned on a round-the-clock basis to those of us who had direct connection with Puerto Rican matters. The first night, when we were all a little nervous, I had dinner sent up to our apartment. The waiter who brought it looked like a Puerto Rican and when the door opened he found himself face to face with a large policeman with a big holster showing. I don't know which of them was more startled—or scared—and for a moment it seemed touch and go as to whether we'd see some action.

When we went to a concert one Sunday, the policeman who accompanied us turned out to be a music lover who knew much more about the finer points of the performance than we did. It was quite educational.

After two weeks in the constant company of cops, we decided that the arrangement was not only awkward but silly, and we persuaded the security authorities to call them off. A few weeks after that, however, Barbara opened the door one Sunday morning and there stood another policeman vigilantly on guard. He looked impressively grim, and explained his presence with a single memorable line.

"It's 'Blood Bath Day' in Puerto Rico," he said.

I had never had anything to do with that tiny fanatical group of terrorists in Puerto Rico, but I knew what that sanguinary phrase meant. I told Barbara that whenever those fanatics feel like frightening the populace they pass the word that a certain day has been designated for a general blood-letting.

Some truly amazing statements used to come at me, right out of the blue, often over the telephone, and I sometimes wondered if the person at the other end of the line was crazy. The chances were he wasn't. I recall one October morning in 1954, when we had planned to award the first leases on some properties in the outer continental shelf—the submerged coastal land beyond the three-mile limit that is owned by Uncle Sam. Waiting for me at the office was a frantic telephone call from Clark Clifford, who had been special counsel to President Truman and was then representing Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc.

"A very terrible mix-up has occurred!" Clifford told me in an agitated voice. "The Kerr-McGee bids were filed on the wrong set of numbers. So they've bid on properties they don't want! Will you hold up the bid letting until we can get a formal withdrawal statement in, explaining the mistake?"

"Certainly," I said.

Just before noon, D. A. McGee, president of Kerr-McGee, came in, looking sheepish. He told us that all the experts in his firm who had checked the figures had inexplicably pulled the same boner: they had filed the bids not on the bid numbers, but on a set of numbers that designated entirely different areas. Understandably, McGee was worried about being stuck with some $15,000,000 worth of undersea land that might well hold no promise of oil. His down-payment check amounting to $2,932,800 was already in our possession.

Well, it was a novel situation and we referred it to the Comptroller General of the United States. In a six-page opinion a month later, he advised us to forget about Kerr-McGee's bid blunder and return the deposit.

But bureaucrats can make just as outlandish errors, and there was one committed under me that I couldn't help laughing about. A certain commanding general at Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland, was quite a plug caster. There was a nice little lake down there, just jumping with bass, but they were having considerable difficulty with the growth of algae and other things. In fact, the general's fishing was getting pretty gooey. He asked Fish and Wildlife to do something about it. They did. They sprayed some chemical concoction over it so thoroughly that the next morning the water was afloat with dead fish. The general was fit to be tied. He called up and upbraided our fellows from one end of the department to the other.

There was another telephone call I recall because it occurred early in my term. A friend called me from Phoenix and sarcastically asked whether we had lost our minds. He yelled that we were forcing people to put up outhouses, one right after the other, all the way down the hill, in a beautiful desert resort area, near Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesen West, about twenty miles from Phoenix. He made the valid point that these structures were not improving the scenery or the land value.

Checking on it, I found that under the Small Tracts Act at that time a person could lease five acres of public land and acquire title to it after three years, provided he developed it. He could do this by simply constructing recreational facilities, such as an outdoor barbecue, but in all instances he was required to put in some provision for sanitary facilities. This the lessees were doing in just the manner described by my friend. We changed the requirements immediately and gladly put such matters up to the localities in which the lands were situated.

Of course, complaints poured onto my desk in handwritten as well as telephonic form. The thousands of letters that were referred to my bailiwick each day asked for everything from esoteric information to personal services. One woman wrote me from the Pribilof Islands, which are just off Alaska and largely inhabited by seals, and was insistent that we furnish a music teacher for the schools there. She weakened a little toward the end of the letter and said that if we couldn't send the music teacher, the least we could do was to supply heat for every room of her home. Don't try to make sense out of that—it's like a shaggy-dog story. But those things happened.

Altogether, I estimate that I talked with—not just met, but talked with—some 20,000 persons during my term. They comprised a cross-section of the American public, and what surprised me was that not 1 in 100—even among the most brilliant of them—would present his story from A to Z. Ordinarily, they would start about seven steps from the beginning of their case, sometimes even omitting the location of the place in question. However, by the time they were two thirds finished, I found that if I was quick enough I could figure out what they had skipped at the start.

The difficulty was, I suppose, that by the time they got a chance to face me they were edgy and just ready to tear their hair about something the Government had done. About half the time they were justified in tearing their hair, but the other half of the time they were usually shouting so loud they never did hear the reasons I gave for the action. It's hard for a person far from Washington to realize his problem has a great many facets, when it is considered in relation to other matters.

And so I sighed deeply with relief when I retired. Yet, I must admit the job was an eye-opener. Being a human pin cushion for emotionally upset citizens for nearly three years was rugged experience but I wouldn't have missed it. Having seen what it's like from the other side of a Government desk, I won't be so quick to mutter about the "stupidity" in Washington in the future. And there's another advantage: by contrast, people seem so nice to me now!

THE END

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Battling Priest in a Gambling Town

(Continued from Page 30)

A cheerful, active man, Father Tucker first set foot on the Riviera in April, 1950, shortly after the Vatican took the unusual step of appointing him pastor of St. Charles and palace chaplain of His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III of Monaco. Father Tucker is the first American ever assigned to the office of court chaplain, a post normally given to French or Italian churchmen.

How well the appointment has suited the gravel-voiced canon from Delaware can be judged from the fact that in the tiny principality of Monaco he is as familiar, respected and talked about as the thirty-two-year-old prince himself. The French press, with its incurable urge for melodrama, has been partly responsible for making a celebrity out of "*le père Tookaire*," by printing vivid though highly misleading accounts of his activities on the Côte d'Azur. Not so long ago, one Paris weekly identified him, wrongly, as a "personal agent of the Pope." Distortions of another kind crop up in European slander sheets with an anti-American ax to grind. In these leaflets Father Tucker is always "unmasked" as a tool and henchman of Cardinal Spellman, who is described as a United States-financed Vatican spy.

The brickbats have been offset by flattering official commendations. A year ago, the French Government made the pastor from Wilmington a knight of the Legion of Honor. Shortly afterward Monaco's prince awarded him the principality's highest decoration, the Order of Saint Charles. Gen. Matthew Ridgway, noting the visibly pro-American attitude at court on one of his visits to Monaco, characterized Father Tucker as a "great unofficial ambassador." And, finally, the United States 6th Fleet, for which Monte Carlo is a regular port of call, recently made the canon an honorary lifetime member of its Destroyer Division 62.

For visitors who register surprise on finding an American priest on the Riviera, Father Tucker has an airy explanation. "There was a fight going on here between the French and the Italians," he rasps. "The Pope thought the best way to settle it was by sending an Irishman. Instead of stopping the fight, I got into it."

What really happened was that Monaco's prince, after his coronation in 1949, asked the Pope to fill the long-vacant chaplaincy at his court as rapidly as possible. The quarreling between pro-French and pro-Italian cliques in the principality, aggravated by wartime occupation, prompted him to ask for an American.

Father Tucker's basic qualifications included a fluent command of French and Italian, and experience with a foreign congregation. He had gained this experience, from 1924 to 1949, as bilingual pastor of Wilmington's predominantly Italian parish of St. Anthony of Padua. There was another reason for his appointment. As a young man, Father Tucker had studied at the University of Appollinare, the papal school of canon law, beside a brilliant Italian scholar named Domenico Tardini, today the Pope's Pro-Secretary of State. When Catholic officials began to search their files for an appropriate American churchman to send to Monaco, Monsignor Tardini gave his backing to the Oblate Father from Wilmington.

Monte Carlo's youthful Prince Rainier was planning his American visit when this picture was taken. The boys are a U.S.-style band organized by Father Tucker.

Father Tucker landed in Monaco like a blockbuster. The local communist press set the tone. Yowling against "intolerable Yankee imperialism," it demanded cancellation of the American priest's appointment. The congregation of St. Charles echoed the comrades' alarm. Mindful of Al Capone and the climbing United States divorce rate, the church's 8000 parishioners shuddered in expectation of the worst. And even those favorably disposed to the idea of a Stateside confessor wavered after their first look at the new pastor.

They had expected to recognize him by his ankle-length cassock and broad-brimmed hat, the day-to-day attire of French priests. When Wilmington's Father Tucker stepped off the plane in a black business suit, clerical collar and rumpled black fedora, he caused a sensation; one lady gasped, "They've sent us a Protestant by mistake."

For a few days, Father Tucker tried to satisfy his parishioners' ideas on clerical dress. But one afternoon as he headed down Monte Carlo's Boulevard des Moulins, a gust of wind sent the broad-brimmed hat skimming into the gutter and the skirts of his cassock sailing above his knees. Father Tucker lost his temper. Addressing his parishioners, he testily laid down the law. "Nothing in my orders," he boomed, "says I've got to trip over a cassock and break my neck." Next day the black business suit came out of hiding.

St. Charles' idea of High Mass led to the next tug of war between the new pastor and his flock. Sunday services, Father Tucker found, emphasized soprano concerts, organized to attract members of the parish with more interest in a well-trilled aria than a timely sermon. Father Tucker dealt a knockout blow to "opera accompanied by Mass" by banning women singers from St. Charles and announcing, "If anybody comes to this church for a show, they'll have to watch me." On the following Sunday attendance jumped.

For decades, Monte Carlo's well-to-do families had enjoyed the privilege of closeting themselves in private pews, with name plate attached, on payment of 200 francs a year. Father Tucker ordered the name plates removed. "The pews are for whoever wish to pray in my church," he said. First, second and third-class weddings and funerals still prevailed. From the rectory an order went out to make services the same for everybody.

The reform movement left his parishioners distinctly ruffled. A majority lumped the innovations without liking them. Only the youngsters among his 8000 parishioners registered enthusiasm for *le père Tookaire* and his ways. No priest in Monte Carlo's history had ever ventured among the Riviera sunbathers in anything less than a closely buttoned cassock. Father Tucker cheerfully turned up on Larvotto beach in a black bathing suit, flanked by a carload of poor boys and girls from the parish. The one-man Americanization of Monaco made notable headway throughout the summer. Monégasques began to sit up and take notice as St. Charles' pastor went down the principality's streets piloting a motor scooter, distributing free gum and talking up the parish soccer team. For the small fry, the millennium was clearly at hand; the adults weren't so sure.

Before Father Tucker's time, chaplains at the court of Monaco were expected to be inconspicuous. They said Mass and kept out of sight, except to bestow their blessing in public on the benevolent but autocratic rule of the Grimaldi dynasty.

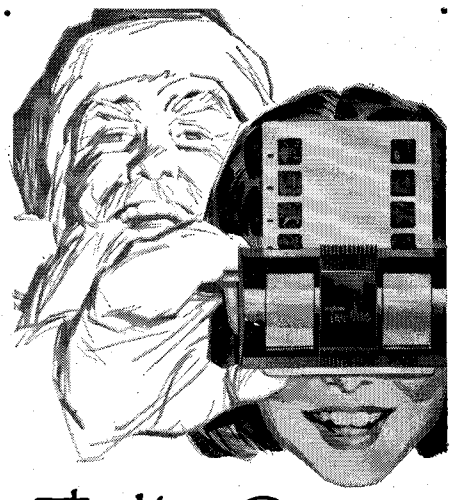
The first significant change took place when Father Tucker announced that he would be available as confessor to the sixty-man palace staff of cooks, gardeners, chauffeurs and valets—a policy in contrast with his predecessors, who had limited their spiritual guidance to the sovereign and his immediate family. Father Tucker put the locked-up palace chapel back into use. To his surprise, the prince approved the idea and contributed to the chapel's embellishment.

Father Tucker briskly summed up his own status at court for anyone who questioned it, "I am neither his highness' subject nor his servant," he rasped. "I expect to be his friend."

And Rainier met him halfway. "Forget I'm a prince. Treat me as one of the boys," he advised his new chaplain.

The friendship has had its ups and downs. It hit a bleak low in 1953, when Father Tucker intervened in the dynastic crisis created by Rainier's affair with an auburn-haired French film actress named Gisèle Pascal.

Public opinion in the principality favored a marriage between the prince and the actress, until a local doctor leaked the information that the star from Paris could never have children.



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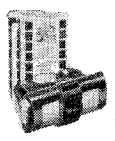

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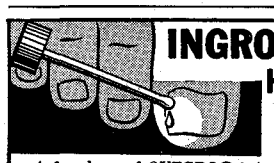

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The effect of this news on Rainier's subjects was calamitous. Every Monégasque has a vested interest in keeping the Grimaldi dynasty on Monaco's throne; thanks to an easygoing predecessor of Rainier, the button-small principality is a tax-free state. The hitch is that if Monaco's throne ever falls vacant, a treaty signed with France in 1918 provides for a French resident-general to take over the country's affairs. This step would mean rigid application of French tax laws. Alarmed Monégasques got the point of the talkative doctor's disclosure: if their ruler died without an heir, the Grimaldi dynasty would quickly come to an end—and the tax-free state with it. Gisèle, cause of all the furor, plumbed the depths of public disfavor, and a storm of angry criticism buffeted Rainier. At this point Father Tucker intervened.

The task of prompting the prince's break with the actress required supertactful handling. Like an earlier lovelorn monarch, Rainier threatened to force his choice on his subjects or step down from the throne. Abdication, however, was no solution; the children of his sister, Princess Antoinette, who had contracted a morganatic marriage, were not in line to succeed him. Rainier's abdication would have been tantamount to turning over Monaco, after 700 years' independence, to the French.

A series of violent discussions took place at the palace. The chaplain based his entire argument on the prince's responsibility toward his subjects. Finally, tight-lipped and grim, Rainier gave in—and Gisèle left Monaco for good.

Such a victory could have been an extremely costly one for a chaplain assigned to a sovereign's court; but after the crisis was past, the two men made up their differences. Prince and priest have worked out by trial and error a system of close, effective collaboration.

This doesn't mean that they always see eye to eye. The relationship resembles that between a hardheaded uncle and a nephew who knows what he wants. Rainier is conscious of his prerogatives as a Grimaldi prince, and exercises them. When he disagrees with his chaplain's advice, he bluntly says so. Father Tucker winces impatiently and growls about "that little prince" when things at the palace aren't going his way. But the misunderstandings get patched up, and the useful relationship survives.

Just how useful the relationship has been is shown by the fact that in an age notably unkind toward crowned heads, Rainier has managed to stay out of trouble and on the throne. Part of the credit should go to his astute, quick-thinking, hard-driving chaplain. A few years back, when pro-Italians in the principality were applying pressure at court to split off from France, the canon advised moderation. Remarking that France was Monaco's historic ally, he pointed out that any one-sided violation of the 1918 treaty would certainly bring French economic reprisals. This levelheaded attitude won out. Lately, speculators have tried to promote a seesaw policy for the principality that would involve playing off France against Italy, in the hope of obtaining concessions from both. If Rainier has turned a deaf ear to this dangerous game, a good deal of the credit belongs to his chaplain.

Every morning except Sunday, a chauffeur-driven Simca brings Father Tucker through the gates of the salmon-and-ocher, 200-room Prince's Palace on Monaco Rock. The chaplain's place is always set at the prince's table, and as an accredited member of the reigning household he sits down to official dinners beside Monaco's three ministers of state. Often, when Rainier wants advice, the two men meet on a more casual basis. In the late afternoon a flame-red Austin-Healey deposits the prince at the drab yellow rectory, and Father Tucker ushers his guest inside for an informal snack and an exchange of views on the principality's affairs.

The meeting can go on past midnight. Rainier pays attention to his chaplain's views, knowing that public opinion from all quarters in the principality reaches the priest's ears. In Monaco, the rectory of St. Charles is known as the little Vatican. The half dozen consuls accredited to the principality, Monaco's top officials and the influential aides of Greek shipowner Aristotle Onassis, whose headquarters are in Monte Carlo, sooner or later pass through the rectory's doors. It follows that Father Tucker gets the gossip first, and this is one reason for his prestige at court.

Father Tucker carries on a skillful job of public relations for his highness. Take the experience of four GI's who turned up in Monaco last year with a seven-day furlough. The furlough had been arranged by the Freedom Chain, a nonprofit group that organizes visits in private homes for American servicemen abroad. Rainier, prompted by his chaplain, set out to transform the boys' Riviera furlough into a Roman holiday.

The first intimation the four servicemen had that something out of the ordinary awaited them was when a glittering colonel of Monaco's Palace Guards met their train. A staff car dropped two of the boys at St. Charles Church and took the two others to the palace, where they were assigned rooms in the prince's wing. Next morning they luxuriated in the GI idea of heaven—breakfast in bed, served by a squad of valets. Presently all four found themselves lunching at court with the reigning family: Rainier, his sister, Princess Antoinette, and her children.

One of the GI's later recalled, "There were butlers everywhere. When we wanted to go for a drive, we had this countess running around finding our car. I never kissed so many hands in my life." Before the week was over, the boys had been to a benefit ball, sat through a gala performance at the opera and survived an assortment of Riviera beach and garden parties.

Other Americans in Monaco have had reasons for feeling in Father Tucker's debt. This was the case last winter when Jo Ann Stork, a willowy schoolgirl from Champaign, Illinois, inspired by a magazine story about "Europe's most eligible bachelor," flew to the Riviera for the reported purpose of becoming the prince's bride—although Rainier had never heard of Miss Stork in his life. As Jo Ann boarded a taxi for Monte Carlo, trailed by a mob of delighted journalists, Rainier and his ministers hastily met to deliberate. To Father Tucker went the assignment of interviewing the chestnut-haired coed to see just what she had in mind.

Looking relieved after the interview, Father Tucker arranged for Jo Ann to be received at court, and escorted her himself to the Prince's Palace. Rainier and his visitor got on handsomely, and Jo Ann headed home with royal stardust in her eyes.

For some of the 6th Fleet's most homesick sailors, the presence of an American chaplain in a town without a USO is a major windfall. He organizes sand-lot ball games, arranges group tours, invites the boys to lunch and gets youthful seamen out of trouble. In one case Father Tucker helped a desperate young sailor who had persuaded his fiancée to marry him in Monte Carlo during the fleet's visit. The sailor ran into red tape as soon as he applied for a resident's permit. Without the permit, a city-hall clerk warned him, no license, no wedding, no honeymoon—nothing! By Monaco law the only person authorized to waive the regulation was the prince. Father Tucker intervened with Rainier, the boy got a special dispensation and the wedding took place—at St. Charles, of course.

Monte Carlo's chaplain entered the priesthood forty-four years ago. He grew up in Delaware and, at the age of seventeen, became the first American novice to join the Oblate Fathers, a French order that trains teachers for parochial schools. Afterward he went to Rome to be ordained, studied Italian, returned to the United States in 1912, went overseas again with the 26th Division during the first World War, and returned home again. For the next three decades Father Tucker stayed in his home state.

Wilmington remembers him as the scrappy young priest who, in 1924, became pastor of the city's 10,000 immigrant Italians. His parishioners resented an Irish priest. He rebuked them from the pulpit: "We Irish the world over obey one of yours. Now for a change it's your turn."

The canon from Wilmington can be just as prickly now as in the old days, especially when he is dealing with Monte Carlo celebrities he suspects of setting a bad example. Errol Flynn, for instance, got set back on his heels a few years ago when he dispatched a secretary to St. Charles to study the possibilities of a quiet chapel wedding. Flynn had just run through two rough-and-tumble marriages, and showed no sign of letting up the pace.

"There's just one kind of chapel I can put at Mr. Flynn's disposal," snapped Father Tucker. "A mortuary chapel."

Another meeting with Flynn last winter ended on a mellower note. Invited by the Monaco Yacht Club to a party for the screen's graying swashbuckler, Father Tucker went and listened patiently to one member's pompous description of the club's activities.

"We're out for big fish," the member said.

"So am I," Father Tucker retorted, indicating Flynn. The two Irishmen finally met and posed, beaming, for the photographers.

How have Father Tucker's parishioners taken to it all? After five years of head shaking, after having learned to accept a priest who mixes a Martini, pilots a motor scooter and umpires a ball game, they still aren't altogether used to their pastor's breezy methods. And they find an echo of these misgivings in the French press, which never misses a chance to depict the goings-on at St. Charles as "Yankee vaudeville." *Le père Tookaire*—for his accent, his getup, his innovations—has come in for merciless spoofing and some slam-bang attacks.

Part of the strain between his parishioners and himself, Father Tucker feels, springs from difference of emphasis between American and European Catholics. "We are shocked by the Europeans' lack of outward respect for the church, and they often feel that's all we have. But I found an answer to that particular argument. When we take up a collection, I remind my flock that in the States the congregation's piety is more than skin-deep; it digs down into their pockets as well."

After five years abroad, Father Tucker admits he is somewhat homesick. Friends in Delaware have put pressure on him to return to the States. "You can do more at home; you've been away too long," one wrote recently. But last Easter, Monsignor Tardini asked him to continue his mission in Monaco—and now that his parishioners have put aside their early grievances, a majority would feel sorry to lose him.

St. Charles' pastor can take satisfaction in some sizable accomplishments. His assignment has required him to learn to skate on the thin ice of diplomacy. As court chaplain, he has ably steered Monaco's bachelor prince away from trouble and set him on a steady course. Whenever the fleet's in, he performs the same chore for men of the United States Navy. And finally as parish priest—like robust Friar Tuck of the Robin Hood legend, who never hesitated to give a wayward Christian the flat of his broadsword when it would do good—he has pushed through reforms at St. Charles while successfully resisting his congregation's efforts to reform him.

"If there's any reforming to be done around here," he says with a broad grin, "I'll do it. I hate to be reformed myself."

THE END

"That's Gallup's opinion, in my opinion . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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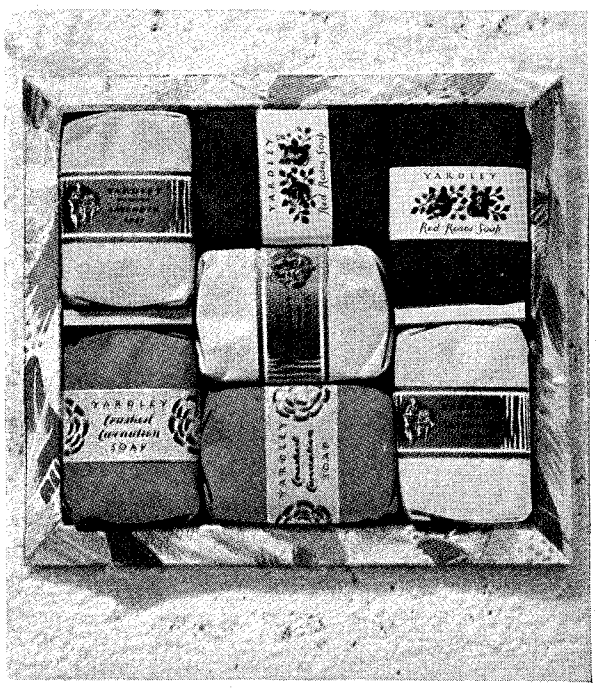

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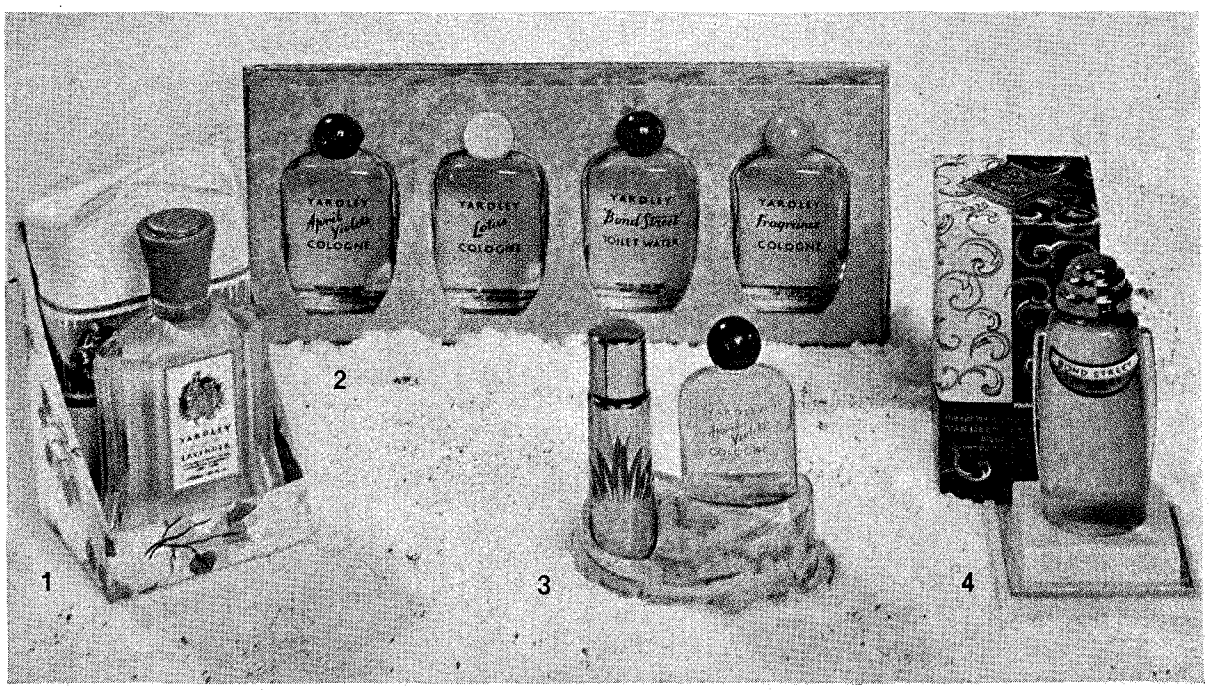

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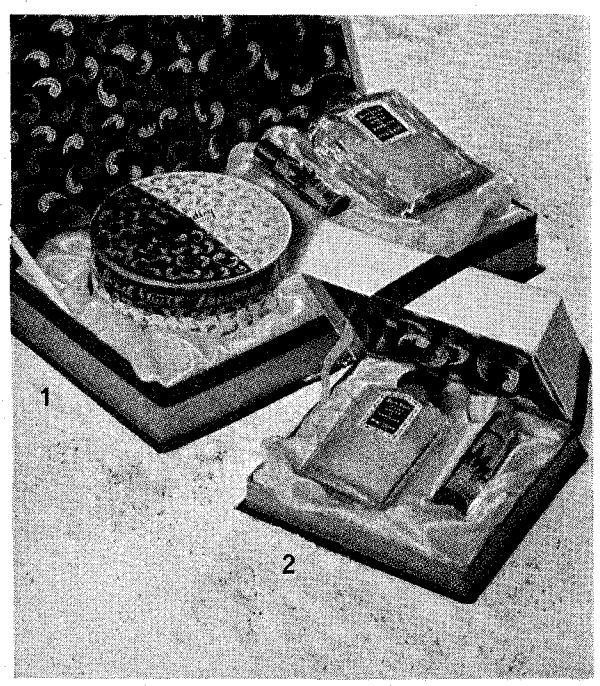

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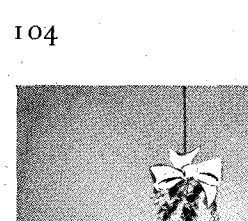

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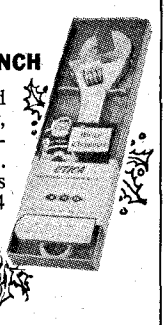

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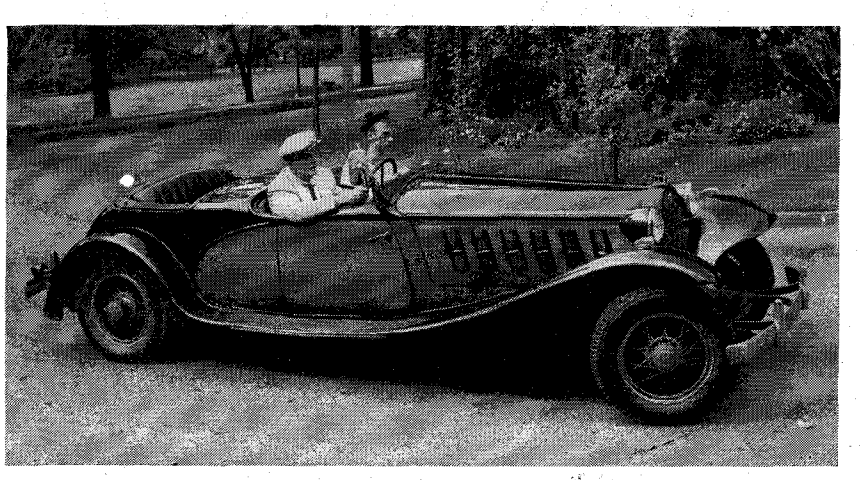

Erd Brandt and Louis Mutschler sitting pretty—before the valve head broke.

Regarding Steve McNeil's vintage-automobile story in this issue, let's approach it via a detour. The detour takes about two years.

Summer before last Bob Gibbon, secretary and assistant treasurer of the Curtis Company, revved up his 1933 Lancia and, with associate editor Erd Brandt as copilot, took off for the sports-car races at Watkins Glen, New York. The Lancia ran all right, and Brandt bought it, and when he took it all apart in his garage to make it run better than all right, he came upon numerous internal discrepancies, such as seven broken piston rings. In this enterprise the auto-wise editor was aided by an auto-minded neighborhood lad, Louis Mutschler, who calls the Lancia a real cool car, which presumably is the same as a real hot mill. The Lancia's engine was hoisted off the chassis with a

Pensive Brandt; motorless motorcar.

block and tackle roped to Brandt's other car, in which, at the controls, was placed Mrs. Brandt. Mrs. Brandt has the darnedest duties, but is gradually getting used to them.

Life is too short to describe all the new appurtenances installed in the Lancia during many months; for a sample, when Brandt decided to put a stationary sleeve around the moving steering column, he used the chromium drain pipe from a kitchen sink, but not Mrs. Brandt's sink. While ordering new pistons from the factory in Italy, he asked for an English-language instruction book, as the one he had was in French and didn't make sense. The Lancia people sent the only thing they had, an Italian book. They wrote that it was being addressed to the Curtis Company without his name on the envelope, implying that Brandt's intense hobby might get him in wrong with his boss. The Curtis mail room, being alerted, kept Brandt's secret and he was not fired.

Meanwhile, Bob Gibbon, distraught without an old car, had bought a venerable Simca, and this past August he and Brandt arranged to drive in convoy to the Watkins Glen races. However, before leaving, Gibbon phoned plaintively, "Can I ride in the Lancia with you and Louis? The Simca just conked out." Near Watkins Glen, the Lancia broke off a valve head and this item passed through the No. 8 piston head. A garage said they must be towed to Philadelphia, but they weren't. They drove in the Lancia, amid asthmatic noises. The valve head will be mounted in mahogany for a paperweight.

It remains to be said that Brandt, while visiting authors in the West some time ago, chatted with Steve McNeil in Oswego, Oregon, and the chat was full of Lancias and other cars, for McNeil is that way too. "Finally," writes McNeil, "it filtered into my brain that we were chatting a short story." Here the detour mentioned above emerges onto Route 28. Page 28, that is.

Up We Go With Mr. Godfrey

Pete Martin walked up to his favorite newsdealer, pointed to a mountainous stack of Posts containing the first chapter of his collaboration on the Arthur Godfrey autobiography, and cried, "Now get behind this and push, push, push! And maybe I'll give you a special bonus." Next time Martin went by, the stack had vanished, along with the whopping sell-out of the November fifth Post all over the country; wherefore the dealer gave the editor burning hades because no more copies could be had and un-Posted customers were getting in the distracted man's hair. In succeeding days the dealer got some relief by discussing with Martin what type of gift he would accept for his bonus, and at last report all Martin was sure of was that it would have cost him less to buy the stack of Posts. Incidentally, the editor's home was not one of those without its copy of the Post that week; he carried a free copy home in his brief case, as is his frugal custom, two weeks before the issue went on sale.

Prior to other quaint newsstand anecdotes, let's emphasize that it isn't funny to have readers especially want a Post and find the newsstands bare of it. A very big extra printing was made for the Godfrey opener—and even that wasn't enough. Obviously a weekly magazine of world-wide circulation can't make a new print run—and distribution—after an issue is on the stands. On the other hand, there is, for publishers of the Post, the very happy side of that enormous sale. It takes a long time to reach a final tabulation, but at this writing a publishers' estimate reads: 2,150,000 newsstand sales and, with subscriptions, a total circulation for that week of 5,365,000. The final figures will be an all-time Post high and the cause of fervent rejoicing.

To stress the fact that Post circulation is based on more than one by-line, there was a reader who, when told that the Godfrey issue was sold out, cried wrathfully, "Godfrey, for crying out loud! You can have him. What I want is the sixth chapter of the Turnbull serial." Contrariwise was the authenticated case of the little old lady who hustled up to a newsstand as the Post went on sale, said, "I want to read about Mr. Godfrey," and plunked down a nickel. When apprised of rising prices, she exclaimed, "Why, it always *was* five cents." Meanwhile, over

in Paris, Don Stedman and Nick Chantiles, foreign circulation officials, walked the boulevards for three miles before finding a kiosk that had a first Godfrey issue of the Post left. *Vive la France!* And at the same time in a show window of a store in America a man worked feverishly to erect an elaborate Post circulation display. He was nearly finished when the storekeeper yelled into the window, "Take it down! Sold out!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Was a Daughter of the Gold Rush"

Klondy Nelson grew up in roaring Nome, with people who were like Dangerous Dan McGrew and the Lady Known as Lou. Now she tells you her exciting story.

Printed in U.S.A.

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LEO A. ISAAC, research forester for U. S. Forest Service and world's leading authority on Douglas fir silviculture. The information developed through his 30 years of research at Pacific Northwest Forest and Range Experiment Station has been reported in more than 50 publications and now serves as a basic guide for management of Douglas fir. Graduate of University of Minnesota, he is a Fellow, Society of American Foresters.

scientists of the forest help grow more wood for tomorrow...

One of the major benefits resulting from forestry research is the growing assurance that tree farms can always produce wood for use in lumber, plywood, paper, rayon and about 4,000 other products.

To supply America's increasing demand for wood, the nation's forestlands must be kept productive by growing timber as a crop. Toward this end, forest scientists in both industry and government are working together to acquire a more accurate knowledge of tree life through research. Typical of the men in this field is Leo A. Isaac, research forester and world-recognized authority on Douglas fir. His studies in seed distribution, natural reforestation and harvesting methods have helped establish basic forest management practices used in the Douglas fir region.

Today, forestry research programs are concerned with improving both quality and quantity of future timber crops. The effect of seed selection, forest soil, pruning and thinning upon tree growth is under concentrated study. As a result of these experiments, the nation's 7,000 private owners of industrial tree farms will be able to grow *more* wood per acre for the forest products of tomorrow.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company maintains a large forestry research staff to develop methods used in managing its forestlands as tree farms. *For free literature on industrial tree farming, write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington.*

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4-SQUARE

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This Christmas
there's a Kodak outfit that's just right for everyone

start your shopping on this page...
(*only Kodak offers so many photo gifts to choose from*)

finish happily at your Kodak dealer's
(*and ask him about small down payments, easy terms*)

Wonderful "first" flash outfit

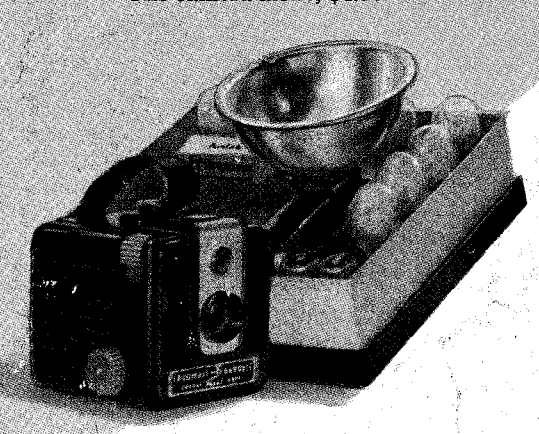
Kodak outfits make smart, convenient gifts. Unless otherwise noted, each one includes a popular Kodak camera plus *everything* necessary for taking pictures day or night . . . indoors or out: flasholder, flashguard, batteries, bulbs, and film. This outfit features Kodak's most compact, most inexpensive all-purpose aim-and-shoot flash camera.

Brownie Holiday Flash Outfit complete . . **$9.75**
The camera alone, $4.95

Low-price "starter" movie kit

Wonderful camera . . . wonderful gift. Features 8mm Brownie Movie Camera, Brownie 4-Lamp Movie Light for easy indoor movie making, and handsome camera carrying case.

Brownie Movie Camera Kit, *f*/2.7 . . . . . **$49.95**
with *f*/1.9 camera, $59.20
The *f*/2.7 camera alone, $37.50



America's favorite snapshot camera

The Brownie Hawkeye (over six million sold) gives you the crispest, clearest snapshots you could ever want. No settings, just press the button.

Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit complete **$14.35**
The camera alone, $7.45

Ideal family flash outfit

Kodak Duaflex features an extra-big hooded viewfinder to show your pictures big and bright before you snap. Pre-set lens, double-exposure prevention.

Kodak Duaflex Flash Outfit complete **$21.75**
Duaflex Kodet Camera only, $14.95
(brown-finish camera slightly higher).
DeLuxe *f*/8 Camera and Outfit also available

Complete home-movie outfit for under $100

Brownie Movie Camera *f*/2.7 and Brownie Movie Projector *f*/1.6 with a handy preview screen, all at a price that makes this outfit an ideal family gift. (For those who have an 8mm movie camera, the projector at $62 makes a handsome present.)

Brownie Movie Outfit, 8mm **$99.50**

Close-ups without attachments

Brownie Bull's-Eye with exclusive "Distance Dial" focuses down to 4 feet for real close-ups; also dials to "groups" or "scenes." Coated lens. Double-exposure prevention, with warning signal.

Brownie Bull's-Eye Flash Outfit complete **$18.60**
The camera alone, $13.50

Budget outfit for color slides

Kodak Pony 135, Model C—smart, capable miniature with simplified loading and setting. Fast *f*/3.5 lens and 1/300 shutter stop almost any action.

Kodak Pony 135 Camera Outfit
(*camera, flasholder, case*) **$49.65**
The camera alone, $33.75

Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice

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